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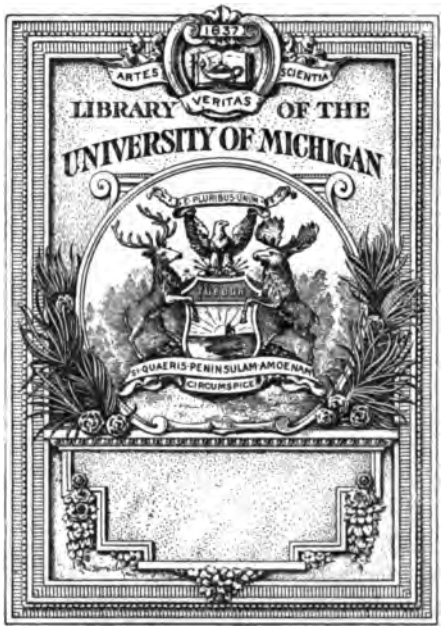
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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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THE PURPOSE NOVEL AGAIN.

It is not always quite clear just what the intangible thing is that certain critics undertake to assail by the phrase a "conscious moral purpose" in imaginative literature. It may be that they sometimes use the epithet in a colloquial sense — a sense that signifies a pose — in which case common sense must join issue with them. One of the latest expressions of this literary antipathy was made in my hearing not long ago in the course of an appreciative drawing-room lecture on "Romeo and Juliet." The lecturer asserted that Shakspere was never the perpetrator of so inartistic a thing as a conscious moral purpose, and this theory she pleasingly defended with argument and illustration, but with a final concession that there might be what she called "an unconscious moral purpose," which she was clever enough to find in "Romeo and Juliet." It may be true that Shakspere was not especially conscious of writing with a moral purpose, for Shakspere, in his work, was pre-eminently the artist, and it naturally might be that when writing he was absorbed in the more artistic side of his work. Art, however, is but one element of literary production — and not, I think, the chief one. I will venture the theory that there have been producers of true literature with whom their moral purpose was the one thing of which they *were* supremely conscious. We may perhaps best illustrate by the use of an extreme example, and it may therefore be permissible to mention in this connection the inspired singers of Hebrew prophecy. They were real poets, — "In literary form the world has produced nothing greater than Isaiah," says that delightful critic, Professor Moulton, — but how much thought did these prophets give to the thing that we call art ? It were unbefitting that solemn phase of their profound seriousness to be as "a very lovely song of one who has a pleasant voice" ; and it called forth a bitter lament from the prophet when men had fallen thus to regard his message. The element of moral seriousness and the creative impulse seem to have been apportioned to the Hebrew nation with a remarkable equality ; Joshua sings his cadenced praises in the midst of battle ; Anna and Simeon make poetic prophecies at sight of their infant Saviour. Their spiritual receptiveness drew the inspiration of their song, their dramatic instinct — I say it with reverence — expressed the Divine message unstintingly. Such a balance between a profound moral impress and its artistic expression is not to be looked for in us. There was a primitive force in those old Hebrews and a simplicity in its outpouring that seem unattainable in the complex, commonplace, and self-conscious conditions of our modern

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life. Our earnestness has in it often a strained note that partakes of the unlovely.

There seems to be an idea among many people that if the purpose of a book is artistically conveyed, so that the reader's mind is not unduly prodded to notice it, the author himself must have been unaware of a purpose. I have not read those modern novels of foreign origin to whose unsavory earnestness of purpose Miss Repplier takes strenuous exception in some of her earlier essays, but the reviews of them seem fully to justify her abhorrence. I do not, however, need them for examples. I will take instead a very innocent book published by Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward. Everything in "Trixy" is of an unexceptionally high tone — except in its artistic standard — but the choice of subject, from the artistic point of view, is, to my mind, inexcusable. When I read the book I sympathized with Marion Crawford's complaint that to read some novels is like the disappointment of entering a theatre to find a sermon instead of a play. Neither play nor novel is always written for entertainment pure and simple, but the public has a right to expect, at least, that the subject shall be capable of artistic treatment, and that the treatment may give an artistic pleasure, even though the import be painful. There are heart-rending sorrows that can incite a poet's inspiration to its height, and crying wrongs that may arouse an ecstasy of wrath; but no artistic justification can be found, I think, for the Vivisection of Animals as the subject of a novel. The author may contend that she cannot find another and equally influential vehicle for her lesson, but that is her own affair. The concern of the reader is that the book contains nothing to make pleasurable reading in any sense — in spite of a certain brightness of phrase in the conversations.

For those who have not read the book, perhaps I should give a brief outline of the story. In the opening chapter a young medical student named Steele is interested in an especially appealing little kitten which appears among the students one morning, and which he afterward finds in the dissecting class. Heart-sickened, he goes home and thinks of giving up his intended profession, but he does not eventually yield to his scruple. A later chapter finds him a rising vivisectionist, and hardened to the old drawbacks of sympathy. He becomes engaged to a wealthy young girl, who is full of sympathies and benevolent aspirations. This young woman has a pet dog — Trixy — which has wandered away, and has been found and made use of by the vivisectionists — indeed, he is the subject of Dr. Steele's most promising experiments. But his identity is somehow ascertained, and he is brought back to his fond mistress maimed in body, and with affected brain. Her feelings may be imagined. The engagement is broken, in spite of the remorseful lover's offer to give up this profession *in toto*.

Such is the story, in the main. There is a cleverness in parts, in the play of speech among characters, and there are, of course, no glaring imperfections of writing in Mrs. Ward's book; but there is no especial charm of style to alleviate the reader's feelings — how could there be? — and there is nothing of marked interest to divert the mind in the way of thought or character-drawing. The heroine, from the pages near the beginning, where she is unreasonably indignant over the appearance of a physician of the board of health (Dr. Steele) in a tenement house of which she is the owner, to the letter written at the last to her rejected lover (which brings him to book for having failed to give up his career in any event — and which seems to have given comfort to his broken spirit!) is throughout hysterical in her tone, and though she would be, no doubt, as lovable in life as the author intends that she should be, she suggests too strongly those estimable bores who have perhaps been made insufferable by the deference shown to a combination of sincere high-mindedness with wealth and social prominence. Poor Dr. Steele said that the letter whose cold comfort cheered his heart was like her — *and it was.*

Perhaps when a "purpose novel" is mentioned now, something in the style of this book is tacitly implied, whether of an innocent nature as in this case or as in the case of those other books which preach the gospel of lawlessness; perhaps there has come to

be a notion of this kind in regard to the "purpose novel," which belies its normal office.

Since the foregoing pages were written, a timely and interesting article on "The Moral Purpose," by Frederick Tabor Cooper, has appeared in the Bookman, marking the distinction between the "legitimate" purpose novel, on the one hand, which models its plots on nature alone, and the artificially constructed story, on the other, which bends the facts of life to its own ends. Mr. Cooper's article has largely under consideration the plot or dénouement of a novel, and perhaps "Trixy," the example just now quoted in illustration of the unhappy choice of subject, may serve also as an instance of the unnatural plot. Either of these fundamental shortcomings will result in a lack of the requisite artistic merit. But it is not necessary that the purpose of the book should have any dependence upon the plot, or any special connection with it: the mere situation, if fairly pictured, may by itself teach the lesson. The beauty of holiness, for instance, may be adequately portrayed in an artistically wrought story of life without an enforcement of the author's point by any tragedy or felicity in the ending. In other words, it may simply be a picture. A purpose novel is merely a novel with a purpose, however inconspicuously the motive may appear; and such a story, if it have not the effect of self-consciousness, has a mental interest peculiar to itself.

Some of Charles Dickens's books were evidently novels written with a purpose, but the distinction between them and a book such as Mrs. Ward's (apart from any consideration of the authors' respective abilities) lies in this: that Dickens's subjects were capable of receiving a most humorous and pathetic treatment, and they did not fail to receive it. Some of his novels, no doubt, in their own day accomplished something in the cause of philanthropy, but in our day their uses are exclusively the uses of humorous (and pathetic) literature. They fill the measure of the need. The Shaksperean lecturer referred to earlier complained of Dickens's artistic deficiencies as compared with Shakspere's literary art, and attributed the shortcomings on his part to his "conscious moral purpose." Charles Dickens certainly was not artistically the peer of Shakspere, but I cannot see that his moral purpose is to be held accountable for this inferiority, and if it had been so responsible, I cannot see that his art, much as one may enjoy it, was too precious to be sacrificed a little in the service of philanthropy. It is sometimes a question, even in Art — with the capital letter — as to what the Greater Good may be.

"The Cloister and the Hearth" — to vary the example — is very obviously a novel with a purpose, but the purpose was capable of receiving a poetic treatment, and did receive it in full. Whether one agrees with the purpose of that book or not, it is a beautiful tale. It has defects, like most mundane affairs, including a roughness and occasional colloquialism of style to which exception may be taken, but no connection can be traced between these blemishes and the purpose of the book. There is, too, perhaps, some prolixity in the narrative, but any such meandering is entirely the result of an artist's love of dwelling upon the scenes of his imagination, not of the prosings of a moralist.

We come at last to such spiritually significant novels as those that Hawthorne has given us — "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables." These books do not seem to have been written of set purpose as to their moral, in quite such a sense as were "Nicholas Nickleby" and "The Cloister and the Hearth"; but their pages are pregnant with meaning. The purpose in them is more after the manner of Shakspere's purpose, which by the lecturer lately quoted was pronounced "unconscious." One may have one's doubts, however, as to the unconsciousness of all this deliberate thinking. We know what is meant when we hear of a "conscious" man or woman, but the word so used is a colloquialism, and this colloquial significance has never been transferred to literature. In literary language the word "conscious" has no opprobrious meaning, and a conscious purpose is therefore neither more nor less than a deliberate purpose. The phrase itself is thoroughly dignified, and the thing that it describes should have dignity. *Leila R. Ramsdell.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Everybody knows that a good title is a great help in selling a book — or a manuscript. Authors generally should give more thought to their titles. Not only the literary effect, but the practical expediency of a title should be considered, particularly in the case of a popular book. George W. Cable said recently : "I name my own books, and it is not easy. The name of a novel must be an interesting proposition. It must be so simple that it will stick in the memory, and the pronunciation must be easy. I got over long ago giving names to my books that were hard to pronounce. Such names call for too much explanation. The name of a book should also suggest its character."

* * *

A title should be easy to remember and easy to pronounce, so that the book-buyer, standing before the book-seller's counter, may not be embarrassed. It should be striking and spicy, if possible, but it should not be too long. In former times authors sometimes paid more attention to the effectiveness of their titles than to their brevity. Here, for instance, are the titles of some books written before and during the reign of Cromwell : —

"The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."

"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of Coventry."

"A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust From John Fry."

"A Reaping Hook, Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop ; or, Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David ; Whereunto Are Also Added William Humius' Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now Newly Augmented."

Imagine a man nowadays going into a bookstore, or addressing a young lady in the book department of a metropolitan emporium, and asking for the "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin," et cetera. Some men are too shy under such circumstances even to twist their tongue around "Les Miserables." A mail order in such case is the only recourse, and frequently a sale is lost.

* * *

In England there is a demand for copyright in titles, voiced by "Rita" (Mrs. W. Desmond Humphreys), who published two

years ago a book with the unoriginal title, "The Silent Woman," — already pre-empted by Ben Jonson, — and is greatly exercised because it is now used also by another story-teller. The Society of Authors has told "Rita" that there is no absolute copyright in a title, but that there is a right of property, and if any one can prove loss or damage by another person's use of a title, he has a claim against the offending user.

* * *

"Was anything ever so preposterous?" asks the indignant "Rita." "If the book is the author's property, surely the title, which really constitutes the existing form of the book and is its exponent to the public, should also belong to the author. The fact of its being a portion of his or her published work should include it in legal rights with the work published. To prove damage or loss is a difficult matter, entailing also the publication of agreements and statements. The damage speaks for itself, I should say, in the stealing or appropriating of what is another's, and the consequent vexation and confusion caused by the theft.

"Can not Miss Corelli preserve her right to 'God's Good Man'? Can Hall Caine lay no claim to 'The Christian,' or John Strange Winter to her well-known 'Bootles's Baby'? Have Dickens and Thackeray or Miss Braddon or Wilkie Collins no right to hold their celebrated titles as their own if some penny journal or provincial serialist chooses to steal them? It seems indeed as if the idiotic law of copyright was sorely in need of revision, and it behooves all authors to combine and insist upon such a revision of that law as would keep their property in their own hands."

* * *

"Rita's" argument is good to some extent, but she overlooks the fact that really distinctive titles never have been and never will be stolen. No one will ever pirate such an original title as "Bootles's Baby," or "The Woman in White," or "The Cricket on the Hearth," and in case one should, provided copyright had not expired, it would be easy enough for the injured author to prove damage. This is another reason why authors should give thought to their titles and strive to make them as striking and original as possible.

* * *

Another practical reason is that, while there is no absolute copyright in a title, infringements of titles make trouble in the book trade, which publishers are anxious to avoid. When the opening chapters of Mrs. Deland's new story were appearing as a serial, under the simple title of "The Awakening," a novel appeared under the same title. Mrs. Thurston's novel, "The Masqueraders," was brought out in England as "John Chilcote, M. P.," because the former title was pre-empted there. "The Spoilers" also had to be issued in England under the title of "The Spoilers of the North," as Edwin Pugh, the English author, published a novel, "The Spoilers," at about the same time that Mr. Beach's novel appeared in book form in America. Similar instances might be multiplied. Titles that are both good and new can always be found, if the author will only give sufficient attention to the matter. It is worth while to take the pains.

* * *

The net value of Carl Schurz's estate is said to be $266,146, — but of course he did n't make it all by literary work.

* * *

Tolstoy can find little good in Shakspere, and says that he reads him "with tedium and disgust," but the chances are that Shakspere's name will be much better known than Tolstoy's 500 years from now. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Stop crowding at the "L" stations and accidents will be less. — Boston Herald.	Stop crowding at the "L" stations and accidents will be fewer.
ROME, Dec. 30. — The Anglo-American Executive Committee has purchased the house in the Piazza de Spagna in which Keats died for $12,000. — New York Sun.	ROME, Dec. 30. — The Anglo-American Executive Committee has bought for $12,000 the house in the Piazza de Spagna in which Keats died.

ORIGINALITY.

There have been written treatises, various and sundry, warning us of error in our use of words and endeavoring to point out our

persistent mistakes in this wise; but we are not aware that in any of these very useful and commendable treatises has been pointed out the misuse of the word "original." Indeed, it would be impossible for them to do so, since the error is of conception rather than of custom, and hence falls not within their province. Yet of all misused words — at least in matters literary — we know of none that is more constantly used without justification than "original."

A new writer vaunts his wares to the literary market, and the critics hail him as "strikingly original." They do not as a usual thing give any ground for their pronouncement; they simply assert, and leave the curious as to their assertion to discover for themselves the reason thereof. But a comparative study of the types of letters which are pronounced original enables one to lay down the general rule that that which is novel is invariably thus classed.

Now novelty is by no means necessarily originality. The latter implies a new conception; the former may be merely a variation. If, for example — to illustrate by everyday matters — some one of our acquaintances were to adopt the plan of invariably hopping upon one foot instead of walking, as others do, when he went upon the street, we could not rightly aver that he thereby proved a claim to possess great originality. We might characterize his conduct by other and more forcible terms; but we should hardly think to call it original. Yet this is what is being done in the field of letters every day. The new writer finds some novel method of making his story go on its way; it hops where others walk; and we straightway hail him as an original writer. Or he adopts in his style some strange jerkiness, which is foreign to the general custom, and we go into ecstasies over the originality of his style; but these things do not constitute originality; they are merely vagaries, fantastic variations upon a constant theme, eccentricities of conduct. They give us novelty, but there is in them no touch of originality.

There is another and yet stranger conception of originality. This consists in the notion that to reverse, either in fact or fancy, the existent and known state of things is to be original. Thus there are many authors, and yet more readers, who seem to believe that a writer who describes a world — again, either of fact or fancy — wherein the conditions of the known earth are reversed — where hats are worn upon the feet and shoes on the hands, where trees grow with the roots in the air, and lambs roar and lions bleat — is a very original writer. Or an author may prove originality by making his men feminine and his women masculine, by putting oaths in the mouths of the clergymen and sermons on the tongues of prize-fighters. Or, again, originality is accorded as an evident quality to the writer who takes obverse views of acknowledged conditions, who strenuously denies the truth of that which seems, and avers that there is behind the seeming a truth which places the phenomena, as we know them, in a light the exact reverse of that which we give them. But these things are not originality; they are mere variations, mere upsettings; they are, so to speak, mere backward thinking, and are in no way to be termed original, however novel.

So far we have been entirely negative in our search for truth concerning originality. It is time to assume the positive attitude and to attempt to show that which is, not merely that which is not.

Originality, then, may be said to consist in making a new sane and radical departure from established forms to a definite and desirable goal. The element of novelty, though a necessary incident of true originality, is not the chief characteristic thereof. The novelty must be strictly incidental; it must be new because original, not original because new. But it is absolutely requisite that the departure must be sane and reasonable. We could not, for instance, confer the patent of originality upon a writer who merely inverted the construction of his sentences, as by beginning with the verb and ending with the subject. In less exaggerated form than we have imagined such eccentricities are not rare nowadays; they are distinctly not original, however novel. Indeed, originality in prose style may be broadly said to be a thing impossible of at-

tainment, for style is evolution. Carlyle nearly approached originality in this respect, yet his model is easily to be found in Jean Paul Richter, while Richter himself was indebted to earlier writers for that which he developed into a greater thing than they had made it. From the days of stylus and tablet down to those of the latest printing press, style has gradually been evolved through many ramifications and in many variations, but always to be referred to something precedent.

Style may be a potent aid to originality, but the latter can be claimed only because of method. Here again there is necessarily evolution, but it is not as limited thereby as is style. Dickens and Thackeray were original writers of fiction, even though Fielding and Richardson were to some extent their precursors and sources. Fielding and Richardson again were original, even though Smith and Addison may have contributed to their totality; Shakspere was original, though Marlowe preceded him in methods which Shakspere concentrated and vivified; Spencer was original, though his models are discoverable, and — to go to the extreme past of English letters — Chaucer was original, though he drew his inspiration in certain ways from precedent sources. Among the poets of modern times — Pope, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Browning — all were truly original, though there is none of them, unless Browning be an exception, who did not show his originality more by a vitalizing and a re-vivification of the past methods than by actual invention of novelty.

If these things be true — and we think they cannot be contravened — it would appear that absolute novelty is not always even an "inseparable accident," as the logicians say, of originality. This, we believe, is true; but there is always the effect of novelty, even if the actual fact be not present. The truly original writer so adapts precedent methods to his own purposes and individuality that they seem to be entirely new, even when compared with the sources from which they sprang.

By the standard that we have outlined, have we any originality in the present day, either in fiction or poetry? We have countless works vying with one another in the eccentricities, mannerisms, affectations of their style and method, but has any truly original work been produced in English during the last quarter of a century? There may have been a few. To mention one instance which occurs to us, "Plain Tales from the Hills," was a work which certainly approached originality. The author's first work was original in some of its aspects. He has done nothing in the least original since, and most probably never will; but once he hit the mark at which so many are so vainly aiming.

Possibly many will differ from us in our statements. In the matter of originality, as in all else in letters, there must always be wide divergence of judgment; yet we think that we have not been unduly pessimistic. At all events, we are likely to hold our opinion. As to the reason for the state of things which we deplore, it is impossible of discovery, at least by us. It cannot be that the conditions of the age are less favorable to originality than were those of the near or far-off past; nor does it seem possible that everything has been done, and that there is no more opportunity for originality. It may be that the substance has been dropped in pursuit of the shadow; that the mistaking of eccentricity and reversal for originality has sent all our writers to the worship of false gods, so that the true cult has no attractiveness, and hence no followers; that, having come to prefer tinsel to gold, we are unable to find the veins of the precious metal, having lost the signs. It may be from any and all of these causes, or it may be from others, to which we are blind; but certain it is that, in the domain of letters, originality is a vanished thing.

The Baltimore Sun. *Guy Carleton Lee.*

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XIX. — ANTONIO FOGAZARRO.

Two more romances by Antonio Fogazarro are to be published this winter by the Putnams. The translation of "The Saint" (U

Santo) has already passed the thirty-second thousand. "The Patriot" (Piccolo Mondo Antico) is the first novel of "The Trilogy of Rome," of which "The Saint" is the last. The second novel is "The Sinner." In all of the three stories some of the same characters appear.

SENATOR ANTONIO FOGAZARRO.

Signor Fogazarro is now sixty-four years old, and his book now translated under the title, "The Patriot," and dealing with the events of the ten years, so dreary to Italy, between the defeat of Novara, 1849, and the victories of Magenta and of Solferino in 1859, was first published ten years ago. The author lives in a beautiful villa a few minutes' walk from Vicenza.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Florence Tinsley Cox, who wrote the story, "Lily-Ann," in McClure's for December, is a Brooklyn woman and a graduate of the Packer Collegiate Institute of Brooklyn. For a time she was a member of the large woman's club connected with the school, and was then an editor of its paper. "Lily-Ann" is one of a short series of child stories which Miss Cox has written for McClure's Magazine. In addition, she has had a monologue printed in Everybody's, and some New England tales in the New England Magazine, as well as sketches in local papers. She has also written a novel, which she hopes to have published soon.

Mary Annable Fanton, whose story, "A Compulsory Christmas," appeared in the Craftsman for December, was for four years a staff writer on the New York Herald, Tribune, Journal, and Sun. She has also written special articles for Harper's, Munsey's, and other American periodicals. She was for a time editor of Demorest's Magazine, and afterward editor-in-chief of the New Idea Woman's Magazine. After that she was on the editorial staff of the Woman's Home Companion, and she is now makeup editor of the Craftsman — practically Mr. Stickley's assistant. "A Compulsory Christmas" is a true story. Miss Fanton — or Mrs. Roberts, as she is now — and her sister spent several years out on an Indian reservation. They were very little children, and they had some exciting experiences among the wildest tribes of the Sioux Indians, who were in those days the most lamb-like, trusting people in the world as long as one held their confidence, but the most resentful, implacable enemies when they felt themselves fooled. Miss Fanton and her sister more than once barely escaped with their lives, and, as a matter of fact, they would have undoubtedly lost their scalps that Christmas eve if the clear-brained "Nani" had not devised the Christmas festival for her Indians. Their experience at Fort Assinaboin is a fair setting forth of the original character of these primitive people before it was changed by what is called civilization. Miss Fanton and her sister had the joy of living out on this wild prairie reservation, up in the northwest corner of Montana, long enough ago to have seen the Indians of the storybooks, and to have had, as little children, many wild and romantic experiences forever impossible in the future. "The Blue-Eyed One" still remembers a little of the Sioux language, and is often

homesick for a broncho pony to ride astride, as the sisters used to do, over miles of utterly unsettled prairies.

William Lewis Lockwood, whose story, "The Hand," appeared in Harper's Weekly for December 15, is another newspaper man who is winning success as a writer of fiction. A native of Rhode Island, he spent his youth in Ohio, attending Urbana University, and later going East, where he began newspaper work on the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, remaining on its staff for ten years. During that time he served as supreme court reporter, later writing politics and acting as the Eagle's correspondent at Albany. In 1898 Mr. Lockwood went to Alaska, where he roughed it for two years. He then returned to the Eagle staff, and later assumed the editorship of the Daily Saratogian, at Saratoga. Mr. Lockwood had already done some dramatic writing and contributed some short stories to the magazines, but his experiences in the Northland wilds added considerably to his inspiration. He wrote the drama of "Alaska," which Lincoln J. Carter produced with great success, and his story, "The Long White Trail," won third prize in the last short-story contest conducted by the Black Cat, dividing honors with Jack London. Mr. Lockwood also has contributed some Alaskan stories to the Youth's Companion, and a year ago the Broadway Publishing Company, of New York, published his "Trailers of the North," a collection of short stories. He is now writing a novel of Alaskan life.

Clyde Alison Mann, whose story, "Vindicated," was printed in the Technical World for December, lives in Chicago, and is one of the Western writers who have turned to short-story writing during the last year. His stories in the Red Book, "Barrett Simmons Mine," "The Idol of San Juan County," and others are business stories, and are unique in having in them no feminine character — no love romance. Mr. Mann is a writer of syndicate articles, and has specialized in his knowledge about telephones, skyscraper buildings, and fire insurance, both from an economic and human interest point of view. Some of his verse also has had notice.

Caroline Wood Morrison, whose novelette, "Queen Mary of Memory Lane," was the complete story in Lippincott's for December, is a native of New York, and is the wife of M. L. Morrison, a prominent druggist in Chattanooga, Tenn. Mrs. Morrison's literary activity has been much interrupted by her ill health. A number of years ago she wrote the "Pixies and Elaines," which appeared serially in the Ladies' Home Journal. She has written several short stories for Munsey's, and is a frequent contributor to her church paper.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Alden. — There are probably few men of any distinction in New York City who are less anecdotal in conversation than Henry Mills Alden. It was hard work to get him to talk of himself, but when once he had started, one interesting item after another slipped out. After Mr. Alden was graduated from Williams College he went to Andover to take the theological course, preferring that seminary because of the extent of Greek texts in its library. He never took orders, and he gives as a reason for this a weakness of the throat which made him an ineffective speaker at that time. While he was studying at Andover he did some writing, but with no idea of publication. Among other things, he wrote two papers on "The Eleusinian Mysteries." One day when he was calling on Harriet Beecher Stowe, who then resided in Andover, he showed her the papers, at her request. She asked if she might have them and send them to a publisher. Mr. Alden gave his consent, but he said: "I had no idea that anything would ever come of it." The papers were accepted by James Russell Lowell, the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and published in that periodical. When James T. Fields became the editor, several other papers continuing the series and written by Mr. Alden were submitted to him. He made a liberal payment for these essays, but came to the conclusion that they lay outside the scope of his magazine. Showing them, however, to some

eminent thinkers of Boston, he became the means of securing an invitation for Mr. Alden to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. Mr. Alden was in New York City at the time, and when Mr. Fields came to this city, on one of his visits, he looked him up. This was in the spring of 1863.

Mr. Fields had made up his mind from the character of Mr. Alden's work that he must be a man of some threescore years. He knocked at the door of the apartment where Mr. Alden lived, and when the door was opened by Mr. Alden's young wife, Mr. Fields politely inquired if she were Mr. Alden's daughter. When he learned that she was his wife, he still thought it must be a case of an old man marrying a young girl. He was greatly surprised when he finally saw Mr. Alden, who was then only a young man of twenty-six. However, the lectureship was offered and accepted.

The course as given was called "The Structure of Paganism." At this time Mr. Alden was in such delicate health that he said: "It was whispered about at the institute that I had come there to deliver the lectures and die." During the same year he had started on his career at the Harpers'. He began writing a contemporaneous history of the Civil War, taking Richard Grant White's place. He also did editorial work, which grew in amount from day to day. The first manuscript he read editorially was a love story by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Mr. Alden has given his best life work to Harper's, and he has found his work extremely interesting and worth while. He says he has taken particular delight in watching the growth of imaginative literature. He says we find that element in all the best work of to-day. The travel sketches for which Harper's Magazine is particularly famous show this imaginative work taking the place of the old conventional descriptive article. To cherish and foster that has been Mr. Alden's greatest work and pleasure. Although his seventieth birthday was celebrated but a short time ago, as you see him in his office Mr. Alden seems to be as hale and vigorous as ever, and the very life of his department. — Otis Notman, in the New York Times Saturday Review.

Bryant. — When William Cullen Bryant was half owner and editor-manager of the New York Evening Post, George Cary Eggleston was an editorial writer and literary critic on that paper. Like many other people, Mr. Eggleston had noticed that in most printed copies of "Thanatopsis" several lines near the beginning were always printed in different type from the rest of the poem. He had wondered about it, but supposed that those lines must be a quotation from some other poem. Finally one day he ventured to ask Mr. Bryant about it.

"My boy," was the prompt reply, "I have been waiting for forty years for some one to ask me that question. Those lines have nothing to do with 'Thanatopsis.' They were not a part of the poem. When my father took the manuscript of 'Thanatopsis' to a publisher, those lines on another scrap of paper happened to get in with the manuscript. The publisher afterward explained that he could find nothing to indicate where they belonged in the poem, so he said he 'just stuck them in near the top.' I tried to have the poem published without those lines, but people then said that it was not complete. So I was forced to leave them in, but always had them set in different type." — Harry Newton Gardner.

Moore. — A recent visitor to Frankfort Moore, author of "The Jessamy Bride," declares that Mr. Moore possesses the ideal home of a writer of romance, at Lewes castle, Sussex, Eng. The magnificent keep of the ancient structure throws its shadow across one of the beautiful lawns, and the Italian garden which the author has made for himself is bounded on one side by the ancient gateway, built by William the Conqueror, and on the other by the Barbican, erected by Edward I. The original walls of the castle, twelve feet thick, run for hundreds of yards through the grounds, giving shelter to the numerous parterres of roses, and ending only in an old Saxon earthwork, which forms a unique garden terrace. The palm houses, green houses, and vineries, in which Frankfort Moore delights,

have staircases leading fifty feet down to the dry moat, where the stables have been built. The old mansion is a place of spacious oak-paneled halls and drawing rooms, one of which has panels of old Aubusson tapestry, acquired from the Empress Eugénie ; while in the same apartment stands an ormolu and Sèvres table painted by Bouchier. The dining-hall is a well-proportioned room forty feet long, surrounded by old Italian walnut paneling, twenty feet high, elaborately carved and with insets of sixteenth-century Italian pictures. The furniture of this room is exclusively of oak, and many of the pieces are historic. The billiard room, approached by a glass-roofed winter garden, furnished in marble, is a perfect old English specimen, with groined oak roof and rafters. and a long range of mullioned windows, one of which holds a portrait of Queen Elizabeth done in Cathedral glass. The walls are hung with old tapestry pictures of the Flemish school.

It will surprise many of Mr. Moore's readers to learn that he has no "study" in his house. He has accustomed himself to write anywhere, and nearly every line of "The Jessamy Bride" was written in a cane chair under a tulip tree in his garden. But when he wishes to envelop himself in an eighteenth-century atmosphere, he goes into a room in which every article of furniture and decoration was made in the days of Goldsmith. The author has been an enthusiastic collector for more than twenty years, and his success as a writer has enabled him to indulge in his hobby to the full.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

How "Home, Sweet Home" Was Written.— An effort is to be made to preserve the old cottage at East Hampton, L. I., which was immortalized by John Howard Payne in his world-famous song. The song was written by Mr. Payne to be incorporated in his opera, "Clair, the Maid of Milan" (originally known as "Angioletta"). The words sprang into Payne's head spontaneously, but the melody was first suggested to him by a Sicilian air which Sir Henry Bishop, the composer of all the music of "Clair," made use of. Payne's own story of the finding of this melody is as follows:—

"I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling alone mid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me. But having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of "Home, Sweet Home," both of which I sent to Bishop at the time I was preparing the opera of 'Clair' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words."

The success of this song is known in every nation ; it has had a more universal circulation than any other in the world. In less than a year after it appeared, the London publishers sold more than one hundred thousand copies. Nevertheless, it is a curious fact that Payne never was given credit for it, nor a royalty upon it. He never received even a presentation copy of the song.

Literary "Trade" and "Art."— The late Lafcadio Hearn, as some of his recently-published letters show, made a sharp distinction between journalism and literature. Writing to Henry E. Krehbiel, musical critic of the New York Tribune, he said :—

Let me dwell upon an art principle. Both you and I have a trade : journalism. We have also an art ; authorship. The same system of labor cannot be applied to the one, as to the other, without unfortunate results. Let the trade be performed as mechanically as is consistent with preservation of one's reputation as a workman.

But when it comes to writing a durable thing, a book or a brochure, every line ought to be written at least twice, if possible three times. In the very act of copying new ideas of grace, force and harmony will make themselves manifest. Without this, I will venture to say, fine literary execution is impossible.

It is due to Hearn's memory to say that

he did not content himself with a merely mechanical discharge of the duties of his "trade." He could not. Although copying and re-copying, filing, pruning, and polishing are impossible in the rush of newspaper work, Hearn's marvelous style was apparent even in the most trivial and hurried stories written for a newspaper. It was that style that gave a distinct news value even to a routine police court case when Hearn wrote it up.

For twenty years he was a hard worker in newspaper offices — bad schools for literary training, if the professional talkers and writers about books are to be believed. He had a scanty education to start with, but in the daily and nightly newspaper grind he perfected a style quite unlike anything else in English. To find a parallel for it one must go to Gautier, some of whose stories Hearn translated with amazing vividness and power.

A suggestion for newspaper writers who have a horror of the commonplace is found in this extract from one of Hearn's letters : —

But there is one more absolutely essential study in the formation of a strong style : science. No romance equals it. If one can store up in his brain the most extraordinary facts of astronomy, geology, ethnology, etc., they furnish him with a wonderful and startling variety of images, symbols, and illustrations. With these studies I should think one could not help forging a good style, at least — an impressive one, certainly.

It will generally be found that the men with the largest fund of general information are the best writers on the staff, even if their everyday work is as far removed from science as shoveling coal is from cutting diamonds. — Fourth Estate.

Where Some Writers Fail. — In the Editor's Study in Harper's for December, Mr. Alden gives his opinion that the chief fault to be guarded against in writing is the lack of spontaneity. He says : "The most frequent defect in fiction submitted for magazine use, and, we might add, in most of the fiction that somehow gets published in book form, is its lack of spontaneity in construction and expression. The writer of this manufactured fiction has a certain precalculated effect in view, with reference to which he ambitiously contrives every incident and situation of his story. The harder he tries, the more surely he fails of any genuine appeal to his readers. If he disguises his labor by a facile mastery of dramatic material and expression, he may succeed in reaching crude sensibilities, and, because of his lower aim, may outsell his betters. The multitude is easily captivated by splendid artifice, which, in exceptional instances, has compelled the admiration of even the judicious. We shall find, however, upon close examination, that in such instances the writer has not by his strenuous effort wholly closed the door against all spontaneity. Poe came very near to the exclusion in his short stories of such genius as was in him ; but because he was by temperament a poet, a lover therefore of haunting melody, and easily the creator of pregnant atmospheres, he could not completely shut himself out of his fiction. In our day polite literature must appeal to human sympathies, and the writer's fertility of invention is of little service."

Note-taking by Novelists. — The novel-reader who fondly believes that his favorite "refreshers" are of imagination all compact is much deceived. The novelist of genius is even more given to the taking of notes than is the lesser writer who turns off stories "in the way of trade." Balzac, his sister has told us, wherever he went studied what he saw, setting down everything which revealed a character or painted a situation. His "meat-safe" was the odd name he gave to the book which held these notes. Dickens recorded diligently his observations of peculiarity in persons as well as strange incidents, suggestive names, available scenery, and the like. Even one so little given to "realism" in the modern sense as Hawthorne had an ample store of useful notes. Wilkie Collins is quoted by an old acquaintance, in the current number of Chambers's Journal, as declaring that he founded nearly all his plots on facts, on incidents he had heard of or read, or on a desire to expose or correct some abuse of his time. Great was his wrath when he was accused of introducing sensational and improbable episodes

in his book, "The Woman in White." He knew, he said, of very few instances in which fiction exceeded the probability of reality; and then he revealed the source of many of his plots in the shape of a dilapidated collection of records of French crime picked up on an old bookstall in Paris. "Here is a prize!" he exclaimed, and so it turned out to be. "The Woman in White" was derived from those mouldering records. "The plot of that," said Collins, "has been called outrageous: the substitution and burial of the mad girl for Lady Glyde, and the incarceration of Lady Glyde as the mad girl. It was true, and it was from the trial of the villain of the plot — Count Fosco of the novel — I got my story." — New York Tribune.

Mixed Metaphors. — The other day Mr. Bryce perpetrated a quite remarkable verbal blunder when he described the Irish Local Government Board as a "malignant fairy which steps in off its own bat." Mr. McHugh once accused the government of being "ironbound with red tape." Another Irishman was pointing out that the Irish Land League was losing public support and had therefore to economize. "But, sir," he proceeded, "the well is running dry, and they think that by putting in the pruning knife they can bring more grist to the mill." It was an Irish Unionist member who characterized a concession to the Nationalists as "the first ditch in the dismemberment of the empire," and another excused himself for "repeating" a question in the House by explaining that he had never asked it before. W. Field, M. P., said: "The right honorable gentleman shakes his head — and I'm sorry to hear it."

Mr. Asquith was betrayed into saying on one occasion that "redistribution is a thorny subject, which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on some people's toes," and Mr. Balfour once spoke of "an empty theatre of unsympathetic auditors." Mr. Gladstone, in a speech in the House, replied to an opponent who shook his head at some statement attributed to him: "No, no; it will not do for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words."

Lord Rosebery on a certain occasion declared that "the keynote of the policy of the government would be wrapped in that obscurity which the government have endeavored to keep up." Sir E. Durning-Lawrence asked: "Is this government to be put into the melting pot that we may see who is to take hold of the handle of the ship of state?" Sir W. Hart-Dyke once said that Mr. Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net — and went to the top of the tree for it." In the debate on the London education bill, Walter Long remarked: "We are told that by such legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its foundations," and Mr. Brodrick, during a debate on military affairs, declared that "among the many jarring notes heard in this House, this subject, at least, must be regarded as an oasis." Even more amusing was the assertion of another late minister of the Crown that "the steps of the government would go hand in hand with the interests of the manufacturer."

When the impassioned orator lamented the absence of "so many faces that he used to shake hands with," he gave utterance to a genuine bull of the first water. The late Sir George Balfour was responsible for a couple of delightful specimens of bovine oratory. Apropos of a proposed loan from the English to the Indian treasury, he emphatically declared that £2,000,000 was a "mere flea bite in the ocean," and on another occasion he stated that "the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of our Indian army."

A peer in the course of an excited oration warned the government that the constitutional rights of the people were being "trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority." Lord Curzon once also so far forgot himself and his figure of speech as to declare that "though we are not out of the wood, yet we have a good ship."

A Radical speaker said: "The Tories keep dragging the home rule red herring across our path, but it misses fire every time." It was a Unionist M. P. who in a recent speech spoke to the following effect: "This is the marrow of the education act, and it would not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It was founded on a granite foundation, and spoke in a voice not to be drowned

by sectarian clamor." Another political orator declared that "the British lion, whether climbing the pine forests of Canada or scouring the Pacific main, would not draw in his horns or retire into its shell," which recalls the remark of an Australian legislator, who, speaking of the competition between land and sea carriage, exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, the railways are cutting the ground from under the steamers' feet."

A Moderate councillor said: "The sheet anchor of the honorable member's argument does not reside in the mouth of the council." Another county councillor, speaking on the subject of dramatic licenses, declared "the ink is scarcely dry on our licenses when we proceed to dig it up in order to see how it is growing."

Some time ago an Austrian journalist spoke of a "black and yellow tricolor"; but it was an English reporter who, in the description of a hunting accident in which a lady was killed, stated that "the deceased met with a similar accident on a previous occasion." Most of us have heard of the announcement which once appeared in a newspaper that "This evening's performance cannot take place. It will, however, be repeated to-morrow"; which is worthy of being placed in the same category as the notice given by an Irish magistrate that certain business would thenceforth "be taken every Monday, Easter Sunday only excepted," or the announcement of an English mayor in reference to a local race meeting that "no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course except the horses that are to run." — Pall Mall Gazette.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE COUNTRY EDITOR OF TO-DAY. Charles Moreau Harger. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE NUDE IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. W. A. Gill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE ALMANACK DE GOTHA. Francis Gribble. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

CARL SCHURZ. With frontispiece portrait. Henry Loomis Nelson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

FRANKLIN'S SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE — IV. Albert H. Smyth. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

A KEY TO IBSEN. Jennette Lee. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

UNIVERSITY ENGLISH. Louise Karr. Editor's Clearing-House, *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATION. Henry Mills Alden. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for January.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN LITERATURE. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for January.

MY LADY OF LITERATURE. With portraits of Grace McGowan Cooke, Alice Hegan Rice, Florence Wilkinson, Edith Wharton, Mrs. A. M. Williamson, Elinor McCartney Lane, Katharine Holland Brown, Frances Powell, Inez Haynes Gillmore, Anne Warner, Theodosia Garrison, Ellen Glasgow, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. Stella George Stern. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for January.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Abie Pleasant. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for January.

"SIDNEY MCCALL." Anne Heard Dyer. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for January.

LITERATURE'S LOSSES IN 1906. Warwick James Price. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for January.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Curtis Hidden Page. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for January.

HENRIK IBSEN. Edward Dowden. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for January.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Through Gail Hamilton's Eyes. Illustrated. Kate Resticaux. *National Magazine* (13 c.) or January.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CLYDE FITCH. Ada Patterson. *Theatre* for January.

PHIL MAY: Illustrated by Some Unpublished Sketches. Arthur Morrison. *Strand* (13 c.) for January.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND ESTHETIC SOCIALISM. Thomas Dickinson, Ph.D. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

OUR VANISHING LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. Theodore Schroeder. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

TRANSLATORS. Beatrice Harraden. *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for December.

JAMES A. H. MURRAY. ("Dictionary" Murray.) With portrait. Wallace Morton. *Caledonian* (13 c.) for December.

JOHN MACKAY WILSON. With portrait. *Caledonian* (13 c.) for December.

POETRY OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL. Christian Gauss. *New York Times Saturday Review* for December 1.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY — VII. and VIII. *North American Review* (28 c. each) for December 7 and 21.

EXOTIC LAFCADIO HEARN. (Review of Elizabeth Bisland's "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn.") James Huneker. *New York Times Saturday Review* for December 1.

MAXIME GORKY. Louise Collier Willcox. *North American Review* (28 c.) for December 7.

ASPIRATIONS OF ESPERANTISTS. Dr. L. L. Zamenhof. *North American Review* (28 c.) for December 7.

THE CASE OF ESPERANTO. George Mcloskie. *North American Review* (28 c.) for December 7.

WILLIAM LEE. (The founder of Lee & Shepard.) With portrait. *Publishers' Weekly* (13 c.) for December 8.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN'S 70TH BIRTHDAY. Illustrated. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 15.

THE FICTION OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBES. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (28 c.) for December 21.

CHRISTMAS WORK IN SUMMER. Preparation for holiday edition of big paper begins in the dogdays. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for December 22.

EYE-STRAIN AS A FACTOR IN HEADACHE. Illustrated. Linn Emerson, M. D. *New York Medical Journal* (13 c.) for December 29.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow February 27 will be celebrated at Cambridge, the poet's home. All the schools of the city will take part, and the speakers at the public exercises will include Mr. Howells, President Eliot, Colonel Higginson, and Professor Norton. The occasion will also be observed in Portland.

Miss Agnes Repplier is now literary editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Charles S. Aiken has resigned as one of the editors of Ridgway's Weekly, and has gone back to Sunset.

After serving for a year as the editor of the oldest British magazine, the Gentleman's (associated with Dr. Johnson's fame), A. H. Bullen, the Elizabethan scholar, has resigned.

Post Wheeler and Miss Hallie Erminie Rives were married December 29, in Tokio.

Flora C. Adams has obtained a divorce from Henry Austin Adams ("Vincent Harper"), now living in Seattle.

"Little Dorrit," or rather her original, Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, is still alive. The old lady, who is still able to go about opening bazaars, is the daughter of a Sunbury-on-Thames farmer, and was born in Hatton Garden in 1813. Her brother went to school with Dickens.

The family of Herman Melville is collecting materials for a memoir, and would be grateful if persons having letters by him would lend them to Miss Elizabeth Melville, The Florence, Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, New York.

Thomas Wright, author of "The Life of Sir Richard Burton," has written a two-volume life of Walter Pater, which will be published soon in this country. Mr. Wright's Pater will contain some surprises, for he has secured a mass of fresh information from Pater's intimate friends, including Richard C. Jackson, shown to be the original of Marius the Epicurian, Canon Liddon, Father Nugée, Richard Robinson, and Dr. Frederick Lee.

G. K. Chesterton, having accomplished his fine appreciation of Dickens, is now at work on a study of George Meredith for the "Contemporary Men of Letters" series.

"Jane Austen and Her Times" (1775-1817), by G. E. Mitton, published by the Putnams, is not only a biography of Miss Austen, but also describes the society whose picture she has painted for all time.

James B. Connolly has enlisted for two years as a yeoman in the navy, with the approval of President Roosevelt, to get material for writing up the service.

The first number of the Club Woman's Weekly will appear in New York January 12. It will be published by J. W. Grayhurst and edited by Ina Brevoort Roberts.

The Pictorial Review, a monthly magazine for women, is published in New York.

Having left the New York magazine which bears his name, Tom Watson is to edit and publish Tom Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, the first number of which, dated January, has appeared at Atlanta, Ga.

The new magazine to be started at Des Moines, with Carrie M. Ogilvie as editor and Maude Forney as business manager, is to be called the Midwestern.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York) will soon launch a new periodical of "special appeal." William Morrow, formerly associate editor of the American Magazine, will be its editor.

An American edition of Harmsworth's Self-Educator Magazine is announced to appear in New York this month.

Smoke, a new magazine published in New York in the Philistine form, and edited by Charles C. Stoddard, formerly with the F. A. Stokes Company, is issued under the auspices of the National Cigar Stands Company, but prints original verse and fiction of literary distinction.

The first number of the Circle, the Funk & Wagnalls Company's new magazine, has appeared. Eugene Thwing is the editor.

The Toronto Graphic has ceased publication.

Beginning with the January issue, the Northwestern Sportsman of Milwaukee will be known as the Outer's Book.

That helpful monthly record of current literature, What's in the Magazines, appears for its January issue and for the opening of its second year in an enlarged form, with the addition of a series of pertinent paragraphs selected from various sources for their interest to magazine readers.

The Phonographic Magazine (Cincinnati) will pay for brief, pointed articles on the teaching of shorthand and on practical phases of shorthand work.

With the beginning of the year, the Open Court celebrates the twentieth anniversary of its existence. Its editor, Dr. Paul Carus, explains that though the Open Court stands for the most advanced liberal thought, its purpose and tendency are constructive and not destructive: that while rejecting the traditional interpretation of religion, it nevertheless recognizes the important part which religion occupies in life.

The house in Rome where Keats died has been bought for $12,000 by the Keats-Shelley memorial committee. Eight thousand dollars more is wanted to pay off a mortgage. It is hoped that within six months the books, manuscripts, portraits, and all mementoes of Keats and Shelley will be in place in the house. The committee has also undertaken the perpetual care of the graves of the poets. The removal of the body of Keats was once prevented through the intercession of Queen Victoria.

The cottage at Nether Stowey, Eng., in which Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and others of his finest poems, is to be purchased and kept as far as possible in the state in which it was during the poet's residence. It was in this cottage that Coleridge entertained William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and others.

The recent death of Lady Murray calls to mind her unsuccessful attempt to establish a "Home for Tired and Impecunious Authors." It was to be a memorial to her son, a promising writer who died young, and she took for it a beautiful villa on the Riviera. The plan never prospered. There was no lack of "tired" and "impecunious" authors willing to be helped, but they refused to be classified as inmates of a literary almshouse.

The January issue of Lippincott's Magazine begins the magazine's fortieth year, the first number having appeared in January, 1868. Lippincott's was the first monthly to publish a complete novel in each issue, and still keeps up the practice.

The Atlantic Monthly will commemorate its fiftieth anniversary in 1907 with a series of papers by ex-editors, including W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, and Walter H. Page, as well as by some of the earliest contributors, such as Charles Eliot Norton, Colonel T. W. Higginson, and J. T. Trowbridge.

Vogue (New York) begins the new year with a new cover design, a better quality of illustrations, and a new "make-up."

Charlotte Brontë's husband, Rev. Arthur B. Nicholls, lately died at Banagher, Ire., aged ninety years.

William Lee, formerly of the firm of Lee & Shepard, died at Hampton, N. H., November 30, aged eighty years.

Ferdinand Brunetière died in Paris December 10, aged fifty-seven.

Jeremiah Curtin died at Bristol, Vt., December 14, aged sixty-six.

John Armoy Knox died in New York December 18, aged fifty-six.

Walter Appleton Clark died in New York December 26, aged thirty years.

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ITALIAN HUMOR, PAST AND PRESENT.

We may take the word of William Wetmore Story, author of the charming "Roba di Roma," that Italian humor is exceedingly rich and spontaneous, whether or not it is preserved in printed form. The professional "funny man" is unknown to Italian literature, as are books of unrelieved humor. Italian humor may bubble up between lines of real pathos, or it may jar on one's sense of the fitness of things in a comedy named "Suicidio," or "The Duel" (Ferrari), in which the action is everything that the titles imply.

Italian humor is either broadly farcical or poignantly satirical. The mediaeval tales of Sacchetti and Boccaccio are full of practical joking, consummately planned, and executed as much at the expense of "the cloth" as of the laity. "Il Morgante Maggiore" ("The Giant Morgante") of Pulci is a mock-heroic epic, satirical, rough, and ready. The quality of candor and "tickling" in the best examples of Italian humor "gets holds of" the reader of the original as Mr. Dooley does upon us Americans. This "peculiar native drollery," as it has been called, may not be described further, nor may it be more than approximately translated even by Hunt, Byron, Symonds, or Howells. But let any one converse with a highly-bred Italian gentleman, or a little kerchiefed mother on the East Side of New York, and he will have an inkling of the vivacious spontaneity which characterizes the humor of Dante's land.

Milan and Florence have always been noted for their humor, — the Tuscan Florentines in particular. Pulci and Sacchetti were Florentines, and Boccaccio, Guisti, Pratesi, Fuconi, of Tuscany. Tuscan humor is more satirical than that of Milan, whose dialect, illustrated in the verse of Giacomo Porta, "seems as if it were intended for the comic stage, and lends itself excellently well to Aristophanic wit." Dialect, by the way, is a power in Italian humor. Neapolitan is the favorite comic mode of speech to-day. A journal published in this dialect attacked the politics of Naples forty years ago. Verga wrote somewhat in Sicilian, Goldoni much in Venetian.

Italian comic poetry is most often written in a stanza of six long lines. During the artificial eighteenth century, Swift, Addison, and Sterne were read, admired, and imitated by well-known Italian humorists. The English influence did not starch, however, the flowing wit of Baretti, Foscolo, or Leopardi. Count Gasparo Gozzi went so far as to publish at Venice *L'Osservatore*, an Italian

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"Spectator." One feature of Italian humor is strange to Anglo-Saxon ears — namely, satire directed against the Church and the Saints.

As is well known, Boccaccio's "Decameron" contains one hundred tales told on ten days by ten persons, — seven ladies and three knights, — who fled from Florence to the country in 1348 to escape the plague. "Calandrino and the Heliotrope" and the story of the three rings make pleasant reading, but both are too long to quote in this place. The Florentine Franco Sacchetti was contemporary with Chaucer. Of his three hundred tales, two hundred and fifty-eight are left, and many of them are especially humorous in a simple, colloquial way, as this anecdote * of Dante will prove : —

"When Dante had dined he went out, and passing by the Porta S. Pietro, heard a blacksmith beating iron upon the anvil, and singing some of his verses like a song, jumbling the lines together, mutilating and confusing them, so that it seemed to Dante he was receiving a great injury. He said nothing, but going into the blacksmith's shop, where there were many articles made in iron, he took up his hammer and pincers and scales, and many other things, and threw them out into the road. The blacksmith, turning round upon him, cried out, 'What the devil are you doing? Are you mad?' 'What are *you* doing?' said Dante. 'I am working at my proper business,' said the blacksmith, 'and you are spoiling my work, throwing it out into the road.' Said Dante : 'If you do not like me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine.' 'What thing of yours am I spoiling?' said the man. And Dante replied : 'You are singing something of mine, but not as I made it. I have no other trade but this, and you spoil it for me.' The blacksmith, too proud to acknowledge his fault, but not knowing how to reply, gathered up his things and returned to his work ; and when he sang again, sang Tristram and Launcelot, and left Dante alone."

We who as children (or grown-ups) have delighted in the chalk-faced buffoon of the circus ring may not have realized that he, in company with Punch the Puppet, is the lineal descendant of Pulcinella ("a little chicken-nosed fellow") of the Italian pantomime. Over in Italy he wears a beak-nosed mask and is always getting his friends into trouble. His costume is the familiar loose jacket and pantaloons of our friend the clown, and St. Elpido, near Naples, has been his headquarters since the reign of Tarquin.

* Translation by A. Werner : "The Humour of Italy."

Stenterello, "the very stingy person," is supposed to be typical of Tuscan dress and character, — at least those of long ago. Beginning with the sixteenth century *commedia del' arte*, in which stock characters spoke extemporaneously according to a general scheme (*scenario*), were in demand. Lovers of Plautus, noting in his comedies the recurrent types of the innocent father, the enamored girl, and the dishonest servant, resolved to bring out contemporary characters on the Plautine order. The result was the renowned four masks of Italian comedy, — Pantaloon, a Venetian father, the Bolognese Doctor (another father), and Brighella and Harlequin, servants from Bergamo. Other masks joined these from time to time, all uniting in horse-play and "gags"; but a Capitano never was known to encroach upon the jest province of a Brighella. The lyrical dramas were as absurd as the *commedia del' arte*. These dramas were a species of comic opera in which the acting was entirely subservient to the music. The great Goldoni (1707-1793) came to the rescue of Italian stage humor with his one hundred and sixty comedies of manners. It is impossible to quote successfully from them in brief. Miss Zimmern's translation is a good one. The value of Goldoni's "reforms" may be adjudged from Browning's sonnet : —

"Goldoni, — good, gay, sunniest of souls, —
Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine, —
What though it just reflect the shade and shine
Of common life, nor render, as it rolls,
Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals
The Carnival : Parini's depths enshrine
Secrets unsuited to that opaline
Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.
There throng the people : how they come and go,
Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb, —
see, —
On piazza, calle, under portico,
And over bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
Be honored! Thou that didst love Venice so,
Venice, and we who love her, all love thee."

Puppet actors are much enjoyed in Italy, in Genoa most of all. These *barattini* are constructed with the utmost pains, and manipulated with the utmost skill. They are but two or three feet high, but, as their audience believes, fully capable of performing, say, "The grandiose opera, entitled 'Belisarius, or the Adventures of Orestes, Ersilia,

Falsierone, Salenguerro, and the Terrible Hunchback.'" Of the *barattini*, Story says: —

"No human being could be so serious. Their countenances are solemn as death, and more unchanging than the face of a clock. Their terrible gravity, when, with drooping heads and collapsed arms, they fix on you their great goggle eyes, is at times ghastly. They never descend into the regions of conscious farce. The plays they perform are mostly heroic, romantic, and historical. . . . You might as well laugh in a church."

It appears as if many of the Italian comic poets had adopted as a motto Juvenal's saying: "It is difficult not to write satire." All the way from Pulci to Giusti there are stabbing lines by the hundred. The later output is largely political. It is to the credit of Luigi Pulci (1431-1486) that he wrote in his Tuscan tongue when Latin was deemed the only language fit for polite literature. His "Morgante the Giant," the first great Italian romantic poem, is an elaborate burlesque epic in twenty-eight cantos concerning the greatly-loved Roland myth, as solemnly revised (1122) in a Latin prose chronicle by Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims. Pulci refers elaborately to Turpin's correction of what Pope Calixtus styled "the lying songs of Jongleurs." "Morgante the Giant" himself is not the chief personage in the epic. Indeed, there are two other giants of note. Roland, jealous of Charlemagne's favorite, Gano, seeks adventures East and West, — and has them, indubitably, by the dozen. His "Conversion of the Giant Morgante" has been translated by Byron. I quote two stanzas from Symonds's version: —

"Answered Margutte: 'Friend, I never boasted:
I don't believe in black more than in blue,
But in fat capons, boiled, or may be roasted;
And I believe sometimes in batter, too,
In beer and must, where bobs a pippin toasted;
Sharp liquor more than sweet I reckon true;
But mostly to old wine my faith I pin,
And hold him saved who firmly trusts therein.

"'I believe in the tartlet and the tart;
One is the mother, t'other is her son:
The perfect patermoster is a part
Of liver, fried in slips, three, two, or one;
Which also from the primal liver start:
And since I'm dry, and fain would swill a tun,
If Mahomet forbids the juice of grape,
I reckon him a nightmare, phantom, ape.'"

Antonio Pucci (died 1375), the son of a Florentine bell-founder, made his sonnets ring as beautifully as his bells. The appended quotation is a *sonetto a coda*, "sonnet with a tail," the "tail" in this case consisting of three extra lines. This was a convenient form of sonnet for satirists who disliked to confine their ideas to fourteen lines.

"'Make me a sonnet or a canzonet,'
Says one who's scant and short of memory.
It seems to him that, having given me
The theme, he's left me nought my soul should fret.
Alas! he knows not how I'm sorely let
And hindered — nor what sleepless nights I dree,
Tossing from side to side most painfully,
Ere from my heart I squeeze those rhymes — my debt.
At my own charges, three fair copies then
I make. 'Tis well it were correct before
I send it forth among the sons of men;
But one thing 'bove all else doth vex me sore —
No man had ever manners 'nough to say, —
'Here, friend, take this, and for the paper pray!'
Sometimes, indeed, they may
Treat me to half a pint of Malvoisie,
And think they've recompensed me royally."

The pasquinade is Italian satire in miniature. Pasquino was a Roman tailor (or cobbler) of the fifteenth century, whose shop on the Palazzo Braschi was a meeting place for courtiers and wits. Pasquino himself was a polished epigrammatist. Near the shop stood the torso of what was once part of an ancient group of high merit, — Menelaus dragging the dead body of Patroclus from the fight. After Pasquino's death the street was widened and Menelaus set up out of the way, close to the door of the shop. "Pasquino has returned to earth," said the friends of the tailor — and the statue is called "Pasquino" to this day. It became quite the thing to paste bits of satire on Pasquin. Such a piece of writing was accordingly termed a pasquinade. Many pasquinades were in Latin, of which almost every Roman had a smattering. Pasquin's rival was Marforio, the colossal statue of a river-god, unearthed from the Forum of Mars, and among his friends were Madame Lucrezia (still to be found at the Church of St. Marco), Babbuino of the fountain, and others. Pasquin and Marforio carried on a good many spirited dialogues, and their names are occasionally mentioned in Italian periodicals of the hour. Pasquinades attacked church and state, the low and the lofty. During the Revolution of 1848 Marforio made his views

plain in the pages of a daily, *Il Don Pirlone*. He emphasized his meaning with vigorous caricature.

"On the 2nd July, 1849, the French entered Rome, and *Il Don Pirlone* was issued for the last time. The engraving in this number represents a naked female figure lying lifeless on the ground, with a cap of liberty on her head. On a dunghill near by a cock is crowing loudly, while a French general is covering the body with earth. Beneath are these significant words, 'But, dear Mr. Undertaker, are you so perfectly sure that she is dead?' That day Don Pirlone died, and all his works were confiscated."

Pasquin punned often. The following appeared when Rome was occupied by Napoleon: —

"Pasquin. — 'I Francesi son tutti ladri' —
Marforio. — 'Non tutti — ma Buona Parte.'"

The institution of the Cross of the Legion of Honor in France was hit off in this wise: —

"In times less pleasant, and more fierce, of old,
The thieves were hung upon the cross, we're told;
In times less fierce, more pleasant, like to-day,
Crosses are hung upon the thieves, they say."

The death of Gregory XVI. during Carnival was thus pasquinaded: —

"Three sorrows, Holy Father, in form you receive —
First you accept the Papacy, and then so long you live,
And last you die in Carnival, that we your death may grieve."

Pasquin had this to say to a Conference at Zurich: —

"'Do you speak French?' 'No.' 'Do you speak German?' 'No.' 'Do you speak Italian?' 'No.' 'What do you speak?' 'Latin.' 'And what have you got to say in Latin?' 'As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be, for ever and ever, — Amen.'"

When Paul III. tried to silence Pasquin, he retorted: —

"Great were the sums once paid to poets for singing;
How much will you, O Paul, give me to be silent?"

Adrian VI. proposed to hurl the statue into the Tiber, but the Spanish Legate cautioned him against such a rash act, "lest he should thus teach all the frogs in the river to croak pasquinades."

Giuseppe Giusti (1809-1850) has been called by Howells the greatest Italian satirist of the century, and in some respects the greatest Italian poet of the century. When Lamartine referred to Italy as "The Land of the Dead," the Tuscan Giusti made reply in a poem here quoted, in part, as translated by Mr. Howells: —

"'Mongst us phantoms of Italians, —
Mummies even from our birth, —
The very babies' nurses
Help to put them under earth.

"'Tis a waste of holy water
When we're taken to the font:
They that make us pay for burial
Swindle us to that amount.

"In appearance we're constructed
Much like Adam's other sons, —
Seem of flesh and blood, but really
We are nothing but dry bones.

"Ah! of a perished people
What boots now the brilliant story?
Why should skeletons be bothering
About liberty and glory?

"Why deck this funeral service
With such pomp of torch and flowers?
Let us, without more palaver,
Growl this requiem of ours."

In "St. Ambrose," Giusti depicts the feelings of an Italian patriot who is attentive to the devotions of the Austrian conquerors: —

"A German anthem that to heaven went
On unseen wings, up from the holy fane;
It was a prayer, and seemed like a lament,
O such a pensive, grave, pathetic strain,
That in my soul it never shall be spent.
And how such heavenly harmony in the brain
Of those thick-skulled barbarians should dwell,
I must confess it passes me to tell."

It was Giusti who described the man about town as

"Immersed in suppers and balls,
A martyr in yellow gloves."

Ghislanzoni is the author of these epigrams: —

"All professions can yield a man enough to live on, — except professions of faith."

"When attending the performance of some modern operas, it has struck me that the conductor was only beating time because he could not beat the composer."

And these epigrams are anonymous: —

"I do not please all my readers? But see, —
Is it every reader that pleases me?"

"Here lies a cardinal
Who did more ill than good.
The good he did badly,
The ill as well as he could."

"Gian Maria's ill-conditioned wife
Was bitten by a viper yester-eve.
'Then, I suppose, she's yielded up her life?'
'No, sir — that 'twas the viper died, I grieve.'"

"'The abbey has been struck by lightning.'
'Where?'
'Twas in the library.' 'Thank heaven's care! —
The friars, holy men! — uninjured are!'"

Proverbs and folk-lore furnish these examples : —

"Do not ask the host whether his wine is good."

"All the brains are not in one head."

"Pride went out on horseback, and came home afoot."

"Heaven keep you from a bad neighbor, and from a man who is learning the violin."

"In buying a horse and taking a wife, shut your eyes and trust God for your life."

"Women are saints in church, angels in the street, devils in the house, owls at the windows, and magpies at the door."

"You cannot both carry the cross and sing in the choir."

"There are no pockets in the shroud."

"Three are powerful — the Pope, the king, and the man who has nothing."

"Lies have short legs."

"Bread and kicks will get no thanks, even from a dog."

"A certain person who was to engage with swords against another, knowing that his antagonist was a braver man than himself, would not stand the trial, but made off as fast as possible. Now it happened, as he was discoursing one day with some of his acquaintance, they reproached him for having run away in so scandalous a manner. 'Pooh!' replied he, 'I had much rather the world should say that in such a place a coward had been put to flight than that a brave man had been killed!'"

The following paragraphs are selected from the newspapers : —

"In the Naples police court a witness was once asked where he lived.

"'With Gennaro.'

"'And where does Gennaro live?'

"'With me.'

"'But where do you and Gennaro live?'

"'Together.'"

"It is said that a rich Frenchman who was insane came to Milan, and after two days recovered his reason. Some people may think this surprising. We do not. It is quite natural that, in a city where so many lose their wits, one man should find some."

"A well-known artist suffers horribly from corns on his feet. His toes, moreover, are deplorably sensitive, so that he calls out if they are scarcely touched. It has gone so far that, when he steps on his own boots, which he has put out to be cleaned, he imagines that his feet are inside, and yells, like one possessed : —

"'Ah-h-h! — body of a rhinoceros!! — look out! Where are you going?'"

"Captain : 'I want all the corporals, without exception, to give the word of command together, and distinctly.'

"A moment after there is a general and vigorous shout of 'Shoulder arms :'

"Captain (furiously) : 'I hear several corporals saying nothing at all!'"

"During dinner, at the Castle, the tutor was being questioned about the progress made by the heir-presumptive to the coronet.

"'Just now we are working at natural science. Our noble pupil is making rapid progress in chemistry.'

"'Is he learning about dynamite?' asked the Marchioness quickly.

"'Not yet, Madam; dynamite comes under the head of political economy.'"

"*At a Charity Concert.* (The pianist is playing horribly out of tune). — 'What is that brute doing? I understand that it is a charity concert, but — all the same——'

"'Why, that is just the reason he does not let his left hand know what his right is doing!'"

"At a Socialist meeting a young orator inveighed furiously against the spread of education, saying that it would be far better for society if fewer people knew how to read and write.

"'Why, you are an obscurantist!' exclaimed a progressist member of the audience.

"'Oh, no; I am merely a post-office clerk.'"

"Alberto Gelsomini has joined an amateur dramatic society. On the night of his first appearance in public he had only a small part assigned to him. All he had to say was : —

"'Signore, a gentleman of about fifty years has been some time in the ante-room; shall I show him in?'

"Instead of which, Gelsomini blurted out, excitedly : —

"'Signore, a gentleman has been waiting fifty years in the ante-room; shall I show him in?'" — *Don Chisciotte.*

"Naldino was begging his father to get him a tin trumpet.

"'No, I won't,' said his father; 'I don't want to have my head split with your noise!'

"'Oh, no, papa! I should only blow it when you were asleep.'"

"The mother of a seminary student sent her son a new black soutane with a letter in the pocket, which began thus : —

"'Dear Gigetto, look in the pocket of the soutane and you will find this letter. . . .'"

"Spippoletti's wife, not having much confidence in the abilities of her servant, has been going to market herself. One day, approaching the fishwife's stall, she asked the price of a large carp.

"'Six francs.'

"The lady examined the fish, and exclaimed : —

"'It's not fresh!'

"'I tell you it is!'

"'But it's quite flabby.'

"'Oh, go on insulting it!' replied the fishwife bitterly. 'It can't answer you!'

"And with that kindness of heart which is natural to her, Signora Spippoletti bought the fish to make up for the injury to its feelings."

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

No one can read the recent books of Mr. Henry James without a feeling of sincere regret that an author of so much natural talent should have, as has well been said, "spoiled his style by his devotion to style." Mr. James is not the only writer whose style is the worse because of too much attention to it. Robert Louis Stevenson applied too much labor to effective phrase-making, and the effectiveness of much of his work is marred by a lack of clearness that was the inevitable result. Of course style is important, and De Maupassant was right in urging writers to seek just the proper word, but that is a very different thing from trying to produce an effect by a collocation of words and a coinage of phrases that may seem to the reader so laborious and forced as to distract his attention from the thought. The sequence of ideas or the current of the story is the main thing every time, and anything that distracts the attention of the reader from it is a blemish in the work.

* * *

The best style, after all, is that of the cultivated thinker who expresses himself with natural ease, aiming only to be simple and natural and straightforward, and depending for his effect on the real value of his thought, rather than on the meretricious value of the phrases he may coin. His style, in a word, is not fashioned as he writes, but is the natural expression of the man, modified and improved by his training and development, — just a written example of his daily thought and speech. This does not mean that revision is not requisite, or that the writer must not pay constant attention to his expression, making it as effective as he can by every approved rhetorical device, but only that his main dependence must be on what he is and what he thinks, and that he must not aim to produce effects by playing tricks with words. If he thinks clearly and vigorously, his style will be nervous, forcible, direct, and his thoughts will impress the reader far more deeply than the stylist's manufactured epigrams. Simplicity and clearness are the great merits of good style, and any attempt at embellishment that tends even in the slightest degree to hide the thought is a more or less serious defect. Writing can be simple without being bald. A writer's style may be clear without being commonplace. The best style is that of the writer who writes the best that is in him as naturally, as clearly, as brightly as he can, thinking all

the time, not how many effective phrases he can coin, but how he can tell his story best.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the meaning of "uncut" as applied to books? H. P.

[An uncut book is one that has not been trimmed by the bookbinder's machine, to make the edges uniform. Technically speaking, if the edges of the leaves have been cut with a paper knife by hand, the book is "opened," but unless the edges of the leaves have been trimmed, it is still technically "uncut." — W. H. H.]

Is the term "bar sinister" ever properly used to signify illegitimacy? G. H. R.

[As was pointed out in THE WRITER for October, there is no such thing in heraldry as a "bar sinister," so that the phrase cannot properly signify illegitimacy. The proper phrase would be "baton sinister," but probably the general reading public would regard that as an author's blunder. "Heraldry" (1905) says in Chapter VII.: "In popular rhetoric and popular fiction the 'bar sinister' has played a spectacular part. Persistently it has been put forward as the heraldic symbol for illegitimacy. As such it supposedly appears upon the arms of all families that claim their origin from a left-handed alliance with nobility or royalty. Now the very term is a misnomer. Such a thing as a 'bar sinister' does not and cannot exist in heraldry. A bar, as we have seen, is a horizontal stripe crossing the field. Being a straight line running from one side to the other, it can be neither sinister nor dexter. The bend sinister never was a specific heraldic symbol for illegitimacy. It was simply a favored method used by heralds to 'difference' a family coat of arms." — W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Catherine Carr, whose story, "Substitution," is printed in the Red Book for February, lives in Alta Lana, Texas, a flag-station containing some two hundred of population — a place which would be described by the people down there as "a wide place in the road." Mr. White, the former editor of the Red Book, accepted Miss Carr's first work; she won one of the prizes in the last Black Cat contest, and within the last year she has had stories from time to time in various magazines. Regarding her novelette, "With Averted Eyes," which was printed in Gunter's Magazine for December, the Houston Post said that it contained "one of the most strikingly original and powerful situations placed in type for many a day." So far as Miss Carr knows, the Post does not know that she is a resident of Texas. Her work for the most part consists of simple love stories, "The Award," in the December Smart Set, being an exception. Regarding her methods, Miss Carr says they are along the lines warned against by "Nym Crinkle" — those of "living out of the world and sticking things in envelopes and sending them off." She maintains a cheerful belief that what one editor will not take, some other will. She says she has never been so fortunate as to possess what the same able critic terms "a steer," still she is not complaining, although she has made no great progress as yet.

Eloise Lee Sherman, author of the story, "Prophecy and Prayer," in the Red Book for January, was born in Montgomery, Ala., and lived there until her marriage about six years ago to Frederic Fairchild Sherman, the author of the book of verse, "Day Dream and Even Song," when she removed to New York. Mrs. Sherman has always written more or less since childhood, but never sent anything to the magazines until about three years ago, when she sent to Lippincott's a dialect poem, which was accepted. Since then she has had verses published in the Century, Lippincott's, the Youth's Companion, Leslie's Weekly, and several other periodicals. "Prophecy and Prayer" is her first story, and she is now at work upon a series of stories, all of which deal with negroes in the little Alabama hill town of

"Sandy Creek." In fact, all of her work thus far has been in the negro dialect.

Mabel Herbert Urner, author of "The Prize Story," in the Smart Set for December, was one of the youngest writers competing in Collier's prize story contest. Her story, "The Dissembler," was finally awarded fifth place, although William Allen White, one of the judges, assigned it to second place. Miss Urner is also the author of "The Letter Written and the Letter Sent," a short sketch which appeared in Collier's, and which was copied by the San Francisco Argonaut, Current Literature, and several other magazines. She has had a number of stories in Appleton's Magazine and the Smart Set. Two well-known publishing houses have asked her to develop "The Subterfuge," which was published in the Smart Set last June, into a book, and she will probably begin work on it in the spring.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Braddon. — In a pleasantly eulogistic sketch, "T. P." marks the seventieth birthday of Miss Braddon, who has known how to thrill more than one generation with such stories as "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Fatal Three," and "His Darling Sin." She is the author of at least seventy novels, to say nothing of various plays and scattered contributions to the magazines. Her first hit was an astonishing display of energy. Mr. Maxwell, who later married her, was on the point of establishing a new magazine, the serial story for which had been extensively advertised. At the last moment, through an accident, the manuscript was lost, and no substitute was at hand. Miss Braddon offered to fill the gap, and next morning, much to his astonishment, the editor found the first installment of "Lady Audley's Secret," written during the night, on his breakfast table. Miss Braddon is still a favorite with the British public, and her son, W. B. Maxwell, author of "Vivian" and "The Guarded Flame," has inherited her literary talent.

Gray. — A small pamphlet, sold originally at twelve cents, brought $500 recently in London. It was a first edition of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Gray was utterly bewildered by the success which attended the publication of his "Elegy." It ran through four editions in two months, and six other editions speedily followed. Ere the poem was ten years old, it had been reprinted in several collections of verse, in numerous magazines, and twice translated into Latin.

All this amazed the author beyond measure, and when the Scottish poet, Beattie, sought his permission to prepare an edition for the northern kingdom, he, in giving his consent, warned his admirer of the risk the publisher would take, for a London bookseller had "glutted the town" with two editions of 1,500 and 750 copies. Beattie and the Scottish publisher went their way, however, and the edition sold so quickly that Gray was embarrassed by an offer of a present of books in recompense for his consent. "I cannot figure to myself," he wrote, "how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present."

He never accepted any cash payment for his poems. He held it was beneath his dignity as a gentleman to barter his writings for money, and, of course, the publishers were glad to oblige him by respecting such a convenient scruple. To one of those publishers, Dodsley, this meant a comfortable profit of $5,000 from the "Elegy" alone. — The Bookman.

Hardy. — Thomas Hardy's first novel has never been published. It was a Revolutionary story, called "The Poor Man and the Lady," and he was persuaded to withhold it from publication by no other than George Meredith.

"Tess" was inspired by the sight of a real girl's face. Mr. Hardy was walking down a lane in West Dorset, when a farmer's cart rumbled past carrying a country lass. He never saw her again, but he began to weave a romance about her, out of which in due time grew "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

When Mr. Hardy took the manuscript of

"Under the Greenwood Tree" to the late Mr. Tinsley, that enterprising publisher offered the novelist the sum of twenty-five pounds down for the book. Mr. Hardy accepted the sum, although he owned that he was "a bit disappointed," adding that nevertheless he "meant to keep on." Next came his book, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," for which Mr. Tinsley gave the novelist one hundred pounds, saying: "There is no great money in the book, but I can see that Hardy is going to get a grip some day."

Longfellow. — The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, which occurs on the twenty-seventh of this month, will remind many men and women of a delightful event in the poet's life — an event in which these men and women had a part when they were children in Cambridge. The great poet's love for children was one of the fine and beautiful traits in his character. He was never known to be unkind to a child. He often inconvenienced himself that he might oblige children and give them pleasure. He was wonderfully kind and patient to all the boys and girls who brought him their autograph books in which to write his name. The last visitors he received in his home a short time before he died were two boys from Boston, who came to have him write in their books; and one of the last letters he ever wrote was to a little girl who had sent him a poem she had composed about him on his last birthday.

Many of Longfellow's most popular poems are founded on real events, real places, real people, and real things. His "village blacksmith" was a real man in Cambridge, and the "spreading chestnut tree" under which his smithy stood was a very fine and old one that Longfellow loved, for he was a great lover of trees. When the street in Cambridge in which the "spreading chestnut tree" stood was about to be widened by the city, Longfellow protested to the utmost against its being cut down. His protest, however, did not keep it from being felled, much to the regret of Longfellow. Then some good friends of his had a "happy thought." It occurred to them that it would be a pleasant thing if the children would have a chair made of some of the wood of the old chestnut tree and make a present of it to Mr. Longfellow on his approaching seventy-second birthday. The children of Cambridge fell in very heartily with the idea, and nearly one thousand of them gave ten cents each to pay for having the chair made, and it is a very handsome chair, indeed. It was designed by the poet's nephew. The wood was ebonized so that it was a dead black. The presenting of the chair was what children always enjoy, a "surprise present." Mr. Longfellow did not know anything about it until he found the gift in his study on the morning of the twenty-seventh of February, in the year 1879, and as that was twenty-eight years ago, the boys and girls who gave their dimes for the chair are now men and women.

Mr. Longfellow was very much touched by this proof of the affection of the children for him, and he conveyed his thanks to them in a poem, entitled "From My Armchair." — J. L. Harbour, in February St. Nicholas.

Meade.—Take a girl and two men, and choose a locality. Slowly add other characters. Dictate about seven thousand words a day. In a fortnight you have a complete novel.

Something like this is the avowed recipe of L. T. Meade. Mrs. Meade laughs when one talks of the thinking out of a plot. "I seldom have one," she said, "and when I have one I never stick to it. The inspiration that comes moment by moment is far better."

Lisbeth Meade ought to know, for her novels are certainly thrilling and their plots are uncommonly complex. Recently she published her two hundredth romance, which she called "The Blue Diamond," and she is now hard at work on her two hundred and first.

She is Irish, this versatile story teller, and one of a select band of successful authors who began writing at an early age. She wrote her first book — a story for children — when she was seventeen. She is one of a numerous and distinguished family. Her father, an Irish clergyman, named her Lisbeth Thomasina. Her uncle is bishop of Cork, her cousin, Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, who twenty years ago commanded the North American fleet of the British navy.

Soon after her first book was published, Miss Meade obtained a government post at the British Museum. She lived by choice in one of the centuries-old structures in the heart of the ancient city — Bishopgate Without — and studied the east end of London and its peoples.

In her spare time she scribbled away for dear life and attracted the attention of editors and publishers by her magazine and newspaper stories. Then came an offer of the editorship of the Atalanta, the girls' magazine. For six years Miss Meade held this post, and at the same time turned out several dozen books for girls. They were mostly of school life, and proved intensely popular. Then came her collaboration on a novel, its immediate success, and the romance of her life. She married Dr. Toulmin Smith. No longer had she to be the slave of the market. She was able to spend all the time she wanted on the writing of her beloved books. Novel after novel appeared, and then, when her son and two daughters began to grow up the mother went back to her books for boys and girls, with here and there a novel, always an intensely dramatic work. One could scarce believe these were written by the same author of the many simple and charming girls' story books. "The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings" is perhaps accounted her best novel. As to her books for girls, they are all popular. There is scarcely a house in Britain boasting of book-shelves and girls where the name of L. T. Meade is not to be seen. To the girls of the British Empire she is the queen of authors. She travels a good deal, having cycled all over Europe. The Woodlands, her beautiful home, is on the edge of breezy Dulwich common, on the outskirts of Southeast London. She goes in a great deal for society, and is a noted bridge player. Despite this, she is one of the hardest-working of English novelists. — Brooklyn Eagle.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Suggestions to Writers. — Some more or less interesting notes on the subject of literary composition are recorded in Notes and Queries as having been drawn from conversations with the late Canon Isaac Taylor : —

The public is surprisingly ignorant, and is grateful for explicit information on matters which are supposed to be common knowledge.

Do not venture to write a book until you have got a thoroughly good subject.

If you have the assurance to ask the public to pay you the compliment of reading what you have written, you should cudgel your brains to the utmost to make your ideas plain and intelligible.

When you have collected a mass of notes, then dash into the subject, writing anything that occurs to you freely, and even redundantly, for it is easier to condense than to expand.

After you have so written a few pages you will see at once that a good many sentences need transposing, others expanding, and others condensing. A sentence should not be scrappy and jerky, but should resemble a well-tempered sword, elastic from end to end.

Cut out relentlessly everything that is in the slightest degree irrelevant to your subject.

When you have nearly finished your book, you will find that almost all of it has had to be written five times over, and you will realize the extreme difficulty of writing even a single page of decent English.

Your title should be a label, not a description. An enlarged table of contents and a copious index are necessities.

Do not say, "It is interesting to note," or allow yourself to use such slipshod expressions, although many distinguished writers do so.

I did not myself venture to begin a book until I had spent many years in saturating my mind with the best Greek, Latin, and English classics.

So far as is possible, exclude the personal element from the book itself, so as to avoid the charge of being egotistical ; but you may appropriately put this in the preface.

After some years of writing, the right word will come into your mind.

Poor Pay of Authors in Spain. — The piercing cry of the underpaid Spanish writer echoes abroad. In Madrid, we learn, it is not uncommon for an author to have twelve

dollars offered him as full compensation for a story of three hundred pages or so, and two-volume novels seldom net their authors more than fifty dollars. Gil Blas cites the case of Carman Burgos, a well-known and popular writer, who received only thirty dollars for translating a long French romance into Spanish. Apparently leaving any gainful occupation for literature is an unprofitable proceeding in Spain. — Boston Daily Advertiser.

The Story of "Marse Chan." — The success of Thomas Nelson Page as a writer of stories of Southern life is primarily due to the fact that he writes of the Southern people out of his own intimate personal knowledge. Born a Virginian, some time before the outbreak of the Civil War, he lived within the sound of the guns of great battles, and during his boyhood and youth the recollection of the war and its scenes naturally dominated him. "In the autumn of 1880 a letter was shown him" — Mr. Page is himself telling this story in the third person — "which had been taken from the pocket of a dead private in a Georgia regiment on one of the battlefields around Richmond. It was written in an illiterate hand on coarse blue Confederate paper, and was from a young girl in Georgia to her sweetheart. In it she told him that she had discovered since he left home that she loved him, and that she did not know why she had been so cruel to him before he went away; that, in fact, she had loved him ever since they had gone to school together in the little schoolhouse in the woods, when he had been so good to her; and that now, if he would get a furlough and come home, she would marry him. This was all, of course, except a postscript. As if fearful that such a temptation might prove too much even for the man she loved, across the blue Confederate paper were scrawled these words: 'Don't come without a furlough; for if you don't come honorable, I won't marry you.' The date of the letter was not more than two weeks earlier than that of the battle in which her lover fell, and the natural comment was, 'So, he got his furlough through a bullet.' This idea took possession of me, and in about ten days I had written 'Marse Chan.' This story was promptly accepted, but was not published until something over three years afterward."

Writing Books for Boys. — Manville Fenn, who has published some eighty books for boys, has a word to say in the London Book Monthly on "The Boy's Story," which is interesting because it is authoritative. "What a boy wants all the time in a story is adventure, excitement, honest healthy thrills. Every boy is a romancer by nature just as he is an intense patriot, and indeed the two things blend in him." Apart from surface changes, "boy nature remains its old self — honest, manly, straightforward, pugilistic, devoted to a fight, in particular full of chivalry. These are the elements which appeal to a boy in a story because they are the dominant elements of his own nature. The secret of success with a boy's story is perhaps this — the writer must be able to put himself in the place of that boy."

Problems for the Country Editor. — The country editor is eager to print all the news in his own paper. Does he do it? Hardly. "This would be a very newsy paper," explained one of them to his subscribers, "were it not for the fact that each of the four men who work on it has many friends. By the time all the items that might injure some of their friends are omitted, very little is left."

"I wish you would print a piece about our school teacher," said a farmer's wife to me one afternoon. "Say that she is the best teacher in the county."

"But I can't do that — two hundred other teachers would be angry. You write the piece, sign it, and I'll print it."

"What are you running a newspaper for if you can't please your subscribers?" she demanded — and canceled her subscription.

So the country editor leaves out certain good things and certain bad things for the very simple reason that the persons most interested are close at hand and can find the individual responsible for the statements. He becomes wise in his generation, and avoids chastisements and libel suits. He finds that there is no lasting regard in a sneer, no satisfaction in gratifying the impulse to say things that bring tears to

women's eyes, nothing to gloat over in opening a wound in a man's heart. If he does not learn this as he grows older in the service, he is a poor country editor. — Charles M. Harger, in the January Atlantic.

Freaks of Translation. — Some of these freaks of translation, enumerated in the Bookman, are old, but several of them are sufficiently new to make their reprinting worth the while. Victor Hugo always translated the Firth of Forth as "the First of the Fourth," and swore that he was right, too; while Disraeli noted with amusement the French rendering of the adjective "woebegone" as "Douleur va-t'-en." An early translator of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" had it as "La Bride de Lammermoor," the second word meaning "bridle": and the same man rendered "Welsh rabbit" by "Lapin du Pays de Galles." The case of "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour" for "Love's Last Shift" is classic, and when the farce "Hit or Miss" was done into French, it almost was billed as "Frappé ou Mademoiselle." That delightful piece, in which Toole was at his funniest, "Walker, London," was referred to in a French newspaper as "Londres qui se Promène"; the best that the translator could do for the "Stickit Minister" was "Le Ministre Assassiné." Surprising, but none the less true, is the version of that line of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," "As ocean sweeps the labored mole away," which appeared as "Comme la mer détruit les travaux da la taupe," the last word signifying the small, burrowing creature we all know. Some time ago a French writer addressed, or wrote of, the Bishop of Sodor and Man as "Monseigneur l'Eveque de Syphon d'Homme."

George Meredith's English. — Among the modern English writers castigated by the authors of "The King's English" is George Meredith. Here are some of the phrases to which they take exception: "The couch-bunk under the window to conceal the summerly recliner." "Opposition on the part of the loquently weaker of the pair." "The verberant twang of a musical instrument." "He was in some amazement at himself . . . remindful of the different nature." "'Skepsey did come back to London with rather a damaged frontispiece,' Victor said." "There may be, moreover, while each has the key of the fellow-breast a mutually sensitive nerve." "I am she, she me, till death and beyond it." "How to keep the proper balance between these two testy old wranglers, that rarely pull the right way together, is a much . . ." "Nataly promised amendment, with a steely smile, that his lips mimicked fondly." "Reverential objections composed of all which his unstained family could protest." "She had thought in her heart that Mr. Barmby espousing the girl would smooth a troubled prospect." "Harsh facts; sure as she was of her never losing her filial hold of the beloved." "The habitual necessity to amass matter for the weekly sermon, set him noting . . ." "A scholar endowed by an ample knowledge and persuasive eloquence to cite and instance." "Nataly had her sense of safety in acquiescing to such a voice." "And reflecting, that he had greatly pardoned, he grew exacting." "Yet there, too, we find that character has its problems to solve." "Those who have schemes, as well as those who are startled by the criticism in laughter to discover, that they have cause for shunning it, rejoice when wits are absent." "Depreciation of him fetched up at a stroke the glittering armies of her enthusiasm." "Opposition to him was comparable to the stand of blocks of timber before a flame." "Where, do you imagine, she would lay it?" "'Why be scheming?' Victor asked." "One had a male-partner, who hopped his loutish burlesque." "Gluttony is the least generous of the vices." "He gratefully hands-over the establishment to his country." "She wondered at having drifted into the neighborhood of a person resembling in her repellent formal chill virtuousness a windy belfry tower, down among those districts of suburban London or appalling provincial towns passed now and then with a shudder, where the funereal square bricks-up the church, that Arctic hen-mother sits on the square, and the moving dead are summoned to their round of penitential exercise by a monosyllabic tribulation-bell." "A perpetual consequent warfare of her spirit and the nature

subject to the thousand sensational hypocrisies invoked for concealment of its reviled brutish baseness, held the woman suspended from her emotions." "But though she could trust his word, the heart of the word went out of it when she heard herself thanked by Lady Blachington (who could so well excuse her at such a time for not returning her call, that she called in a friendly way a second time, warmly to thank her) for throwing open the Concert Room at Lakelands in August, to an entertainment in assistance of the funds for the purpose of erecting an East London Clubhouse, where the children of the poor by day could play, and their parents pass a disengaged evening." "The doing nothing for a length of days after the first shock he sustained was the reason of how it came that Nesta knitted closer her acquaintance . . ." All this may be rare sport to the authors of "The King's English," but it does scant justice to Meredith by separating some of his best passages from their context. — Boston Transcript.

Imitations in Literature.— In the "Editor's Easy Chair" of Harper's Mr. Howells traces the origins and imitations in literature. Tolstoy, he claims, is "without a rival in the whole history of fiction, or rather without an equal," and yet this "unequalled artist, this unrivalled original," owns himself a follower of Stendhal in the writing of warfare. There is no such thing as originality in art, Mr. Howells writes. From Cimabue and Giotto we have Botticelli; so from Dryden, Pope; Cowper, Wordsworth; Keats, Tennyson; Goldsmith, Irving; George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward; Zola, George Moore. "After all, what we want is not originality, but excellence," Mr. Howells concludes. "To better your instruction is the highest achievement of which you are capable."

Typographical Errors. — It is a matter of very serious doubt whether a book entirely free from misprints or errors of some nature ever issues from the press. It is certainly true that the books produced in the early days of printing contained a mass of misprints, and many pages of errata were necessary to make the work correct. Errors in reprints of Shakespeare were so common that Halliwell Phillipps felt constrained to print privately "A Dictionary of Misprints" as a guide for future editors of Shakespeare.

The causes of misprints are numerous. The principal source, however, is what is known among printers as a "foul case," case meaning the box or collection of small boxes containing the type with which the printer "sets up" the text. Through carelessness and by the boxes becoming too full and overflowing, letters get into the wrong box, and consequently wrong letters get into the words "set up" by the printer.

Thus, a reporter on a daily paper, in telling how the engineer of an express train avoided a serious accident, is made to say: "The engineer put on full steam, dashed into the cow and literally cut it into calves." And from the society page we learn that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by tight bridesmaids." Because the printer picked an "n" out of the "h" box, a newspaper account of a big political meeting stated that "the crowd rent the air with their snouts."

In setting type printers usually read a line or two of the copy and carry this in their mind while setting it up. In this way many ridiculous misprints occur. Owing to the similarity in sounds of words with entirely different meanings, and to the fact that the mind of the printer sometimes wanders from the work in hand, words and even whole lines undergo strange transformations.

Because of the similarity of the German word "Mädchen," meaning girls, and "Mächten," meaning powers, a German newspaper was made to say that "Prince Bismarck is trying to keep up honest and straightforward relations with all the girls," and an English paper caused a noted geologist to assert that "The bones found in the submerged forest of Devonshire were closely representative of the British farmer." The last word should have been fauna.

Leaving out a "space" between words frequently causes serious misprints, and also many that are quite amusing. John Hall, in his "Horæ Viciviæ," published in 1646, describes a table game called "tick-tack," and says, "Errors in this andwar can be but once amended." The "space" was left out between the words "and" and "war," and students immediately began a search for the

origin of the word "andwar." It was suggested that andirons was a parallel word of the same genus, and that the word andwar would certainly modernize into handwar. A very laughable misprint occurred in Miss Yonge's "Dynevor Terrace" by the joining of parts of words. This misprint caused a young lady to be described "without stretched arms."

Poor penmanship and the bad habit of using numerous contractions to save time are also prime causes of misprints. The author who wrote "J. C. first invaded Britain," etc., using "J. C." as an abbreviation of Julius Cæsar, was needlessly surprised when it appeared, "Jesus Christ first invaded Britain," etc.

Horace Greeley, whose ability to write illegible manuscript is almost proverbial, once had occasion to quote the line: —

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

His bad writing appears to have created a great mathematical doubt in the mind of the compositor, for he made the line: —

"'Tis two, 'tis fifty, fifty 'tis, 'tis five."

The Bible has carried more than its share of misprints, not a few of which have been serious. Probably the most serious occurred in the Bible printed by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas, king's printers in the reign of Charles I. The word "not" was left out of the Seventh Commandment, and for this the printers were fined three hundred pounds. The edition was ordered destroyed, but six copies escaped the flames and are now in existence.

In the first edition of the English Scriptures printed in Ireland, published at Belfast in 1716, "Sin no more," in Isaiah, was printed "Sin on more." The next year the famous "Vinegar Bible" came from the Oxford press. It takes its name from the fact that in the running title of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, "The parable of the vineyard" is printed "The parable of the vinegar." — Washington Star.

The Novelist's Mission. — The neglect of Disraeli's writings may be in part due to the fact that most people think it is below the dignity of a statesman, or of any man following what is called a "serious" profession, to compose works of fiction. Certainly many do not yet understand that the man who writes novels may be a very wise man; they do not realize that accurately to portray human nature, and to present pictures of life, is not only a most worthy but also a most difficult task, requiring for its performance an intelligence far above the average, acute powers of observation, and a keen sense of humor. For surely the great novelist is the observer sounding the depths while others glance at the surface, and examining the mysteries of life while others are content to overlook even the obvious. — Melville's "Victorian Novelists."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

INVENTION IN LITERATURE. Brander Matthews. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

LOWELL. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

BROWNING'S LINEAGE. Henry van Dyke. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

LAFCADIO HEARN. Ferris Greenslet. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE. Carl Schurz. *McClure's* (13 c.) or February.

A HAPPY HALF-CENTURY (The Literature of 1775-1825). Agnes Repplier. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

TOLSTOY. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENARY. Illustrated. Frank Gaylord Cook. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

JAMES BRYCE. With portrait. W. T. Stead. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF LITERATURE. Henry Holt. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

CHARLES F. BROWNE — "ARTEMUS WARD." Illustrated. Enoch Knight. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

BYRON AND OTHER GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY. Illustrated. George S. Street. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Francis Gribble. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

LONGFELLOW: POET OF PLACES. Illustrated. Mary C. Crawford. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

A KEY TO IBSEN (Conclusion). Jennette Lee. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

THE MAN OF LETTERS. H. W. Boynton. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

ROBERT BURNS. Theodore Thornton Munger. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for February.

THE SUBURBAN HOME OF ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD. Illustrated. Edward I. Farrington. *Suburban Life* (18 c.) for February.

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENNIAL, 1807-1907. With portrait. J. L. Harbour. *American Boy* (13 c.) for February.

A STUDY IN LITERARY GENEALOGY. Leon Fraser. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for December.

VISITING THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Illustrated. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for January.

WHAT TOLSTOY HAS DONE IN JAPAN. Kiichi Kaneko. *World To-Day* (13 c.) for January.

A FEW BOOKS ON SHAKESPEARE. Professor W. T. Trent. *Forum* (53 c.) for January-March.

A NEAR VIEW OF MRS. INA BREVOORT ROBERTS. With portrait. J. A. Fowler. *Phrenological Journal* (13 c.) for January.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF ROBERT L. DUNN, WAR CORRESPONDENT. With portrait. J. A. Fowler. *Phrenological Journal* (13 c.) for January.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS. V.—G. Walter Barr. With portrait. Henry Nagel. *Midwestern* (13 c.) for January.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—IX. and X. *North American Review* (28 c. each) for January 4 and 18.

ANATOLE FRANCE. James Huneker. *North American Review* (28 c.) for January 4.

THE "THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" AND THE "MORTE D'ARTHURE." Rt. Rev. Cameron Mann. *North American Review* (28 c.) for January 18.

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY: 1857-1907. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for January 5.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D. *Christian Endeavor World* for January 10.

GEORG BRANDES: SOME CHARACTERISTICS. Paul Harboe. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January 12.

JAMES BRYCE. With portrait. Charles Johnston. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for January 12.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Illustrated. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Albert Bigelow Paine is engaged upon an official life of Mark Twain. For the purposes of his work he has been in almost daily contact with Mr. Clemens, and will not only visit the chief scenes of his life in America, but also follow his footsteps in Europe.

J. B. Lippincott Company will publish a volume on François Rabelais, by Arthur Tilley, in their French Men of Letters series.

Rollo Ogden, the present editor of the New York Evening Post, has edited "The Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," editor of the Nation and of the Evening Post for nineteen years, and the work will be published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company.

February 27 the centenary of Longfellow's birth will be observed by the issue of "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Sketch of His Life," by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. The autobiographical matter included in the poet's notes written for the later editions of his poems, his correspondence, and his journals have been laid under contribution for this book. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will be the publishers.

Legal proceedings for the benefit of the daughter of the late Paul Leicester Ford have brought out the fact that she receives $4,000 a year from the royalties on her father's books.

The Circle (New York) offers prizes aggregating $3,000 for the ten best original short stories received before June 1. The first prize will be $1,000; the second and third, $500 each; the fourth, $300; the fifth, $200; and the sixth to the tenth, $100 each. The Circle also wants short contributions of from 100 to 400 words telling the most interesting, the most intimate, the most beautiful, or the most instructive things contributors know about children—about childhood. Any specially interesting or beautiful photographs of children at play, or in other natural occupations, will be paid for in addition to the amount allowed for the article.

The Boston Post offers weekly prizes—one each of ten and five dollars and four of two dollars each—for the best stories, not exceeding 1,000 words, offered to the Post's Short Story editor. Only women are allowed to compete.

The Boston Sunday Herald Magazine offers prizes weekly—one each of ten, five, three, and two dollars, and five of one dollar each—for the best short story or anecdote told about any man, woman, or child in New England, or the best story or anecdote credited to a person once prominent in any of the New England states.

The Green Bag (Boston) wants good original legal jokes or humorous verse, and offers to send as recompense for accepted manuscripts "either a portrait of John Jay or of Daniel Webster, a copy of Fuller's 'French Trials,' or of Pulling's 'Order of the Coif,' or Davis's 'Massachusetts Judiciary.'"

The Canadian Courier, a national illustrated weekly similar to Collier's, has been started in Toronto. John A. Cooper, formerly of the Canadian Magazine, is the editor.

An Esperanto Journal has been started in New York, of which John Fogg Twombly, of Brookline, president of the Boston club, is editor-in-chief.

Jerome A. Hart has sold the Argonaut (San Francisco) to Alfred Holman, and Mr. Holman has succeeded Mr. Hart as editor. The publication offices of the Argonaut have been re-established in San Francisco, at 915 Van Ness avenue. Though retiring from the editorship of the paper, Mr. Hart remains in cordial association with the Argonaut, and will be a regular contributor to its columns, writing over his signature.

Temple Bar (London) has ceased publication. The magazine was started in 1860, and Thackeray was one of the earliest contributors, while one of Miss Braddon's earliest stories appeared in its pages.

The Editor and Publisher has taken over the good will and interests of the Journalist, which ceased publication several weeks ago.

Bob Taylor's Magazine and Trotwood's Monthly, both of Nashville, have been combined, under the name of the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine.

The Outdoor News Company, New York, has purchased the Recreation Magazine, and beginning with the February number the two publications will be merged, under the name Recreation.

The publication of Men and Women (Cincinnati) is to be resumed under a new company.

The Hearst American Home and Farm Magazine has been changed from a weekly to a monthly.

The magazine formerly known as Suggestion will in future be published under the name of the Stellar Ray. It is devoted to articles on such topics as practical psychology, occultism, psychic research, "stellar science," planetary influences, nature cure, health, happiness, success, and "advanced thought" generally.

The Church Economist, which was established and maintained by the late Henry R. Elliot, is to be merged with the Record of Christian Work, edited and published at East Northfield, Mass.

The Home Herald of Chicago is the name of a combination of the New Voice, John G. Wooley's prohibition paper, and the Ram's Horn, an eccentric religious weekly.

The plant of the Phelps Publishing Company, at Springfield, Mass., was destroyed by fire January 28. The company published Good Housekeeping, the American Agriculturist, the Orange Judd Farmer, the New England Homestead, and Farm and Home. Arrangements are being made for the publication of these journals in other cities.

The main building of the Sawyer Publishing Company, publishers of monthly family magazines, at Waterville, Me., was destroyed by fire January 30.

The Book News Monthly (Philadelphia) for February is a Longfellow Centennial Number.

Harper's Weekly for January 5 was a jubilee number, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its birth. Henry Mills Alden and William Dean Howells gave some interesting reminiscences of early volumes, accompanying a facsimile of the first page of the first copy of the periodical, printed January 3, 1857.

Ernest Howard Crosby died in Baltimore January 3, aged fifty years.

Rev. Oliver Dyer died in Boston January 13, aged eighty-two.

Josiah Flynt Willard died in Chicago January 21, aged thirty-seven.

William Wells Newell died in Boston January 21, aged fifty-seven.

Rev. Dr. Henry Martyn Field died at Stockbridge, Mass., January 26, aged eighty-four.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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STUDY LIFE TO WRITE FICTION.

Scramble down from your pedestal, if you would be successful as a writer, and mingle in life's rushing stream. It will be time enough to turn yourself into a statue when you are famous — and dead. Statues are not the forerunners of great men — great men are the forerunners of statues.

The story-teller is not the man who keeps, or has kept, to the cloistered quiet of his study. He is the man who has jostled the crowd, the man whom the crowd has jostled : the man who has tasted alike life's bitter and life's sweet. And the writer, whose school is active life, cannot afford to leave it for long. Let him do so for a year or two, and his work deteriorates into a feeble echo of earlier and greater things. It may seem easier to pose on the pedestal, secure in a hard-won reputation ; but up there he will forget the crowd — and the crowd will forget him.

You may think that, free from the worries of active life, you'll find time to polish your style. Style to-day is merely the expression of your meaning in the briefest and most vivid terms, the mirroring in words of your mind's individuality. When you find the one word which most accurately conveys your meaning, in that same moment you have found style. Nor is it by the keen study of mere words that you learn this art, but rather by the keener study of things ; and a close scrutiny of the subtle differences between the objects you would describe is the surest key to the equally subtle shades of meaning attaching to the words in which you would describe them.

The critical world calls for the story that rings true. Such a story needs only to be straightforwardly told, nor can frills of affectation add anything to the telling. A deal of polishing is required, sometimes, to impart a lustre to brass ; but the pure gold does not tarnish, and needs no polishing.

"A stub pen and eight hours a day" is a good recipe, yet in it a couple of vital ingredients are lacking. Granted that you sit down before your desk at nine o'clock each morning and work till twelve, and that in the afternoon you labor with steady persistency from one till six, writing, writing, ceaselessly writing — you may do this year in and year out, yet I much question if your fame will be one cubit more in stature at the end of that time than at the beginning.

Stir into that recipe, at the very moment you begin, plenty of knowledge of the actualities of life, and insight into the hearts of men. Drop your stub pen a while, get

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away from your typewriter ; hustle out into the crowd, and there watch and listen. See and hear the world as it sweeps along with its mighty variety of sights and sounds. Thrill with its enthusiasms, and live its life. Take a little peep into the true inwardness of things. You may not have Jack London's income and Jack London's sail-boat ; you may not possess the Williamsons' reputation and the Williamsons' motor-car ; but that is no reason why you should cram your ears with wool or deliberately close your eyes to the things about you. The afternoon excursion, the sewing circle, the church social, the political meeting, the police court, the circus — these, and a host of other things, trifling in themselves, have messages of moment for such as watch and listen with open eyes and open ears.

Scramble down from your pedestal and mix in the hurly burly. Ten to one the crowd will never see you up there ; twenty to one the pedestal will look better without you ; thirty to one you'll look better without the pedestal.

Line up for life's steeple-chase. Don't be afraid of the rushing stream, the miry field, the steep stone wall, or the thorny undergrowth. What though the race be keen and the way hard? When it is ridden, the glorious thrill of the ride can never depart from you. You will know it as you would never have known it had you been content to watch it from afar. You'll be ten times better able to interpret in words the slippery stickiness of the mud, the rushing sweep of the water as you breasted it, the gray, cruel face of the wall as you cleared it, the sharpness of the thorns as you tore through them. You'll be ten times better able to throw into your words of black and white a picture of that race which will thrill your readers as if they themselves had ridden it.

CHATHAM, Ont. *Victor Lauriston.*

SOME LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

Never in the history of our American literature were there so many eager aspirants for literary honors as there are to-day. And never did editors find it more difficult to secure just what they want for their columns. The reading public is a fickle one, and it clamors for constant novelty, and the writer who would attain a fair degree of success must be versatile. He should have a good many strings to his bow if he has nothing but his pen between him and the poorhouse. Never were there such opportunities for the writer as he finds to-day; but there are many to make the most and the best of these opportunities, and the competition for the "plums" is eager and fierce. As in all other occupations or professions, there are many incompetents who do no harm to the writer of real ability, but who are a source of a good deal of trouble to the editor whose duty it is to deal with them and their contributions.

They have great facility for writing that which no editor needs or wants, but no number of rejection-slips can bring them to the hopelessness of success attending their determined efforts to shine in the literary firmament. They regard themselves as unappreciated geniuses, and bemoan the incompetency of editors to fill the positions they occupy. Some of the writers lapse into the unwisdom of freeing their minds in long communications to the editor, setting forth his lack of literary judgment, and telling him how superior their rejected offerings are to the "stuff" with which he is in the habit of filling his columns.

Some of them regard the return of a manuscript as a personal insult, and at least one instance is on record of a deeply injured aspirant for literary distinction who informed the editor who had returned her story, en-

titled "His First and Only Love," that it was fortunate that he was not within reach of her "big brother." Fine scorn enters into the letter of another author of a returned manuscript, and she says to the editor: —

"Do you know who I am? Let me tell you, sir, that the very bluest blood of the South is in my veins. My ancestors have sat in the halls of Congress. I can trace my genealogy back two hundred years beyond the Mayflower. My social position is of the highest, and *you* presume to send a manuscript back to ME! Bah!"

It would be as pathetic as it is amusing to know the full history of all the thousands and thousands of manuscripts "wearily wandering home" to their authors through the mails. They are a prolific source of income to the government because of the stamps upon them, and this is their only financial value. They would, many of them, add immensely to the merriment of the nation, could they be published exactly as they have been written, without revision of any kind.

Many of these aspirants for literary honors and cash emoluments are not lacking in education and intelligence; but, when they attempt to put their thoughts on paper, the result is some of the most amusing compositions in the English language. Because they lack a sense of humor, the absurdity of their efforts is not apparent to them. A periodical devoted entirely to the efforts of certain young and ambitious writers would excel in humor of the unconscious kind any of the machine-made and cold-blooded humor to be found in the comic periodicals of the day. Where was the sense of humor in the horse-doctor who wrote thus to an editor when enclosing two or three poems: —

"I have thought that you might like some horse poetry for your valuable sheet, and am therefore sending you some little sonnets along this line. Having been engaged in the horse-doctoring business for a good many years, I feel that I am up on the horse, and can write anything on him that you want. These poems are all by the author. Can also write horse prose if desired, and have a cracking good horse story nearly done, which I will send you later on."

The "horse sonnets" ranged in length from eight to twenty stanzas, and were certainly "racy"; but the editor felt compelled to say "neigh" to them.

Another writer sends along a story with the information that it is of "her own composure," and she requests the editor to insert the "decimal points" in "the right spots" if she has not done so. Another budding genius conveys the information in his letter that writing should "come easy" to him, for ever since his earliest childhood his "brains had all run to intellect." He wishes you to know that the contribution he is offering you is by no means his first attempt at writing, for he has had stories "excepted" by the local paper in his town, and he has "wrote up things" for another weekly paper.

His story is entitled "The Pirate's Bride," and we are told of this young woman that "she was not beautiful according to the popular idea of beauty, her nose being on the puggish order; and yet this gave her a certain piquancy, while her fine, luminous eyes did much to relieve the general effect of her physiognomy. Slight in stature, she had a good figure, a little inclined to embonpoint, but not too much so. Exquisite taste in dress made up for a lack of brilliant beauty, and a certain air made her a person of mark in any gathering."

The author of this production requests that it be sent back to him if found "unavoidable" by the editor to whom it has been sent.

Another writer who has evidently had some experience along the line of returned manuscripts makes the following request of an editor: —

"Kindly return my article, if not desired, free from disfiguring finger-marks and other soil. Also omit pencil-marks and pinholes, and state in full reasons for the return of the story, which my friends say is far superior to anything they have seen in your paper. If story is accepted, I will become a regular subscriber to your paper."

The story offered begins in this fascinating way: —

"It was deep midnight of a dark and moonless night when a horseman, solitary and alone, rode out on a treeless plain on a

jet-black steed, which pawed and nayed uneasily as if senting danger as it galloped along with arching neck and tossing main. Suddenly the steed rared up, almost unhorsing his rider, a dark, silent man, who swore wickedly under his breath when he came near being pitched over the head of the animal of which he was astraddle. Sinking his gold spurs deep into the sweaty sides of the beast, he brought his gold-mounted riding-whip down heavily on his hanches, and urged him on. Suddenly a voice in the darkness cried out,

"'Hist!'

"'Art there, Salamando?' asked the rider, and the unseen voice replied,

"'Aye, me lord.'

"''Tis well,' replied the noble Duke de Montvalleland. 'Hadst thou not been, death would have been thy portion. What news? Speak, slave!'

"'She refuses the offer of thy hand, my lord.'

"'Zounds! Death and perdition! By my hallidom, but I am tempted to run thee through and through with my good sword for thy evil tidings! She scorns me offer? Ha, ha, ha, ha!'

"His laugh rang out weerdly, but it was not a pleasant laugh. Nay, it would have cuddled the blood of any one who could have heard it."

Another writer describes her heroine as having a voice "like an Oalian harp," while she walked "with the graceful and undulating motion of a vessel at full sail on a glassy sea." Her eyes had the "liquid depths" and the sparkle of "a solitary diamond of the first water," while her hair was "purple-black," and she wore it "in shimmering and dangling curls down her queenly back." She is introduced to the readers of the book in a "low-neck dress," which reveals a "burst of marble whiteness" and arms so perfect that the most noted sculptors of the day had begged the privilege of "carving them in marble." We are told that she had rare gifts as a "vocal singer," and that she had also "what is peculiar in a female voice, a true tenner." Her nose, we are informed, was "like a white cloud set between two blue *skies," while a pair of* "delicious little pink ears completed the entire *tout ensemble.*"

It is not to be wondered at that such a ravishing beauty had many followers in her train. Among them was one Sir Roderick de Montgomerie, of whom we are told that he was "the victim of heredity, many of his ancestors having taken after him in their desire for strong drink." This unhappy failing at last results in a drunken brawl, in which Sir Roderick is shot "in a vital locality," and he dies in the arms of the lady of the "purple hair" and the "tenner" voice.

In still another unusual literary effort we are told that the heroine received a proposal from one of her lovers in the following remarkable manner:—

"She received his proposal with words of scorn and a ringing slap on the ears, after which she left the room, sniffing her contempt; and he sneaked away feeling smaller than thirty cents."

We are told of Cecyl Ethelwynd St. Clare that she was a young woman of the highest culture and refinement, although the loss of her father's fortune had compelled her to accept a position as "fore-lady in the pickle department of a canning-factory." While here she attracts the attention of a "count of noble birth," who compares her to "Heeb," and finally carries her away in a coach to which four white horses in gold harness are attached.

Some writers are wise enough to send letters of inquiry before offering their wares to editors, as witness the following letter received by the editor of a magazine:—

"Are you in the market for Storries, Poemms, literrary assays, letters of Travel, bright, short sketches of either a umerous or serious nature, puzzles, riddles, in fact, anything that can be set up in Type? If so let me know and I think I can give you anything you want. I am just coming out as a writer, and what I have to offer is fresh and original and I am not run Out like some Writters. Testimonial as to Character and Photograph furnished on application. Having made up my mind to ingage in literarry Pursoots I desire to write for your sheet. So therefore plese write and let me know what you want."

The list of these idiosyncrasies of genius

might be extended throughout many columns, but enough has been published to show that there is no lack of originality in the efforts of beginners, and that the editor never lacks contributions. His only regret is that not one in twenty of the manuscripts he receives is adapted to his crying needs. He comes in for much censure and harshness of judgment even when he is as courteous as possible in returning the manuscripts he cannot use. *J. L. Harbour.*

The Christian Endeavor World.

WHAT IS PARODY?

There can be no question concerning the popularity of parody. If it be good, and especially if it have for object of ridicule some work of literature which has undoubted merit, yet which also possesses salient features of such eccentricity of form that they readily lend themselves to caricature, a parody is sure of meeting with a warm welcome from the reading public, and, though its existence is, of course, ephemeral, it generally lasts long enough to bring much profit to the writer in whose brain it was born. This taste for burlesque — and we may here say that, while there is a distinction between burlesque and parody, it is so slight and so seldom recognized that we shall in this article use the words as practically synonymous — probably has its cause in the same feeling, as universal as it is inexplicable when we come to analyze it, that causes us to laugh when we see a man fall on the ice. We could not for our lives tell why we laugh ; we can only plead that there is some appeal to our sense of the ridiculous which blinds us to the possibility of pain as a result of that which arouses our risibilities. For it must, we fear, be taken as a rule that burlesque is generally written with a perfect disregard of possible pain inflicted, and that the enjoyment thereof by the reader is equally disregardful of this aspect of the matter. Burlesque is ridicule, and ridicule is cruelty. These are general rules, though they have some exceptions. It is possible, though barely so, for a parody to be good-natured, but such a case is decidedly the exception.

However, without going into the ethical aspect of the matter, or even very deeply into its psychologic side, it may be broadly stated that parody is very popular, and that no one can possibly give a reason why this should be so. We must simply accept the fact without comment or cavil. From time immemorial — as we count time in matters literary — there has been the disposition to burlesque. Even the "giants of the Elizabethan age" did not escape scot free ; and in later times the custom, if we may so call it, grew into distinct shape. Indeed, we owe thereto a famous, if not very admirable, novel, for Fielding began "Joseph Andrews" as a burlesque of Richardson's "Pamela," and it was only as the author began to see the possibilities of his story developing that he lost sight of the original idea, which is, indeed, visible through more than half of the work. "Joseph Andrews" is probably a unique instance of a parody living as long as its original, but this fact, of course, does not lie in the merits of the parody as such, but in its greater merits as a work of fiction.

The temptation to burlesque is always very great to any writer possessing a sense of humor. It is very easy to parody, and when he sees in other writers the occurrence of features which invite burlesque, the temptation often proves irresistible. Not the very best parody, perhaps — the ability to produce that is a special gift — but a very satisfactory burlesque can be made by a writer of otherwise very moderate pretensions, if he possesses the qualities we have named.

Yet there are many pitfalls threatening the writer of burlesque. That which is most dangerous — judging from the mass of result

— is the tendency to be coarse. A really refined and delicate parody is very rare, and this is so because the opportunities for coarseness of burlesque furnished by the original are naturally those which are most apt to strike the reader who seeks for prominent points of attack. This tendency to coarseness has disfigured not only a few otherwise excellent burlesques, but is beginning to appear almost inseparable from such writing.

Lightness of touch is an absolute requisite for the successful, though not necessarily for the popular, parody. It was the lack of this lightness that caused one of the most famous of all literary travesties just to miss perfection in its line. We refer to Thackeray's "Mr. Punch's Prize Novels." The imitation of style and peculiarity is unimpeachable, though there is, of course, some justifiable and artistic exaggeration ; but there is a certain ponderousness, a certain seriousness almost, which prevents the satire from gaining its keenest possible point. We can but feel that the author of the burlesque wrote less with humor than with malice, and this is destructive of the best effect. On the other hand, the absolutely perfect parody is found in the "Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith. Not only is the imitation absolute, but there is throughout an entire absence of malice. It is said that Byron and Scott themselves averred that their style had been so perfectly assumed that they could hardly believe that they had not in truth written the verses which were ascribed to them. It is evident that Byron, at least, being the most sensitive of men to anything in the shape of ridicule, would not thus have spoken of the work had it not shown in every way that it was dictated by the utmost delicacy as well as wit. And, indeed, the addresses speak for themselves in this wise, for they have remained as one of the few classics of parody.

Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," though a palpable imitation of Thackeray's volume in the same style, is a good piece of work, but here there is visible a fault which is very common among writers of parodies. The burlesque is too pronounced, if we may for this once differentiate between the words ; it is far more burlesque than legitimate parody. It is a roaring farce, not quiet comedy ; and that is not the true aspect of skilful parody. Indeed, this aspect of farce is to be found at times in the prototype by Thackeray, and harms the effect of the whole jest. For the points in parody should be rather suggested than emphasized ; they should be delicately extended, not roughly thrust into our sides to emphasize the joke. This is a truth which is too seldom recognized by the writers of burlesque.

Perhaps the very finest of all parodies of a work of fiction is one that is now almost or quite forgotten, though at one time it was almost or quite famous. Unfortunately, it burlesqued a novel which, while in its day was of great and astounding popularity, is now relegated to oblivion ; and naturally the parody shared the same fate. The novel in question is "St. Elmo," by Miss Augusta J. Evans (Mrs. Wilson), and the parody is "St. Twelmo," by C. H. Webb. "St. Twelmo" is unfortunately not entirely free from the taint of coarseness, but apart from this it is a model of burlesque. The grandiose style of Miss Evans made her a most admirable subject for parody, and thus far the work of Mr. Webb was facilitated by the circumstances. But he took such excellent advantages of his opportunity that no part of his success can be ascribed to anything but his natural power for burlesque. It is true that "St. Elmo" is in many ways itself so ridiculous that the travesty did not equal its original in absurdity, but the travesty has the very unusual merit that it can be thoroughly enjoyed without the reader having acquaintance with the work parodied. It does that which is found in very few burlesques — it shows in itself the nature of the peculiarities which it ridicules. Thus Miss Evans's fondness for "big words" was something wonderful. If a word did not possess as many as five syllables it was rejected by her with scorn. Etna, the heroine of "St. Twelmo" — the name was, of course, suggested by Edna, the heroine of "St. Elmo," and is in itself a happy piece of wit, since Etna is a very volcano of words — begins her career by finding an unabridged dictionary, and thenceforth her talk is polysyllabic to a most

astounding and laughable degree. Her first linguistic exploit is the talking of her grandfather to death, and the word which finishes him — "dodecatemorian" — is but slightly longer than the average words of her conversation. Throughout Miss Evans's style is admirably hit off — of course, with exaggeration, yet with the effect of true comedy and not of farce. Indeed, sometimes the very words of the original are blended with those of parody, occasionally there are insertions of whole paragraphs, yet it would be impossible for any one not most intimately acquainted with the original to find the line of demarcation. This is true art in its line.

We have thus spoken of the merits of a forgotten work, not to bring it into renewed notice — though a new edition of the novel has but recently appeared — but because it seems to us to possess all the requisites of the successful parody. Its one fault — that of occasional coarseness — is not marked and is to some extent incidental to its subject, since the original, while never coarse, is at times peculiar in its statements regarding its hero, who makes a boast of his display of immorality. In all other respects "St. Twelmo" is a model burlesque, and we wish that we could see more like it in the present time, when so many of our authors lend their pens to the purposes of parody. Our present parodists are apparently incapable of sustained interest. They begin well, but grow wearisome before we have read a score of their pages. This may be because they miss the truth that the parody should have a definite interest in itself, as well as in its travesty, and if any of our writers of burlesque should see this article and desire enlightenment concerning our exact meaning in this cryptic saying, let them search the second-hand book shops for a copy of "St. Twelmo" and study the methods of that old work. It would be well worth their while — and that of their readers.

The Baltimore Sun. *Guy Carleton Lee.*

A SHORT STORY CLASS.

Grand Rapids, Mich., has an organization named the Ladies' Literary Club. This club was the first organization in the United States, composed entirely of women, to build, own, and furnish a clubhouse.

During the years 1896-1897 Mrs. Margaret Ballard Thompson was president of the club. After her return from Washington, D. C., where she attended a meeting of women, she organized a Short Story Class, to consist exclusively of members of the Ladies' Literary Club.

This class met and continues to meet Tuesday afternoons in the library of the clubhouse. The programme consists of original work, furnished by each member. After the verses, short stories, anecdotes, jokes, or whatever may be brought, have been read aloud, each member of the class, in no uncertain language, proceeds, in turn, to criticise each production. Errors of false syntax, misplaced dependent clauses, misused words, hackneyed and commonplace expressions, inappropriate titles, lack of, or wrong position of, climax become subjects for general discussion.

Usually the writer re-writes and at the next meeting reads the re-written matter. This work becomes very helpful both to the college woman and to those who have unaided learned to swim in the literary sea.

A spirit of such friendliness, whole-souled honesty, and sincere desire to help one another pervades the atmosphere of this class that there has not as yet been an instance of any woman being offended by the criticisms she has received.

Perhaps there exist organizations more nearly ideal than the Short Story Class of Grand Rapids, but I have not known them.

Jessie Richmond Denney.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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***Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

***Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch ; seven dollars a quarter page ; twelve dollars a half page ; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

***Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The writer who would win success should remember first of all that the general standard of education in this country now is high ; that people as a rule are well informed, and that whatever he may write will be addressed to an audience of cultivated readers. That means that if he is to attract attention he must know more, at least of some things, than the world in general, and that he must have more than ordinary faculty and training. Grant that he has facility in expression, a wide vocabulary, a sense of humor, a good training in the use of English, so that he can write correctly, what else does he need in the way of preparation to ensure success ?

* * *

First of all, he must have the old prime requisite, something to say. He must have a story to tell, some fact or fiction to impart which to the world of readers will be new. This means experience, study, observation, reading, self-development, self-examination — and these things are quite as necessary as the ability to write good grammar or to make a sentence snappy with an epigram. Self-development, experience, and observation are the three important factors for the achievement of literary success. The writer must make of himself all that is possible in every way. He must at least be better than the average, as far as self-cultivation goes, and he must be able in the main to think beyond his neighbors. This means wide reading, study, general cultivation, the acquirement of habits of application and intensive thought, attention to everything that will tend to broaden the mind and strengthen mental power. The writer's mind must be cultivated to a high degree if its product is to impress forcibly the minds of others.

* * *

Experience is indispensable. The more varied and interesting the writer's experience is, the more it will help him to win and hold the world's attention. Readers are always thirsting for novelty, and the man who can tell them from his own knowledge something interesting that they did not know before will always have a fascinated audience. Adventure, work, love, hate, passion, suffering, joy — all the features of human experience serve to furnish the writer with material, and the wider his experience has been, the greater will be the human interest in his literary work. To the fruits of his own ex-

perience he can add much by constant, careful observation. He should study life in all its phases as he sees it 'round about him, paying close attention to minute details, with a view to reproducing it on paper. He must learn to subordinate its less important features, so that he can draw an impressive picture with a few bold, striking lines. He must watch facial expression, and learn to connect it with the emotions of the human heart. He must practice description, making it a rule to study types and individuals so that he can describe them effectively by recounting their salient characteristics. He must learn to differentiate individual characters, and in the same way he must practise in the description of landscapes, scenes, incidents, events. "Practise, practise, practise," must be his constant rule, with the understanding that only the very best of what he writes should be offered to editors for publication. All the time he should study human nature, beginning with himself, getting at the mainspring of his own actions, so that he may understand the character of others. The writer must seek companionship, get into crowds, make the most in every way of life. He must aim to be a master of human nature, in order to get it into books.

* * *

Preparation of this kind is not the work of a few days or a few months. It is the work of years, and for that reason literary success, as a rule, cannot come in early life. There are exceptions, of course, — Kipling, for instance, who was born a genius, and who had the advantages besides of exceptional environment, — but the rule will hold. In the great majority of cases notable success can come only with the years, and the world would be a great deal better off if writers generally would recognize this fact, and restrain their ardor for publication until they are thoroughly prepared, so that what they write will be really worthy of the permanance of print.

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Robert Aitken, who wrote the story, "The Outer Darkness," published in Appleton's Magazine for March, is an Englishman who likes America. He is at present living in New York, and since he came to this country a year ago the American editors have kept him busy, both with short stories and serials, the latter of which are appearing under a pen name. Most of his work has heretofore appeared in England, and his first book, a volume of short stories, entitled "Windfalls," was published in 1903. In 1905 he published "The Redding Straik," a novel which the London Athenæum described as "a second success." He has two books now in preparation for the press, one of which, called "Days Errant," will appear early in the fall. Mr. Aitken was at one time an officer in the British army, out of which he was invalided. He has led a wandering and adventurous life, and most of his inspirations are drawn from personal experience.

Lee Anderson, whose story, "The Terrier," appeared in the Red Book for February, is a sporting editor of the Detroit News. He is comparatively a new-comer in the fiction field, having published but three stories previous to "The Terrier." One of these, "The Dreamer," had the same scenario as "The Terrier," and appeared in a recent issue of Collier's. Mr. Anderson's literary work having been almost exclusively in the newspaper field, his fiction not unnaturally has the journalistic atmosphere.

Grace Stone Field, whose poem, "The Spirit Wind," was published in Harper's Magazine for February, was born in San Antonio, Tex., while her father, Lieutenant Henry B. Chamberlain, of the regular army, was stationed there. He died when she was seven years old, and since then she has lived in Connecticut. Since her marriage to Dr. Charles Page, of Litchfield, she has resided in that historic old town. Mrs. Page writes under her mother's name, and claims a strain of the famous Field blood. Her poems have been accepted by Harper's Magazine, Munsey's, the Youth's Companion, the Woman's Home Companion, the Ladies' World, St. Nicholas, the Designer, Recreation, the Bohemian, the New England Magazine, Little Folks, the Associated Sunday Magazines, and

a number of others. She has had some stories for children accepted, but she has done no prose work for older readers.

Minnie Ferris Hauenstein, whose poem, "Love's Wisdom," is printed in Ainslee's for March, is Mrs. Alfred G. Hauenstein, of Buffalo, N. Y. She has written for several years, both prose and verse, but has only occasionally given out her work for publication. She has had poems in the New York Independent, Harper's Bazar, the Traveler, Good Housekeeping, Town and Country, Ainslee's, and other magazines. Mrs. Hauenstein is a woman much occupied in philanthropy and public service.

Gwendolen Overton, the author of the story, "The Speech of Deeds," in Harper's Magazine for February, and of "Miss Etherington" in Harper's Magazine for March, has been a contributor to the magazines for some time. She is the daughter of Captain Gilbert Overton, U. S. A., and was, as she herself expresses it, "born in the army." She was educated in the public schools of this country, and also in private schools in Paris and in Switzerland. Miss Overton began her literary work by writing for the newspapers in Washington, D. C., and for the San Francisco Argonaut. She is the author of "The Heritage of Unrest," "Anne Carmel," "The Golden Chain," and "Captains of the World," all published by the Macmillan Company. She lives now in Los Angeles.

Nina Spalding Stevens, whose story, "The White Passion of the Sea," appears in Lippincott's for March, was born at Port Huron, Mich., about thirty years ago, and is now the wife of George W. Stevens, director of the Toledo Museum of Art. Mrs. Stevens herself holds the position of assistant director, which title was conferred upon her by the trustees of the institution in recognition of her assistance in building up the Art Museum for the city. She has had but little time to devote to writing, but during the past five or six years she has had stories in Town Topics, Way-Side Tales, the Bohemian, Four O'Clock, the Catholic World, and the Overland Monthly. She has also had stories accepted by the Bacheller Syndicate, and about five years ago she was a special writer on the New York Journal.

Francis Rives Lassiter, author of the sonnet printed in Harper's Magazine for March under the title, "Defiance," was formerly well known in Boston as a member of the Tavern, St. Botoph, and Papyrus clubs. He was secretary to the last-named, succeeding James Jeffrey Roche. After a few years in Boston, he returned to his home in Petersburg, Va., where he has been engaged in political rather than in literary life. Mr. Lassiter's title for the sonnet is "An Old Physician to the Grim Adversary," a suggestion which seems to be more appropriate than the title, "Defiance," adopted by the publishers.

"Dixie Wolcott," who wrote "For Polly's Sake," published in Lippincott's for February, and who has some verses, "Between the Lines," in Lippincott's for March, claims she is a Southern gypsy. Her father, Major C. S. Hart, of the Confederate army, was a Kentuckian, and her mother a Virginian, and Miss "Wolcott," or Florence Louise Hart, which is her real name, was born in Memphis, Tenn., and was brought up in Virginia. She commenced literary work by writing verses for Life, and for the past five years she has had both stories and verse in Life, Munsey's, Lippincott's, the Woman's Home Companion, Judge, Harper's Magazine, and the Philadelphia Times, the Cincinnati Post, and the Richmond Times-Dispatch, while she is a regular contributor to the Detroit Free Press. The only book that "Dixie Wolcott" has published is a slender volume of children's poems, but she hopes soon to bring out a volume of short stories.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Deland.—Like Thackeray, Mrs. Margaret Deland began her career as an artist, instead of as an author. After receiving her education at one of the best of girls' schools, she — then Margaret Campbell — went to New York City and studied drawing and designing at the Cooper Institute. She graduated at

the head of her class, and her ability was so marked that she was promptly asked to take the place of instructor in design at the Girls' Normal College in the same city.

She accepted the offer, and it was while holding this position that she met her future husband, Lorin F. Deland. They were married in 1880, and since then their home has been in Boston.

Her real name is "Margaretta Wade Deland," but she prefers to sign her work simply "Margaret Deland."

Mrs. Deland is a most methodical and painstaking worker. Her favorite working place is a large room with many windows on the second floor of her house in Boston, where she spends much time at her desk. She writes the first draft of a scene or chapter in the first glow of inspiration. Then she re-writes this with great care, making numerous alterations. This she gives to her secretary to be typewritten, and sends it to the publisher. Later she reads and corrects the proofs with close and critical attention, thus combining the first fire of enthusiasm with the artistic finish that comes from hard work.

Fielding.— The two hundredth centenary of the birth of Henry Fielding occurs in April. Fielding was born at Glastonbury, Somerset, April 22, 1707, and died at Lisbon in his forty-seventh year. The London Academy says : "Every novelist looks at life from his own standpoint, whether consciously or not. He may turn away from it in disgust and become a romanticist, or life by its syren fascination may drag him down to its low places, and he may become what is known as a realist. Half-way between these two extremities comes Henry Fielding. He is life's perfect storyteller. If he has a rival, it is Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Walter with characteristic modesty ever looked upon him as a master. . . . Fielding lived in the gay, clever, material eighteenth century, at a time when the squires whom he knew best drank hard, and hunted hard, and swore, and lived self-contained, almost brutish lives ; while in town the note was one of happy, clever, unconcerned materialism. . . . He himself belonged to the tribe of Cervantes and Molière and Le Sage. He was no stern moralist, and yet it will be found that the rule of right is seldom transgressed in his works."

Gilbert.— "Is that Mr. Gilbert? Why, he doesn't look a bit funny !" So spoke a lady at a recent dinner in London.

She saw a man whose very smiles were austere — a man with stern eyebrows, whose manner was all restraint, whose gestures were of the fewest, whose spoken humor was not a bit "rollicking." Mr. Gilbert, in fact, was not a bit Gilbertian.

"I haven't the faintest idea what it means," Mr. Gilbert said, when taxed with his shortcoming. "Of course, I've heard the word, and I have taken it to have some application to my own methods of work. But I can't get outside my own skin, so to speak, to judge whether and in what way I come up to the 'Gilbertian' standard."

To the same interlocutor Mr. Gilbert was persuaded to talk of some of his famous Savoy operas, recently revived in the place of their birth.

"Of all the Savoy works, the 'Yeomen of the Guard' is my favorite," he said. "Its genesis was peculiar. Bored by waiting for a train in an underground station, I found myself gazing at the poster of a furnishing company, with a beef-eater as the central figure.

"I thought a beef-eater would make a good picturesque central figure for another Savoy opera, and my first intention was to give it a modern setting, with the characteristics and development of burlesque — to make it another 'Sorcerer.' But then I decided to make it a romantic and dramatic piece, and to put it back into Elizabethan times, and as written it became my favorite."

Then Mr. Gilbert told of the origin of that catchiest and most celebrated Savoy air, "I have a song to sing, O !" "I was a yachtsman, and at nights I used to listen to my Cornish crew singing one of their chanties in the fo'c'sle. It ran : —

"Solo : 'Come, and I will sing you.'
Chorus : 'What will you sing me ?'
Solo : 'I will sing you one, O !'
Chorus : 'What is your one, O ?'
Solo : 'One of them is all alive,
And ever will remain so.'

"And so on to the dozenth verse — 'I

will sing you two, O!' and so forth — a cumulative form of construction of which the 'House That Jack Built' is an example. I was fascinated by the quaintness of the chanty, and seized on it as a model for Jack Point's song, and left Sullivan to mate it to his music and as he liked.

"But at last he came to me and said: 'You will have to break through your rule, and tell me the model of this number, if you had one in your mind at all.' So I hummed the chanty, and after a few bars Sir Arthur said: 'I've got it,' and he finished the score that evening."

Of "The Mikado" this gem of a story: "It was suggested to us that it would be a proper thing to introduce the Mikado's entrance with appropriate music. A friend at the Japanese legation suggested, 'Why not the Japanese national anthem, words and music?' A capital idea, I thought. 'You dictate the words to me,' I said, 'and hum the air to Sullivan.'

"So it was done; and that air and those words have been sung and played somewhere almost nightly for many years in theatres and respectable drawing rooms, and several church bazaars.

"But a year or two after the production of 'The Mikado' a correspondent sent me a German newspaper containing an interview with a Japanese diplomatist on the recent production of 'The Mikado' in Berlin.

"'Yes,' said the diplomatist, 'there is much to admire in the accuracy of detail in gesture, costume, and scenery; but I am quite at a loss to understand why the author chose to introduce the sacred person of the Mikado with the music and the words of the most ribald song ever sung in the most reckless tea-houses of Japan.'

"A practical joke on the part of my legation friend. The words? No, I never had the courage to get them translated. I prefer to remain in deliberate ignorance." — Boston Post.

Hichens. — The experience of Robert Hichens shows that a man of brilliant imagination may also be a patient and methodical worker. Whenever he is ready to write a book he deliberately goes away to some quiet place, and gives up all social engagements, so that he may think and plan and write in peace. He is an early riser, and, as a rule, begins to work at seven in the morning. He works until luncheon time, and begins again at half-past three. From that time he works until evening, but never takes up his work after dinner time. This routine is continued day after day, sometimes for many weeks at a time.

Longfellow. — I once wrote to the poet Longfellow, asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge" ("I stood on the bridge at midnight"), a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet, in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me, it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem, and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I paused at the door before ringing the bell. I rang, and was shown into a long, hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which were a broad table, antique furniture, and a tall, colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He rose to meet me, and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long, white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the first inspiration of some of my poems — what led me to write them?" he said when we were seated. "Well, you are very, very kind.

"I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I well recall the time. It was a bright day, and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote it for myself; I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings, and flew over the world. There you may see it writ-

ten on a Japanese screen!" He pointed to a high, richly-ornamented screen which stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul: "When I was in England, I was honored by receiving an invitation from the queen. As I was leaving the palace yard, my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble-looking English workingman. 'Are you Professor Longfellow?' he said. I bowed. 'May I ask, sir, if you wrote the "Psalm of Life"?' I answered that I did. 'Would you be willing, sir, to take a workingman by the hand?' I extended my hand to him, he clasped it, and never have I received a compliment which gave as much satisfaction.

"I wrote 'Excelsior,'" he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner, at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'Excelsior.' As I dropped the letter, that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter, and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words, 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge,'" he said in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same." — Hezekiah Butterworth.

MacGrath. — Harold MacGrath gives this description of the way he writes his novels: —

"I map out the first two or three chapters in my mind, and then the ending of the story. I don't bother with what is in between until I get to work on the story itself. I write it out first in lead pencil on cheap paper — any old way. While I am at work on the story I make notes about it on backs of envelopes that I happen to have in my pockets. I tried carrying around a formal notebook once, but found that by the time I got that out and ready to use, my precious thought of the moment had been frightened away. Afterward I typewrite the manuscript and correct it some more. I find that I cannot do as well by letting some one else copy it on the machine as by doing it myself, because so many new ideas come to me during that part of the work. With 'Half a Rogue' it was entirely impossible for a time to do any typewriting, and some of my manuscript must have given the printers a bad quarter of an hour."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

"Writing Up" the Neighbors. — While more than one author of the day is finding himself persona non grata with people and communities which he has portrayed — possibly with too unsparing a hand — an old question rises. How far has the literary artist a right to put his fellow-beings down in printer's ink?

The question, of course, really sifts down to the matter of persons, and concerns the novelist alone. An infinity of human material lies around him, and unless Othello is to lose his occupation altogether, he must be at liberty to use it as he sees fit. Individuals suggest their type to an artist's mind, and if he represents the type, which he has every right to do, and the individual happens to be a well-developed specimen, the latter's neighbors may — quite reasonably — agree as to who must have been the original. A type in the hands of a master is bound to suggest everything it includes, and nothing can be done about it. If people are hurt, he must console himself by the reflection that he has written for posterity, and posterity will absolve him.

But deliberately to record circumstances and characteristics which are not essential to the type, which will identify some living person beyond a doubt, and make things uncomfortable for him, means, as a rule, that the writer is not only betraying his own artistic limitations, but is forgetting the law of love. — Boston Post.

A Writer's Request of His Master. — Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can : and when that is done, stop me, pay what wages thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful AMEN. -- Henry van Dyke.

The Handwriting of Authors. — Charlotte Brontë's handwriting seemed to have been traced with a needle, and the penmanship of Bryant was aggressive, well formed, and decidedly pleasing to the eye. Thackeray's writing was marvelously neat and precise, but it was so small that microscopic eyes were needed to read it. Longfellow wrote a bold, open back hand, which was the delight of printers. Joaquin Miller writes such a bad hand that he often becomes puzzled over his own work. The handwriting of Captain Marryat was so microscopic that when he rested from his labors he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper. Napoleon's handwriting was worse than illegible. It is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war. Much of Carlyle's temperament may be read in his handwriting. He wrote a patient, crabbed, oddly emphasized hand. The chirography of Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, Moore, and Gray was easy to read and ran smoothly. It was not expressive of any especial individuality, however. The writing of Dickens was minute, and the author's habit of writing with blue ink upon blue paper, with frequent erasures and interlineations, made his copy a burden to his publishers. Byron's handwriting was a mere scrawl. His additions in his proofs often exceeded in volume the original copy. To one of his poems, which contained only four hundred lines in the original, one thousand lines were added in the proofs. — Dundee Advertiser.

A Warning to Novelists. — Life has compiled these exploits of the maidens with the acrobatic eyes, after reading half a dozen modern novels : —

"With her eyes she riveted him to the spot."

"Her eyes sparkled as they drank in every gesture."

"His conceit perished before the withering gaze of her scorn-filled eyes."

"Fixing her eyes upon the reclining form, she remained immovable."

"Her trained eyes penetrated every nook and corner of the desolate room."

"He stood rooted to the spot by her magnetic eyes."

"She permitted her eyes to rest upon the ceiling a moment, and then they roamed carelessly about the room."

"She returned his caress with a single glance from her beauteous brown orbs."

"Isabel's eyes took in everything that the room contained, and with a dignity befitting a queen she left the place."

"Slowly her eyes followed as he disappeared from view o'er the distant hilltop."

The Habit of Work. — If one were advising members of the literary craft, who usually feel that they have a right to lean upon the promptings of inclination, one would say: Write every day from ten to one ; once the habit is formed of so doing, the thought will answer the daily summons at the given hour ; ideas are amenable to habit, like most forces. The writer must tackle his task at a given time, just as the musician practices daily, or the child shoulders his books and

marches into school, never asking if that is the psychological moment of illumination, only if it is the hour when the school bell rings. So for most of the world's work the great point is not to postpone and do something else, which one fondly persuades one's self is preparatory to the work, but to begin promptly on the moment with such facilities and abilities as one can muster. "Launch yourself with as strong and decided an initiative as possible," realizing that only so can you put yourself to the test and succeed or fail. — Harper's Monthly.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW. Bliss Perry. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

MODERN SPANISH FICTION. William Wistar Comfort. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

EARLY HOMES OF LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Stephen Cammett. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

SOME LETTERS OF E. L. GODKIN. Edited by Rollo Ogden. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

REVINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE. Carl Schurz. *McClure's* (13 c.) for March.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. Curtis Hidden Page. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

THE TWO TOLSTOYS. Benjamin de Casseres. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

AN ORDER FOR THE NEXT POET: NO. 1. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

THE LONGFELLOW TOWN — PORTLAND, MAINE. Illustrated. Stephen Cammett. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

MR. HOWELLS'S AND AMERICAN ARISTOCRACIES. A. Schade van Westrum. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

MISTRAL AND THE LANGUAGE OF THE TROUBADOURS. Olive Logan. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

REV. ISAAC K. FUNK, D. D., LL.D. With portrait. *Pennsylvanian German* (18 c.) for January.

SHAKESPEARE OF WARWICKSHIRE. Theodore T. Munger. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE BOOK IN THE MAKING. Laurence Burnham. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

STORY FICTION. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for February.

THE AMERICAN MARKET. Robert Aitken. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for February.

RAMBLES IN BOSTON WITH THE POET OF THE SIERRAS. With portrait of Joaquin Miller. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

SOME THACKERAY PROTOTYPES. Lewis Melville. Reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

A MAGAZINE'S LIFE HISTORY. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for February.

PHOTOGRAPHY, ITS TRUE FUNCTION AND ITS LIMITATIONS. Illustrated. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE (1849-1906). Albert Schinz. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for February.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE STUDY. Professor A. S. Isaacs. *Education* (38 c.) for February.

NEWSPAPER WORK AND WORKERS. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for February.

LITERATURE: SOME ASPECTS IN THE WEST. Porter Garnett. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for February.

OUR AMERICAN LAUREATE. Harry Thurston Peck. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for February.

LONGFELLOW'S EBON THRONE. Illustrated. J. L. Harbour. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for February.

HOW SUCCESS CAME TO LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. Helen Leah Reed. *American Home Monthly* for February.

GYPSY MEN OF LETTERS. I. — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. James H. Collins. *Travel* for February.

THE YOUNGER DRAMATISTS OF AMERICA. Jules E. Goodman. *Bohemian* for February.

MARK TWAIN — UNTRAMMELED AMERICAN. With portrait. Stuart Gould. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for February.

THE MESSAGE OF THE IBSEN DRAMA: GHOSTS. Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall. *To-Morrow* (13 c.) for February.

SOME HUMORS OF YELLOW JOURNALISM. Hugh Logan. *Van Norden's Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

SOME CALIFORNIA BOOK-PLATES. Illustrated. Sheldon Cheney. *Sunset* (18 c.) for February.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — XI. and XII. *North American Review* (28 c. each) for February 1 and 15.

SHAKESPEARE AGAINST HIS EDITORS. John Corbin. *North American Review* (28 c.) for February 15.

THE PSEUDOPSYCHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY FICTION. *New York Medical Journal* (13 c.) for February 2.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF ZOLA. James Huneker. *New York Times Saturday Review* for February 16.

LONGFELLOW'S CENTENARY. Montgomery Schuyler. *New York Times Saturday Review* for February 23.

"TAINTED NEWS" — I. The Subsidized Washington Correspondent. *Collier's* (13 c.) for February 23.

A PUBLISHER'S VIEW OF HIS PROFESSION. John Murray. *Publishers' Weekly* (13 c.) for February 23.

THE CHILDHOOD OF LONGFELLOW. Clara Sherman. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for February 7.

LONGFELLOW, THE POET OF THE PEOPLE. Rev. T. T. Munger, D. D. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for February 16.

THE RELIGION OF LONGFELLOW. With portrait. Mary Caroline Crawford. *Christian Endeavor World* (8 c.) for February 21.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Clara Sherman. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for February 14.

LONGFELLOW'S CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 16.

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENNIAL. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 16.

A POPULAR ESSAYIST — ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 23.

WILLIAM JAMES, Leader in Philosophical Thought. George Hodges. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 23.

THE FOUNDER OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART — HOWARD PYLE. Illustrated. Jessie Trimble. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The new "Life of Walter Pater," by Thomas Wright, author of "The Life of Sir Richard Burton," will be published this month. The work will be brought out in two volumes, with seventy illustrations, only three or four of which have as yet been seen by the public, and will contain biographical matter hitherto unpublished and of important literary interest.

Two new volumes are to be added to the Scribners' Literary Lives Series. Edmund Gosse has written a life of Henrik Ibsen, and Professor Dowden has completed a life of Goethe.

The biography of the late William Ernest Henley, which was talked of as possible some time ago, is now being prepared by Charles Whibley, who was perhaps Mr. Henley's most intimate colleague.

Still another volume of an autobiographical nature from the pen of Victor Hugo is to appear. It will be published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, under the title of "A Post-Scriptum to My Life." Part of the book was written during Hugo's exile in Guernsey.

"The Appreciation of Literature," by George E. Woodberry, is announced by the Baker-Taylor Company.

"The Literary Year Book" for 1907 will contain a complete bibliography of George Meredith's works, including his contributions to periodicals.

The Journal of American History is a new quarterly, published by The Associated Publishers of American Records, in New York. The magazine is edited by Francis Trevelyan Miller.

The Boston Book Company announces the quarterly issue, beginning in the April Bulletin of Bibliography, of a subject index to the principal articles in certain important magazines which are not included in either the Library Index or the Reader's Guide. Thirty-eight periodicals have been selected, and still others may be included.

Ridgway's Magazine has ceased publication.

Suburban Life, formerly published in Boston, is now published in New York.

The Gentlewoman (New York) is now devoted wholly to the interests of flower lovers, and calls itself "the woman's national floral monthly."

The Home Monthly, formerly published in Boston, is now published in New York, and is devoted to the interests of poultry raisers. It offers monthly three prizes amounting to ten dollars for the three most practical articles showing how women can earn money raising poultry.

François Coppée has given to the Académie Française a sum yielding two hundred dollars biennially for use as a prize for young poets. The letter making the gift expresses regret that poets are so little encouraged by prizes in comparison with writers of prose.

"A Few Books on Shakespeare," reviewed by Professor W. P. Trent in the January-March Forum, include, Professor Lounsbury's "The Text of Shakespeare," Sidney Lee's "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," and Professor W. A. Neilson's new "Cambridge" edition of Shakespeare's complete works.

The Book News Monthly (Philadelphia) for March is a James Whitcomb Riley Number.

Sir William Howard Russell died in London February 10, aged eighty-six.

Ralph Tilton, formerly editor of the Delineator, died in New York February 16, aged thirty-seven.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake died in Boston February 26, aged sixty-seven.

Madame Thérèse Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") died last month in France, aged sixty-seven.

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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

[NOVEMBER 11, 1836 — MARCH 19, 1907.]

These personal tributes to the memory of Mr. Aldrich have been written at the request of the editor of THE WRITER : —

You have done just the right thing in giving us of the "Old Line" a chance to speak of our dear friend Aldrich. For however much you youngsters have prized him and loved him in these later years, we can go back, even to those earliest days, when his pen was as light as it ever was, and his humor, his pleasantry, and his wit charmed us.

I do not mean that yours is a Boston Symposium. It is not long since I met a friend from a region beyond La Salle's adventures, who told me that he had been sitting for hours on a bench in our Public Garden reading Aldrich's poems again and again, with a happy feeling because he was reading them in the city where they were written. As I write now, I have been thinking of friends in Seattle, and Tacoma, and Spokane who will be glad to have these words carry them back into the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century.

You youngsters have your very pleasant clubs of one kind and another, but you do not get together brighter men than laughed and talked with each other in the Old Corner Bookstore (now in School street), and afterward in Hamilton place, where Freeman Clarke, Dr. Holmes, James Lowell, James T. Fields, and perhaps Mrs. Fields, and Celia Thaxter happened on each other by pure accident, with Aldrich sitting one side of the room, called upon by everybody for sympathy or for some recollection, or because some one wanted to thank him for something. I write these words recollecting a forenoon when I had caught Holmes for a moment and wanted to astonish him by a coincidence. Holmes was crazy about coincidences. So am I. I said to him that I had to tell him of a coincidence which beat any he had ever heard of. He said in reply that I had caught him at just the right moment, for he had a coincidence which would extinguish mine forever. Of course, I was not going to be extinguished so. Freeman Clarke was present. We agreed that we would have an eclogue of coincidences. Clarke was to be the judge. I told my story, which is remarkable ; Holmes told his, which he thought more remarkable. Clarke was about to pronounce, when Aldrich said it was

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hardly his business to interfere, but he had a story more remarkable than either of us, and indeed Clarke awarded the prize to him.

But I did not begin to write with a view to telling stories. I do want to say that everybody was glad if by any accident Aldrich was in a circle, whether it were a company of five or fifty. I think any one would say of his books that his readers all love him, that their association with him is not the association simply with a man of letters, but the association with one whom you honor and know more intimately.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Whoever tries to comply with THE WRITER'S request for a "brief appreciation" of Mr. Aldrich will wonder how to pack "infinite riches in a little room," — how to celebrate the true gifts of the poet and also the sweetness, courtesy, and loveliness of spirit in the man. Even to those of us who knew him only a little, his great kindness made him seem generously accessible, and acquaintance with him took on the rich hue of friendship. It is true, therefore, that very many, mourning the poet, suffer, also, great personal loss through the vanishing of that delicate and sympathetic intelligence, and must view even the lustre of his work sadly, through the aching sense that he will "walk with us no more." ALICE BROWN.

He was essentially an artist, and an exquisite miniature artist, unequalled in the delicacy and precision of his touch.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

I scarcely have the heart, so soon, to write the paragraph you desire. Nor is it easy to put Aldrich's genius, and a personality such as his, into an epigram. Only himself could have done something like that, for one worthy of his grace and insight.

Two things, however, I have a wish to say. Call to mind that he belonged to a nineteenth-century generation, and to a group whose brotherhood had not the trick (nor cared to have it) of promoting their advancement by aught save the quality of what they wrote unaffectedly and put forth with self-respect. In spite of this, it is strange that in the case of a native poet, and even in this age of literary blazonry — I can give it no apter name — it should require his death to make his countrymen reflect that in art, melody, feeling, his exquisite lyrics were unsurpassed by any poet of his kind at home or abroad, and that they were arranged by him not long before his death, and left in perfection as his contribution to American song.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

The death of Thomas Bailey Aldrich removes from the world of letters one who held in it a place of high and deserved esteem. Much of what he has written will live. He had a very refined vein, both of humor and of pathos, and was a master both in prose and in verse.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Aldrich was a poet from boyhood, and a poet to the last — his verse deepening in tone with the years. He held his art in honor, and never lowered his artistic standards for himself or for others. I believe that his poetry will be more widely known and more justly appreciated ten years from now.

R. W. GILDER.

March 28, 1907.

He was one of our true poets; and "the name is royal." Who is there to replace the silent note?

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

Mr. Aldrich seems to me admirable primarily for the perfection of his art. In a country where too much is written and too little attention is paid to the manner of the writing, Mr. Aldrich is a model to be studied as well as an artist to be enjoyed.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

I have always considered Mr. Aldrich to be the most perfect artist in words that American literature has to show. The great nineteenth-century poet was Alfred Tennyson. But Tennyson sometimes tripped, or fell below his normal altitude. This Aldrich never did. His poems were never faulty, and yet were never mere mechanism. He formed his style before it became the fashion

to play with poetic pyrotechnics, or tricks; or, to be obscure, and consequently to be hailed as magnificent. Every poem he wrote had a clear message, and said something. He proffered no puzzles.

Even his prose was pellucid and poetic. In "Marjorie Daw" he gave us a story that is either a new type, or a rare one carried to supreme eminence. He possessed, too, the gift of reticence, which finally made anything that he offered in a literary way the mark of a notable event.

JOEL BENTON.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 27, 1907.

While Mr. Aldrich can hardly be expected to maintain the rank among poets of all time which his delighted readers were inclined to give him among contemporary poets, he will yet hold a respectable place among American poets, and will be read and remembered as a prose-writer of remarkable poise and finish. Genial and graceful, his topics seemed to bring their own style with them, and he produced without apparent effort effects that many authors strive and struggle to attain. F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, Mass., March 23.

It is difficult to put into a few brief lines one's appreciation of a man like T. B. Aldrich — an all-round man.

He was a poet whose charm must give him place among the immortals. One has only to read "The Story of a Bad Boy" to recognize him as a master in the art of story telling.

He was, moreover, what authors are not always — a man among men. All who knew him loved him.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man!'"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Those who have fallen asleep care little what this petty world thinks of them. Fame is the final test of what the living are, rather than of what the dead were. Fame is the touchstone of our ideals and of our thought.

Mr. Aldrich was by nature a poet. His stories were of him. His poetry was in him. He was not the major poet — the skylark — of his day; nor was he merely a minor poet — the robin — of the literary field. He soared lower than the one and higher than the other. Therefore he was apprehended by the finer natures and comprehended by the average ones.

He leaves behind him love, and takes with him a spirit that will attain its highest flights under a divine stimulus, which possibly he needed upon earth.

HERBERT D. WARD.

The Army and Navy Club,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23, 1907.

To wish the poems of Mr. Aldrich, with their grace and charm of polish, had more of strength and of human sympathy is as idle, as unreasoning as it would be to wish the delicate birch were the wide-boughed oak.

May his "Nocturne" of the rose that "dared to climb"; his "Pepita" by the "slim Giralda tower"; his "Fredericksburg" with its echo of battle; and many another of his exquisite songs and fancies, float down the years to delight new generations! EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Mr. Aldrich's death affects many individuals, — even many who never met him, — as a personal grief; especially his fellow-writers, who, more than lay readers, could appreciate the careful labor and exquisite finish which he bestowed on his work. The charm of his poetry always suggested to me the beautiful purple flower in the middle of the umbel of the plant known to children as "Queen Anne's Lace," — which no careless person sees, because it is so dainty; but which, placed under the glass (of kindred feeling and trained perception) reveals itself as symmetrical and lovely as a lily.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

Mr. Aldrich can in the matter of style have but two possible rivals among American writers: Poe and Hawthorne. The instinct for careful workmanship was so much a part of him that even in the firstlings of his muse, crude as firstlings must always be, are to be found felicities of touch and a constant growth in sensitiveness to the values and to the color of language. He preached no great or novel philosophy, but he did illumine every page with persuasive humor;

and he was always more exacting with himself than with another. He has left no monuments of bronze or marble, it may be; but, for exquisitely-cut intaglios he remains unapproached. ARLO BATES.

A good poet, a prose writer of very rare distinction, and an inspired editor, Mr. Aldrich filled a place in American letters which can never be too clearly understood, nor too highly appreciated. AGNES REPPLIER.

In the disappearance of Mr. Aldrich from the field of imaginative literary production in prose and verse, there is lost one the largest or lightest emanations of whose genius are wholly free from reminder of other writers. His quality is as unique as that of any poet or fictionist of his generation. With a surpassing richness yet exquisiteness of art he joined a radiance and buoyancy of wit beautifully distinguished by a virile genuineness and the poise and dignity of a complete social culture. He will hold his place always, and it is among the highest in American literature. G. W. CABLE.

"Tarryawhile,"
NORTHAMPTON, Mass., 1907.

We miss Thomas Bailey Aldrich for many reasons. The chief loss to me is his ability to do two hard things, rare of accomplishment these days, namely, — to write verse simply and at the same time so skilfully as to hide his art. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Men celebrate with pomp and pride
A Cromwell or a Wellington,
And venerate who, self-denied,
Earth's moral victories have won;
But through the all-remembering years,
Men *love* who give them smiles and tears.

The voice that charmed them may grow still,
The poet cease to weave his spell, —
Ascended to the skyey hill
Remote where the immortals dwell, —
But Time to memory more endears
Who gave them smiles and gave them tears!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

While the flawless excellence of Mr. Aldrich's verse makes strong appeal to me, I *think of him* oftenest as the judicious guide *of long ago into the best in* contemporary English literature. When I was a boy Mr. Aldrich was then editing Every Saturday, a weekly made up of selections from English periodicals. The only other periodical which I saw regularly in those days was the Atlantic Monthly, and upon these two my literary education was mainly based. Week by week Mr. Aldrich's admirably-edited magazine came to my hands, affording me an outlook upon the English literature of the time that I could never have gained elsewhere, for even had Littell's Living Age been accessible to me then, it had not the "go" and fresh atmosphere of Every Saturday. The latter enabled me, a boy just entering my teens, to realize what the English literary world was then doing, it gave me a standard of literary comparison, and it made the names of English writers of the day as familiar to me as those of my companions at school. Mr. Aldrich's connection with Every Saturday has had only the briefest mention in sketches of his career, but to me it was all-important, and by one person, at least, it is recalled with the sincerest gratitude. OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

BOSTON, March 22, 1907.

My feeling of affectionate admiration for Mr. Aldrich and his work was expressed in these verses, which I contributed to Putnam's Monthly for last November: —

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

(On His Seventieth Birthday, November 11, 1906.)

Throughout thy spring, — ah, hale and happy time
Of the inviolate vision void of cloud! —
And through the summer passion of thy prime,
Thy lips to song were vowed.

Now that the autumn neareth, and thy voice
Is mute within the temple halls of Art,
A something whispers that thy vernal choice
Enamors still thy heart.

There runs a gathering rumor through the air
Of strange gods harbored in the Muse's stead,
That she, the deathless and forever fair,
Walks with averted head.

Hail thou, akin to that immortal band,
Whom Age can touch not with his fingers frore!
Take thou thy lute within thy charmèd hand,
And smite the strings once more!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 25, 1907.

You ask me for an "appreciation" of Mr. Aldrich. He does not need it. Did he not

himself tell us, less than a month ago, that "They do not die who leave their thought Imprinted on some deathless page"? But let us not try to settle his place in literature to-day. We love him too well. We are too close and near. The Lord of the Castle is Time; and when the Master summons his knights to the banquet hall, he will beckon whomsoever he will to the seat at his right hand.

Mr. Aldrich never magnified himself, but he magnified his office. Art for art's sake only did not appeal to him greatly. His nature was too glowing, too vital, for that. But who among his compeers held a surer chisel, a more exquisite brush? The statue was not simply hewn from the block. It was rounded and perfected to the last degree. The canvas glowed with warmth, and light, and color. The lapidary did not leave his task till the diamond shone like the sun. The exquisite perfection of his work sometimes blinded the eyes of captious critics to its underlying strength and power. Ah, when shall we look upon his like again!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

Aldrich is sure of a place in our native letters. He is an exquisite artist, both in prose and verse, and time therefore cannot kill his work. "Marjory Daw" and "The Story of a Bad Boy" are classics, each in its kind; and poems like "The Ballad of Baby Bell," "Identity," "Unguarded Gates," "Elmwood," and a dozen others, representing a wide range of human interest, are permanent contributions, I believe, to the American anthology. The statement sometimes made that Aldrich wrote graceful things, working merely on miniatures and devoting his talent to superficial polish, is quite unjust. He said many a deep, vital thing in a light, charming way — which is very different from saying light things. His reputation will gain, rather than lose, in the passing of time.

RICHARD BURTON.

With Aldrich goes our most cunning artificer in verse — a poet whose work is alive with Gallic grace and Saxon conscience. He stands pre-eminently for beauty — for the airy grace of the swaying bough. His poesy is the rose of poesy, giving to the world the delicate color and form of loveliness. We need not quarrel that the rose is not the corn that gives the bread of life — not the oak that pillars the roof or planks the road. It is enough that it be the perfect rose. A bower of roses may make a needed shelter against the noonday sun; beauty is a use.

In poesy he has run the muse's gamut from quatrain to drama, and always touches his every work with distinction and a glad sincerity. In his prose sketches or his stories there are always limpidity, lightness, easy invention. In the short story he is at his liveliest and loveliest. "Marjory Daw," a tricksy, Pucksy classic woven of gossamer and moonshine, is a tale whose invincible youngness and surprise will decree it a place in the Gesta Romanorum of the oncoming centuries.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Just as a garden-close is sweeter for the roses that grow within it, so is this world the brighter and happier for the life of Aldrich, and for his work. As was said of Addison by Thackeray, so may it be said of Aldrich, that "His was a wit that makes us laugh, and leaves us good and happy"; his "was a life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death, an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a literary cameo-cutter, dealing with consummate art with precious material. His output was comparatively small. No one ever charged him with over-production. Personally, he was a most stimulating and fascinating companion. With no evidence of effort or straining for effect, his speech flashed with epigrams and spontaneous witticisms. A Boswell would have easily collected a bookful of them. He reached the Psalmist's age-limit, having enjoyed a half-century of fame and success. No one ever had warmer friends or more ardent admirers. He contributed greatly to the glory of American letters; much that he left will endure. Nothing that he left is unworthy of him.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Mr. Aldrich's poetry is distinguished for exquisite finish. He was never content to

express his thought until he could express it in the best possible manner. It would be a bold man who would attempt to improve upon the utterance of any given thought expressed by Mr. Aldrich. Perhaps Aldrich was really greater as a humorist than in any other capacity, if he had only "let himself out." Indeed, the fact that he did not "let himself out" was his most serious limitation. The extreme fastidiousness of his style, his love of elaboration and perfection sometimes restrained his native spontaneity. He would sometimes have written better if he had not tried to write so well.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Many have a certain creed, as poet, to which their achieved work seems but imperfectly to conform. With our Prince of Poets, who has just left us, creed and performance were completely one. He has attained the desire so deliciously expressed in his own words: —

"I would be the Lyric
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the Epic
Memory lets slip."

He has himself cut marvelous "Intaglios" of brief verse, each one of which has its own exquisite value: —

"This, for the skill with which 'tis wrought,
That, for the pathos of its thought."

One article of his *credo*, more than all the rest, has our poet exemplified (and be it our watchword still): —

"O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And Heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame."

There is even a sweet and delicate austerity in the monition of his muse: —

"But most of all, beware of those who come to praise."

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The delicacy of his poetic fancy, the finish of his workmanship, and the charm of his wit should give him a permanent place among the distinguished writers of America.

ROBERT GRANT.

Possibly Mr. Aldrich was a miniature painter; but his miniatures were informed with the largest and deepest spirit of humanity. His exquisite art gave one a poignant pleasure such as a perfect flower, a perfect jewel may give; but it was not his flawless technique that touched his countrymen's hearts and made them forgive and forget his academic perfection; it was his wisdom, his sympathy, his whimsical humor, his essential manliness. He saw far and he saw deeply, but he never wrapped the solemn garments of the sage about him; he was to the end a youth, and his light grace of phrase — and of feeling — never was coarsened or darkened by age. Ah, how we shall miss him!

OCTAVE THANET.

T. B. ALDRICH.

Herrick in him and in him Lovelace, too,
And Shakspere's lyric soul, migrated, grew
Rapt wings, and here, both lark and nightingale,
Melodious made Song's flowery intervale.

MADISON CAWEIN.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 30, 1907.

Aldrich has a line which must have been written with an eye upon himself: —

"Enamored architect of airy rhyme."

With the exception of Poe, he is the most artistic of our poets, and some of his lyrics are even more exquisite than anything Poe ever wrote. So delicate, so dainty, so felicitous, and so finely turned, some of his shorter poems seem to me to reach the perfection of poetic art.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., March 29.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

He sang of roses, and the rose became
Within the magic of his written word
A miracle of ecstasy and flame.
He sang of music, and one straightway heard
The vibrant forests in a dawn of Spring
Wherein the young Pan mocked some waking bird.
He sang of love, and in men's hearts again
Tripped back the first Belovèd, and the thrill
Of youth's first passion and exultant pain.
What sweeter note may sound now he is still?
Seeing within his song all music lived,
As all Spring lies within one daffodil.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I never had the good fortune to meet Mr. Aldrich; and it has happened that I have never read any of his prose. Years ago, far away here in the South, I ordered "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn." It would be difficult to say what they became to me. I shall not try, only this: About Mr. Aldrich's verse there has always been

for me, besides its *wonderful* grace, melody, pathos, a distinctive charm that I can liken only to — fragrance.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

TUSKALOOSA, Alabama, April 3, 1907.

Had Thomas Bailey Aldrich been less brilliant in repartee, I should have esteemed him only as a poet. Had he been less poetical, I should have regarded him only as a wit.

He was the embodiment of a smile or a tear ; the agent of each ; the master of both.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

MONTEREY, Calif., 28 March, 1907.

Your request for a tribute to Mr. Aldrich went first to Newburyport, and reaches me here at an hour when I fear your publication will have gone to press, so that it is quite too late for me to attempt to do any justice to the strength, and beauty, and grace of Mr. Aldrich's verse, of which his last is equal to his best, and which has no rival except among the singers of our early English song.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1907.

"I do not know ; I only died last night." In the words of Aldrich, "I do not know." But for my own reading I'd rather take up his short poems than those of any other American. JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Hights,
DIMOND, Calif., March 28, 1907.

T. B. ALDRICH, POET AND EDITOR.

To those who knew him, the death of Mr. Aldrich will carry a poignancy that seldom attends the passing of men who have lived out their threescore years and ten. He was a lover of life. Like all poets of the Horatian kind, he knew the melancholy thought of dissolution, the end of pleasantness, but, even after the great sorrow of his last years, the *meditatio mortis* was alien from him. Lowell himself was not more remarkable for perennial youthfulness, and far more than Lowell, Aldrich *looked* astonishingly young — "a habit," as he used to say, "acquired in youth." Blonde, erect, and ruddy, with a peculiar debonair alertness of bearing, he seemed at seventy to defy mortality, to be himself as immortal as a lyric.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born November 11, 1836, at Portsmouth, N. H., the "Rivermouth" of his books. When a child, he was taken to New Orleans, where, we are told, his father invested his property in a banking business so securely that he could never afterward get more than a part of it out. In that half-tropical city he spent a decade of his childhood, drawing, we may believe, from its exotic sounds and sights imaginative clues to a richer and more romantic life than was to be observed among the earnest dwellers upon the North Shore, with their preoccupations, commercial and transcendental. When the time came for him to prepare for college, he was sent North to his grandparents in Portsmouth, there to enact those engaging scenes in the life of a bad boy — "but not a very bad boy" — which he has chronicled in one of the best books of its sort in the world. In 1852, as he was on the eve of entering Harvard, his father died in New Orleans, and "Tom" Bailey, instead of taking his way to Cambridge, to study belles-lettres with Professor Longfellow, was enthroned upon a stool in the counting-room of his uncle, Charles Frost, in New York.

Of this experience we can discover but two direct results — a singularly open and beautiful penmanship, and a shrewdness and capacity in business matters peculiar among poets ; but the indirect results of his years of residence in New York were momentous. Before leaving Portsmouth he had found a

place in the poet's corner of the local newspaper for an occasional paper of verses, and from the time of his arrival in New York he seems to have heard the authentic vocation. He became the intimate of the ambitious young poets and jaunty wits of the Metropolitan group, Taylor, Stoddard, Arnold, Stedman, and the rest, and had a taste of the fairly adequate Bohemia that in the 'fifties centred about "Pfaff's" and "Niblo's." He became a constant contributor of verse to the best journals and magazines of the day, and with the pathetic "Ballad of Baby Bell," and "Little Mabel, with her face against the pane" — afterward anathema to him — won almost at once a conspicuous popular success. In 1855 he became a staff writer for the New York Evening Mirror; from 1856 to 1859 he was assistant editor of the Home Journal, then conducted by N. P. Willis; and in the early years of the Civil War he was a newspaper correspondent attached to Blenker's division of the Army of the Potomac. Throughout this period his art was constantly ripening and refining. He published several volumes of verse showing both a growth in imaginative energy and an admirably fastidious self-criticism in the rejection of many of his popular successes. By 1865 he had definitely "arrived." In that year he married, moved to Boston, and entered the employ of Ticknor & Fields, then at the height of their prestige, as editor of Every Saturday.

The years that Mr. Aldrich spent with this prosperous and benign publishing house coincided with his prime of life and with his most productive creative period. To the decade following 1865 belong some of the finest of his poems, as well as "The Story of a Bad Boy" and "Marjorie Daw," which are likely to stand as the best of his prose. These years, too, were perhaps the happiest of a life rich in personal friendships. Mr. Howells, then assistant editor of the Atlantic, became his special friend and literary confidant, and with Edwin Booth there grew apace an affectionate attachment that was terminated only by the great actor's death. The older men, like Longfellow and Lowell, found young Aldrich, with his talent, personal distinction, and ready wit, the pleasantest of companions. It was in the dining-room of Aldrich's little house on Pinckney street that Longfellow conceived "The Hanging of the Crane," and when Lowell sailed in 1872 for two years in Europe, Aldrich, with his young wife and much-admired twins, occupied Elmwood, where, as he once told the writer with conviction, he saw ghosts. Toward the end of this period his native instinct for success, aided and reinforced by the wise kindliness of an influential friend, *decus columenque rerum*, established him in the road to a material prosperity that has been rare among poets, and shaped his life to an Horatian amenity. In 1875, following the discontinuance of Every Saturday, Mr. Aldrich began that series of world-wanderings that were among the most characteristic pursuits of his later years; and in 1881 he succeeded Mr. Howells in "the seat of the scorner," the editorial chair of the Atlantic Monthly.

In a little back office, overlooking the Old Granary Burying Ground, where, as he liked to say, lay those who would never submit any more manuscript, Mr. Aldrich spent nine years, solaced and supported by a pipe, an engine not hitherto in favor in that office, and by the constant attendance of his setter, "Trip." Under his conduct the Atlantic attained a notable unity of flavor and distinction of style. A little less accessible to new and unknown talent than Mr. Howells had been, he was yet quick to perceive the note of distinction, and few of his swans turned out geese. He was not a militant editor, and was not greatly concerned about politics and affairs. His interest was first and always literature, and perhaps no editor of the Atlantic has printed more of it. During his tenure of office the afterglow of the great day of New England literature was fading, but fading slowly. He could count on an occasional poem from Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, and many from the younger group, headed by Sill. He had Parkman and Fiske for historical papers, James and the two Hardys, American and English, for fiction. He developed the critical department of the magazine to a high degree of competence by marshalling what has seldom been seen in this country, a thoroughly compact

and capable coterie of critical reviewers. This group, which was composed of Richard Grant White, G. E. Woodberry, George Parsons Lathrop, Horace Scudder, and Miss Harriet Waters Preston, contributed a surprisingly large proportion of the material that is embodied in the score of volumes of his editing. Read to-day, after the lapse of twenty years, it is still remarkable for penetration of insight and felicity of expression. It was under Aldrich, too, that the Atlantic won its international reputation as being, in the phrase of an English review, "the best edited magazine in the English language." To his fastidious sense of phrase and syntax, reading proof was a sacrament. The last scrutiny was a function that he never delegated, and it fared ill with any split infinitive or suspended nominative — even with such seemingly innocent locutions as "several people" —that fell under his searching eye.

In 1890 Mr. Aldrich resigned the editorship of the Atlantic to Mr. Scudder. Thenceforth he gave himself over largely to travel and to the delights of connoisseurship and friendly intercourse. It has been customary to lament the paucity of his production in verse in these later years, but few are the poets who have added to their reputation by anything written after their sixtieth birthday, and the man who had written,

> "To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
> Spice of the roses let the summer own,
> Grant me this favor, Muse — all else withhold —
> That I may not write verse when I am old."

was too clear-sighted a critic to have any illusions as to the possibility of poetry by technique alone. Yet to his last period belongs some admirable work. His blank verse drama, "Judith of Bethulia," is as notable for the strength of its situation, for the genuine dramatic unction of its conception, as it is for the suave melody of its verse; and in prose the pregnant notebook jottings, the delicate, suggestive sketches in his "Ponkapog Papers," the keen comic instinct of "A Sea Turn," show little abatement of his exquisite faculty. In 1904 the first great sorrow of his fortunate life came to him in the death of one of his sons. How great the loss was only his intimates knew. By it, he said, his literary faculty was withered as by a touch of evil magic. He recovered it sufficiently to write a fine melodious elegy for the centenary of the birth of Longfellow, but his work was done.

No less eminent a judge and practitioner of humor than Mark Twain has lately written: "Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt, and pithy, and witty, and humorous sayings. None has equalled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he could n't help it; he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around in him; when he speaks, the diamonds flash."

Though there may be in the superlatives of this a little — a very little — friendly exaggeration, all who knew him can bear witness to its essential truth. It is difficult, however, to do adequate justice to the quality of Aldrich's wit by reporting his tersely-turned witticisms. When the North American Review suddenly reduced its thickness by one-half, he said: "It looks as if destiny had sat on it"; but to savor the full zest of the whimsicality we should have had to see the fine air, the charming half-proud, half-deprecatory toss of the head with which it was carried off. A great source of his wit lay in the humorous prejudices of which he had a vast supply. Could he find a dignified and pretentious person holding fast some of the ideas he himself specially disliked, he was at his best. He would literally — as Leigh Hunt said Lamb would have done to Johnson — "pelt him with pearls." One of the most engaging qualities of his humor was a certain happy impudence. He delighted to tell of his experience in getting his name reinstated in the voting list of Boston after an absence of a year or two from his Mount Vernon street home: appearing before a minor magistrate of the race that, as Lowell said, "fought all our battles and got up all our draft riots," he was asked his name and occupation, and if he could read. Modestly admitting that he could "a little," he was given the Declaration of Independence and told to "Read thot." "Begorra!" said Mr. Aldrich, "I will. 'Whin in the coorse of human ivints ———'" He was inconti-

nently allowed to register. Anecdotes of this sort are legion. We shall not soon listen to his like again.

This is not the place for an elaborate appreciation of Aldrich's poetry, or a judicial consideration of his place in American literature. Yet one cannot write of him without speaking, however inadequately, of his fine achievement. More than any other of our American poets, perhaps, he was master of poetic style. None has ever had so exquisite a sense of poetic propriety, or displayed such unremitting care for the counsels of perfection, such unflagging adroitness with the file. No poet of the century has a better right to answer Leopardi's denunciatory question,

"Musa, la lima ov'è?"

Yet the perfect finish of his work, its delicacy, which, as Hawthorne wrote, one hardly dared breathe upon, have, perhaps, been too much emphasized in defining his poetic achievement. One has only to take up the volume of "Songs and Sonnets," which represents his own last selection and arrangement of his work, to find qualities of romance, of imaginative strength, of wistful humanity that blend in an impression of uncommon range and vitality. Take such pieces as "On an Intaglio Head of Minerva," "The Rose," "Palabras Cariñosas," with their exquisite, half-playful sentiment, their last felicity of expression; take the noble elegiac strain of "Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth at the Players," and "Tennyson"; take such haunting and poignant bits of *frisson* as "Identity" and "The One White Rose"; take the perfect sonnet, "Sleep," and "Fredericksburg," with its quiet beautiful beginning, its tragic and tremendous climax, and you have a group of poems, representative rather than exceptional, that is as likely to last as long as anything that American literature has to show. Turn from them to anything save the very best of Longfellow's, or Lowell's, to Whitman's Titanic mouthings, to the average characteristic piece of Emerson or Poe: you find, perhaps, an ampler air, a deeper note, but you find, also, passages of surplusage and moments of langour. None of our poets has his precious cargo so neatly stowed for the voyage down the years as Aldrich. And despite the polish which so often makes for impersonality, none is more likely to create an abiding impression of individuality. Abstractions and other men's ideas had little interest for him. He never expressed anything but himself, and he knew well when to have a bit of the rough block on the polished surface, when to break the smooth lapse of his verse with the frank and unpremeditated line. It is hard to think of any name in our annals that at once suggests a quality of poetic pleasure so fine, so constant, and so individual as the name of "Aldrich." *Ferris Greenslet.*

The New York Evening Post.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

"You would n't like it yourself, you know, any better," said Aldrich, before replying to the hearty greeting of a friend of thirty years who was surprised to see him out at the Boston Authors' Club annual dinner a few Saturday nights ago. "You won't like it." "Like what?" answered this old friend. "What are you kicking about?" supposing the growl had reference to some arrangement for seating the guests of honor or a demand upon him for a speech, perhaps, or poem. "Being seventy," replied the poet; "I can't get used to it. It's a strange feeling. It seems unnatural, improper. I don't like it," and he turned away to receive his multitudinous greetings with that quizzical smile that converged those always waxed points of his Napoleon III. moustache.

On reaching his seventieth birthday some weeks before, he had remarked to an inter-

viewing reporter : "I don't approve of it. I have n't any excuse to make, but I promise never to allow it to happen again." To a reporter sent to interview him in 1886 he said : "I think a man ought never to celebrate a birthday after the first one — and that, of course, he never remembers — for each celebration is a sad reminder of the fact that he is growing old. It seems to me that a man ought either to die when he is thirty, or live three hundred years. For the moment he feels himself at the height of his powers, and at the same time realizes that he knows so little, the tide turns, and he begins to fade away."

. . .

This horror of aging was probably due to the fact that as a celebrity Aldrich was old long before his time. Thanks to his precocity, his "Baby Bell," by which he continued to the end of his life to be identified, was written when he was nineteen. As this was away back in 1855, — when his contemporary, Howells, was rising into fame and position ten years later as editor of the Atlantic, — Aldrich, already famous as "the author of 'Baby Bell,'" dated back to "before the war." As his art partook of the finesse of Poe's, and like Poe's was always merely "art for art's sake," neither ethical nor philosophical nor anything deeper, so he seemed to belong to Poe's period. In fact, he had been the literary protégé of Fitz Greene Halleck, a contemporary in literary production and popularity of N. P. Willis and George P. Morris in New York newspaper work ; and they were actually as old as Godey's Lady's Book and Putnam's Monthly. Among Aldrich's wealth of garnered literary bric-à-brac and autographic treasures, the pearl of great price which he used to say he would not exchange against any other was an autograph letter of Hawthorne's warmly praising his early poems. Hawthorne says in this letter, among other things, that some of them seem almost too delicate even to be breathed upon.

. . .

It was in New York that Mr. Aldrich met his wife, then Miss Woodman, through Edwin Booth's kindly ministrations. At first Mr. Aldrich was afraid his stripling income would not meet the demand, and he wrote timidly : —

> Woodman, spare T. B. :
> Touch not a single curl ;
> He cannot shelter thee,
> Thou most expensive girl.

Such readiness with the bon mot is, perhaps, one of the most characteristic and revealing marks of his talent. His brilliant Salem friend of the days when he lived summers on Ocean street in Lynn, opposite Egg Rock, Mary Perkins Abbott, once wrote concerning Mark Twain's visits at the Aldrich house : "He was very humorous, but Mr. Aldrich was more humorous." Mr. Aldrich telling a funny story after Mark Twain's rules for reserving the "nub" to the crisis, and slurring all points that interfere with this — which method, in Mrs. Abbott's view, produces the melancholy effect that is to be seen in some of Mark Twain's elaborated efforts — is an impossibility to imagine. He was deliciously absurd in his conceits, which were always a surprise, apparently, to himself, and ever witty without seeming to set out to be.

. . .

It was as early as 1873 that Ticknor & Fields issued a "complete collection" of his poems. Eight years before that, in 1866, the same publishing house, the foremost literary firm of the country in those days, had invited him to the editorial chair of Every Saturday, which was mainly an excellent collection of reprints from English reviews and magazines, a sort of weekly Littell's, with Aldrich's taste in selection its main asset. Between this editorship and that of the Atlantic, which followed in 1880, his productive powers seem to have been so largely absorbed or dissipated that to the end of his career no more significant and successful poem stands to his credit, and he is still known as the author of "Baby Bell." His poems are each and all gems of high quality, dainty in taste and fancy, often quaint, original conceptions, and always perfect in finish. Herrick, Lovelace, and such poets of the elder English school come oftenest to mind in contemplating these jewels of the verse-makers' craft.

After extensive travels in the East, as well as in Russia and the more common pathways

of Europe, he brought home no heavier sheaves than a series of such songs from the Persian as are strung together under the gorgeous but somewhat inconsequent title of "Cloth of Gold." These pictures are as vivid as any of the canvases by the French lovers of Oriental color that occupy so much of the wall space at every Paris salon — by love of which they were perhaps inspired, no nearer the East than Paris.

But not all his powers were expended on these pictorially splendid, but merely surface and sensuous effects. He aspired to embody now and then such a thought as goes deeper even than human understanding can follow, as in the famous poem which has been the subject of the well-known painting by his friend, Vedder : —

IDENTITY.

Somewhere — in desolate, wind-swept space —
In twilight-land — in No-man's-land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you ?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night !"

. . .

Nothing is unfairer or unwiser in forming an estimate of an artist's work than to complain that he has not been some one else — that Meissonier, for example, was not Millet, that Corot had not Monet's color, that Verdi was not Wagner, that Tennyson was not Browning, that Holmes was not Emerson, that Aldrich had not the seriousness of Longfellow, and has not left behind him, as did Longfellow and Whittier, figures that forever people the New England scenes to which he was born and amid which he had passed his life as they did. It is true they personified native traits, and virtues, and charms

— not too good
For human nature's daily food.

But has not Aldrich enriched our belongings, rather plain and sombre otherwise, with the bijouterie of poetic art ? The Portsmouth-born poet brought to us a suppleness of line and fine warmth of color, a daintiness and delicacy of polish that were *really* exotic in New England, more French, *or rather Parisian, than* Yankee in character. His vers de société were really the "article de Paris" in literature. He carved a cherry-stone and twisted up silver thread into Russian-like jewelry as hardly any other American artist has been able to do. No wonder that he has been translated into French and Dutch with admiration.

. . .

But Mr. Aldrich's literary output has not been all in verse. Perhaps he is as widely known as the author of "A Story of a Bad Boy" as by his "Baby Bell." Not long ago the "Bad Boy" was translated into French by Madame Bentzon and published as the feuilleton of a Paris daily newspaper. It is incomparable as a book for boys, and should be read even by the boys of to-day. It is no secret that it was largely autobiographical. His elaborate novel, "The Stillwater Tragedy," is perhaps his most serious prose work. His narrative style is animated and vivid, and the details of a murder and the confusing of the murderer with the hero are worked out with great "detective" ingenuity. Interest of plot is also a main factor of merit in the "Queen of Sheba," where the pathos is deftly interwoven with the humor furnished by the quaint delusions of the insane. As for that gem of story-writing, unique in all literature, "Marjorie Daw," it is all a quip, a practical joke upon the reader, piercingly sweet, but not without the tang of bitterness and the vexation that always follow a practical joke. The pity is that so sweet and delicious a figure in a hammock should be so ruthlessly blown to the winds at the end. It is a blow like the wanton destruction of a marble nymph of perfect classic grace and unapproachable art before one's eyes.

. . .

Nor was the novel his only excursion beyond the field of verse. It was his greatest grief, in a life not without sharp, wearing literary defeat and disappointment, notwithstanding his long career of worldly success, that he never could write a successful acting drama for the stage. He was ever thinking and striving toward it, and, indeed, had a bit of real, though qualified, success in his short poetic drama, "Mercedes." Read among his

poems it seems a masterly play, with here and there the lightning strokes of true dramatic power. On the stage in practice it was but a *succès d'estime*, tolerated for the sake of the author's distinction. It is the Sardou plot of passion vs. patriotism — the old, old story of the standard Sardou five-act melodrama compressed into a single act. Then there was the more important and ambitious drama in verse of "Judith and Holofernes," brought out last year for the second time in Miss Nance O'Neil's repertory. It was the belief of the author that the dire failure of this remarkable artist in tragedy with the New York public (with its disastrous results upon Mr. Aldrich's dramatic ambitions) was the direct work of a conspiracy between the theatrical trust and the critics of the New York press. The burning indignation with which this long-time literary pet of New York, both in society and in Bohemia, returned from the metropolis after this extraordinary treatment of perhaps the most powerful tragic actress of the American stage was frankly expressed to more than one literary friend here. He had a right to hope, with his high ambitions, his methodical industry, and his marvelous ingenuity of invention, together with his ripened powers and mental growth under all manner of experiences in the life of the great world, for some such distinction as has been won on the stage by the great Parisian littérateurs, by Sudermann and Hauptmann in Germany and Ibsen in Scandinavia.

. . .

No review of Aldrich's life would take in all its elements if it did not notice as a chief factor his abundant comfort and elegance of living. His progressive evolution in Boston society as a man of family has been said to have been measured by his three removes, successively: first, from Charles street, where he neighbored with Mrs. James T. Fields and Dr. Oliver W. Holmes: when he climbed up Pinckney street to the neighborhood of E. P. Whipple; and when finally he attained the top-notch for the true Bostonian of a swell-front mansion of many stories and a marble-pillared front door, in the grand row on Mt. Vernon street, where the deep lots contain tall trees and grass plot. To Aldrich's New Yorkers, Mt. Vernon street always had the pervading air of antiquity, they said, quaintly like a bit of Chester or Coventry. At the time Aldrich moved in there he had for neighbors on the one hand Charles Francis Adams, and on the other Bancroft, the son of the historian; while diagonally across the way lived Mrs. Hemenway, who vindicated her distinction as the richest woman in New England by saving for Boston the Old South Meeting House. In this superb house, thanks to the "discriminating ardor" of both husband and wife in household decoration, all the rooms on all the floors were rich with rare and fascinating objects gathered in wide travel and research, and yet all was pervaded by a well-bred quietness of tone and air of comfort. It is a question which some of his admirers have raised whether this richness of luck did not clog his productivity, as a honey-bee sometimes becomes too richly laden with his sweets for flight. Certain it is that he held as the crown and sanctum sanctorum of this great Mt. Vernon-street establishment his literary workshop. It was at the top of the house, with its wonderful view of the great circle all around the horizon, and even more wonderful at night than by day, as Mark Twain has described it. Here, as in the Atlantic Monthly office, he could obtain that complete seclusion and isolation which all literary workers find the first essential of production. The Atlantic Monthly editorial room had in his day only the companionship of the old Boston family tombs of the Granary Burying Ground; but it had, too, a speaking tube connecting with the office of the publishers. It was after a disastrous interruption through this tube that Aldrich, as he described the incident, "flew at the tube, plugged it with a cork, and drove that in with a poker." The output from the retreat at the top of the Mt. Vernon-street house, however, has been lamentably small for so famous a grinder of gems. But the consolation is found in the absence from his book of that moiety of mediocre and uninspired things that always swells any mass of literary remains.

Edward H. Clement.

The Boston Transcript.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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VOL. XIX. APRIL, 1907. No. 4.

Fitting tribute to the genius of Thomas Bailey Aldrich is paid in the appreciations of his work and of his personality, by leading American writers, to which THE WRITER this month devotes its space. He will always be distinguished by the exquisite perfection of his art. It was no mere carving of cherry-stones ; everything that he wrote had in it a worthy thought, the expression of which he perfected to the ultimate degree. With such conscientious devotion to finish, his writings could not be voluminous. There was no reason to criticise him because he did not publish more. Mr. Aldrich himself protested against the suggestion that he had *been indolent since fortune* came to him. "It is unjust," he said, "for though I do not produce as much, I give the time to careful consideration of what I write. I work just as much as ever." It is not too much to say that at the time of his death he was the foremost American poet. A master workman of American literature has passed away.

* * *

Mr. Aldrich's verse, though most of it is light, is mainly serious, but in his prose work he showed the sense of humor which was one of his notable characteristics. The quality of his humor is illustrated by a letter that he wrote once on receiving a letter from Professor F. S. Morse, whose handwriting was anything but legible. It read :—

"My dear Mr. Morse : It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date — which I knew — and the signature — which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours ; it never grows old ; it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning : 'There's that letter of Morse's. I have n't read it yet ; I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able, in the course of a few years, to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's, and those i's that have n't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever — unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. Aldrich."

* * *

When Mr. Aldrich was a young man working in his uncle's counting room, after he had given up the idea of going to Harvard, he spent his leisure hours in composing poems, some of which he sold. Mr. Stedman has related that when Aldrich's uncle, who objected to his young assistant's wasting valuable time over "rhymes," learned that James T. Fields had paid the lad fifteen dollars for a poem, he was dumbfounded, and naively exclaimed : "Why don't you send one to the thundering fool every day ?"

* * *

Mr. Aldrich himself used to tell how when his first volume of poems was brought out, in his youthful pride of authorship he hastened to send a presentation copy to Dr. Holmes. "In return," said Mr. Aldrich, "I received the kindest letter ever written by a celebrity to an obscurity. It virtually told

me not to make any more verses unless I could make better ones. It told me this, but with such delicate frankness of phrase that it seemed to me as if the writer had laid his hand in tender reproof upon my shoulder, as an elder brother might have done."

* * *

On the other hand, Mr. Aldrich received encouragement from James Russell Lowell. Dr. Hale has told the story thus : —

"When Lowell was editor of the Atlantic, he received a contribution from Aldrich, then just starting in his literary career. He was much impressed with the merits of the article, and in sending the author a check for it enclosed a congratulatory note, advising him to 'continue writing and follow literature as a profession.' The kind thoughtfulness was appreciated and remembered by Aldrich, and the note was carefully preserved. Years afterward, when Aldrich himself was the editor of the Atlantic and Lowell sent him a contribution, he was gratified at receiving a copy of the note he had written years before."

* * *

Julius Chambers says that Mr. Aldrich told him that he regarded "Margery Daw" as the best of all his prose, because it was the truest to life, and done with simplicity. Then he added : "The first words of that story written were, 'There is no Margery Daw !'"

* * *

Mr. Aldrich's last poem, read at the Longfellow centennial, was as follows : —

LONGFELLOW.

1807-1907.

Above his grave the grass and snow
  Their soft antiphonal strophes write :
Moonrise and daybreak come and go ;
  Summer by summer on the height
  The thrushes find melodious breath ;
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
  Across the spaces of the night
    Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
  Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass ; the spell they wrought
  Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
  Fell upon charmed listening ears,
  Thou shalt not know the touch of years :
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
  Thou livest in thy living word
  As when its cadence first was heard.

O Gracious Poet and benign,
  Beloved presence ! now as then
  Thou standest by the hearts of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine ;
  Thou speakest to them of their dead,
  They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
  Men saw thee passing on the street
  Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways !

* * *

Nothing could be more beautiful than Mr. Aldrich's relations with his family. His surviving son, Talbot Aldrich, has said since his death : "He was the dearest father, the sunniest nature, and the closest friend that man ever knew. I have heard him termed, time and again, 'that eternal boy.' My mother and he have always been like a pair of young lovers. In the forty-two years that had elapsed since their marriage, the longest time they were ever apart was two weeks, and I have heard him say that those were two weeks too many. To my brother Charles, who died three years ago in the Adirondacks, and to myself he was ever our closest and dearest friend, more like an elder brother than a father."

* * *

He died a poet. "I regard death as nothing but the passing of the shadow on the flower," he said not long before he passed away, and his very last words were : "In spite of all, I am going to sleep ; put out the lights."

W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

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IBSEN AND HIS ISM. Joseph M. Rogers. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

AN ORDER FOR THE NEXT POET. — II. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

FOGAZZARO AND "THE SAINT." Illustrated. Raffaele Simboli. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

LITERATURE AND THE PEDAGOGS. Charles W. Holman. *To-morrow* (13 c.) for April.

GOETHE'S NATURE PHILOSOPHY. *Open Court* (13 c.) for April.

POETRY IN THE MAGAZINES. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

THE RELATION OF AMERICAN MEN OF LITERATURE TO THE PERIODICALS. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

JEREMIAH CURTIN. With portrait. Clarence H. Denny. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for March.

LONGFELLOW AT HARVARD. With portrait. Edward Everett Hale. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for March.

THE POET OF THE SIERRAS ON HIS PROBLEM-POEM DEALING WITH LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE: A CONVERSATION. Joaquin Miller. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

SOME ASPECTS OF POE'S POETRY. H. Holland Carter. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

OSCAR WILDE. Professor Archibald Henderson, Ph.D. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY: Prophet of Peace and Apostle of Social Righteousness. With frontispiece portrait. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

A GLANCE AT WORDSWORTH'S READING — I. Lane Cooper. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for March.

EDGAR POE ET ALFRED DE MUSSET. E. J. Doubledout. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for March.

BROWNING'S DRAMAS — I. Caroline L. Sparrow. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for March.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE. With portrait. Hugh C. Weir. *American Boy* (13 c.) for March.

THE NOVELIST — THEORETICALLY SPEAKING. David Graham Phillips. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for March.

A TYPICAL INDIANIAN. Riley. Elizabeth Miller. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for March.

RILEY — POET OF THE PEOPLE. Bliss Carman. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for March.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. As a person. Henry van Dyke. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for March.

"J. S. OF DALE." (F. J. Stimson.) Robert Adger Bowen. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for March.

THE ART OF LONGFELLOW. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (28 c.) for March 1.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY — XIII. and XIV. *North American Review* (28 c. each) for March 1 and 15.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRIGHTS. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (28 c.) for March 15.

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENARY. Illustrated. Caroline Ticknor. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 2.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Maxim Gorky is seriously ill in London with consumption.

William Dean Howells observed his seventieth birthday March 1. John Burroughs will be seventy April 3, and Edward Everett Hale will be eighty-five the same day.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs will sail for Europe April 10.

Lloyd Osbourne is spending the winter in the Riviera.

Richard Harding Davis is now on the west coast of Africa, and is going to the Congo, for literary material.

Mrs. Lionel S. Marks (formerly Miss Josephine Preston Peabody) is traveling in Europe.

Dr. Henry van Dyke is traveling in Syria. He expects to return in June.

Mark Twain, who is now in Bermuda, is to build a country house at Redding, Conn., where he has bought a 100-acre farm.

Mrs. Edith Wharton is in Europe for an indefinite period.

Mrs. Susan B. Cabot, of Boston, who died recently, bequeathed to Miss Sarah Orne Jewett $20,000 and a share in the Boston Athenaeum.

James B. Connolly, who enlisted as a sailor in the United States navy, to get literary material, has been discharged from the service at his own request.

Ginn & Co., Boston, are soon to issue the correspondence of the Wordsworth family, in three volumes, to be edited by the greatest of Wordsworthian students, Professor William Knight.

The University of California has published a "Survey of Scottish Literature in the Nineteenth Century (with some reference to the eighteenth)." The author is James Main Dixon.

The National Magazine (Boston) has increased its price to $1.50 a year, fifteen cents a copy, beginning with the number for April.

The printers of Town Topics and the Smart Set were burned out March 8.

Archibald Clavering Gunter died in New York February 24, aged fifty-nine.

Wendell Phillips Garrison, editor of the Nation from 1865 to 1906, died in South Orange, N. J., February 27, aged sixty-six.

Alfred Hodder died in New York March 4, aged forty years.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich died in Boston March 19, aged seventy years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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WRITING FOR GIRLS.

Much has been said of late years on the subject of "juvenile literature," and a number of wise persons have written long articles, setting forth the harm that is done to the young mind by story books. "Give a child standard literature as soon as he reads at all," say they, "and when he is old he will not depart from it," or words to that effect.

I suppose these same wise persons would give meat to babes, or sing them to sleep with an oratorio rather than a nursery lullaby, or discuss the tariff with them instead of how to dress the new doll. For wherein lies the difference? If the child's stomach cannot digest the food of the adult, how can the child's brain assimilate adult literature? If the child is not expected to comprehend affairs of state, why should he be asked to divert his mind with books which in the nature of things are at present sealed to him, but which he will read in the future with delight and appreciation?

I am confident that this will provoke disagreement. There are countless persons who will protest that the comparison is worthless, that the mind should early be trained in the way it should go, that "as the twig is bent," etc., etc., but my point is that the twig may be gently, imperceptibly, but none the less firmly bent by providing good books for children, books written especially for them, which will interest them, charm them, help them to settle their youthful problems — for youth has its problems no less than maturity — and which at the same time will lead them on by pleasant paths to later appreciation and enjoyment of the standard writers.

And the books we loved when we were young are endeared to us in later years by a thousand tender memories. Which of us who has reached middle life would give up the memory of the nursery bookshelves? Do we enjoy Shakspere, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope, Browning, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy the less because on those shelves stood shoulder to shoulder the dear and well-worn, much-abused copies of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "Little Women," the Katy Books, the Prudy Books, or a precious Oliver Optic, borrowed from a boy friend (if we were a girl! Boys seldom condescend to read girls' books, but girls are always ready to read those of boys), or Grimm's Fairy Tales, or — a hundred others? I began myself to read at the

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age of five. I distinctly remember the first book I mastered with my own eyes. It was "Susie's Six Birthdays," bound in a dingy gray cloth and printed in nice large letters; and at the same period came the Sock Stories, with the fascinating history of Isabella Belmont Montague, who was a doll, and then up and up through the good Misses Warner's "Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," with their estimable but lachrymose little heroines, who would rather buy Bibles than make any other purchase, and who were so properly educated that when Fleda married at the close of the story she always addressed her husband as "Mr." Carleton! That puzzled me considerably. It was then that I began to discriminate, and this same power of discrimination made me cast aside a certain series of books that have since reached Grandmotherhood.

For that is the point I am aiming to make. A healthy-minded girl, her mind encouraged in health by properly chosen mental food, can discriminate, and to help her to this power, give her well-written, interesting, natural books, that were written for her to read — stories of boys and girls as they really are, living the lives they really lead; human boys and girls, with all their human faults and failings, as well as virtues, not puppets with every wire visible.

There are no keener critics, no more observant or appreciative readers for whom to write than boys and girls. They are quick to detect insincerity, they are generous in praise. To me there is nothing more inspiring than the enthusiasm of a young reader for the books of her favorite author. I have had hundreds of letters from girls in all parts of the United States, expressing their delight and their gratitude, begging me to write a sequel to the story they have enjoyed so much, or asking me if as a very great favor I will tell them whether my characters are really alive, and whether they did thus and so as described in one or another of my books. It used to be more the custom among girls to write to authors than it is now. When "Oakleigh" and my other earlier books came out, every mail brought me these really charming notes. The city girl of to-day is perhaps too busy for this. She has as many engagements as her mother, and no time to write letters, but I have found her just as faithful and appreciative a reader as is her contemporary in the far West, who still expresses her pleasure in a neatly-written, well-expressed letter. It always brings a pleasant and grateful glow to my heart when I receive a note of this kind. To reach the heart of youth is a privilege I should be sorry to lose.

The secret of successful writing for the young is, in my opinion, to look at life from their point of view as much as possible. Never mount a pulpit and preach down to them, but take a seat yourself among the congregation. Your experience as one who is older is necessary, but in order to make this experience of use to children you must possess the power of seeing with young eyes still. It is on the same principle that one talks with children if one is a true child-lover. Speak to a child condescendingly, say, no matter with how much affection: "Well, my little Tommy, I hope you are a good little boy! Now shake hands with me nicely — your right hand, Tommy!" and Tommy will see through you at once. *You* are no lover of children, and therefore not to be loved or even tolerated yourself for an instant. But sit down with Tommy and play soldiers with him, listening meekly while he instructs you in the art, he being a boy and you only a little girl — or play the more peaceful game of marbles with him, lest, as according to some, the little tin soldier may make a future Imperialist of Tommy — but play marbles precisely as if you were Tommy's age, in other words, meet him as boy to boy on the same level, and Tommy is at once your firm friend.

So it is if Tommy happens to be Mabel, and instead of marbles there are paper dolls, or, with older boys and girls, baseball, hockey, skating, coasting, football. And just so in writing. Meet the young girl on her own level. Bring before her in your story the problems that she may be called upon to settle. Show her how other girls of her age would settle them. Have your moral there, but don't thrust it at her! She will unconsciously find it herself. It will take imperceptible hold of her, and when she leaves

her story book and goes forth again into her school world or her family world and a problem presents itself, she will be more prepared to meet it, better able to cope with it.

The writer for the juvenile reader is subject to grave responsibility in this respect, and it is a responsibility which should not be lightly undertaken. The printed word carries great weight, and what is more, it never dies. One must be careful that its long life shall be lived for good and not for evil.

There is another point that should be remembered, and that is the necessity for good English. This is of paramount importance. Because one is writing for an inexperienced reader one's responsibility in this direction is all the greater. It is the opinion of many would-be authors that any one can write for children — at least, I should judge this to be the case from a casual glance at the vast multitude of children's books that are thrust upon a long-suffering world every holiday season. It has become the custom to rush into print, and a habit to try one's 'prentice hand in the production of "juvenile" literature. I think the publishers are partly to blame for this. Why do they print and send forth adorned with glowing encomiums so much that is worthless? Reams of trash may be written and do no harm if the publishers will decline to print it. But for some reason they do not decline to do this, and the result is that the critic, dipping into one after another of the new books for children, becomes disgusted, and decides at once that *his* children shall read only the classics.

It is all a question of responsibility; first that of the writer, then of the publisher, and then of the discriminating purchaser. But I think that a wholesome, sincere, well-written book for girls does a vast amount of good, and it is the duty of those of us whose work in life it is to write for this part of the reading public to produce such books and no others. *Ellen Douglas Deland.*

BOSTON, MASS.

WRITING BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Gabrielle Jackson's interesting article in the December WRITER on writing books for girls caused me to think, as never before, of the subtle differences between juvenile fiction directed toward the one sex or the other. My observations are not those alone of an author of boys' books. I have been blessed in many friendships with youth, and I have had the benefit of others' experience. On all this I ground the statement — shamefacedly made by a woman — that, at the same age, boys are much more earnest and serious-minded than girls, more readily influenced for good, more receptive of high sentiment. As the librarian of a great institution once put it: "Boys are willing to read something besides trash; they are the ones who take all the books from the juvenile department that are meant for more than sheer amusement; I am sorry to say that girls rarely touch such works; they demand stories, and nothing but stories."

So I have found, in writing boys' books, that boys are usually quite willing to receive some instruction and some preaching — but it must be administered in sugar-coated pills, and in the minutest doses! Of course nothing makes them more furious than to guess that they have been beguiled into attending to a sermon where they expected a story. But they are generally agreed that the story should have a high purpose, should

"make for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold expressed it, if, meanwhile, it has plenty of dash and "go."

The historical tale (and my books for boys have always been of this sort) supplies the necessary movement and adventure; still, it has of nature its own peculiar dangers to encounter and to overcome, if it would succeed. First, it must not be dull, or the boy will not be lured to its reading; it must not be sensational, or the parent will not buy it. For the like reason — if for no other — the moral must be obvious, and yet not too glaring. Instruction is to be imparted in the most dexterous fashion, and yet the story should not serve simply to amuse. Beyond these common difficulties, every historical detail must be verified, and after one has taken infinite pains, the author may be forced to submit to off-hand criticisms by hurried reviewers who publicly accuse her of inaccuracy, but do not as publicly acknowledge their own blunders in making such assertions.

A prominent New England writer once asserted, in the columns of an influential periodical, that there was no authority for my statement, made in "The Golden Arrow," that a descendant of Anne Hutchinson was carried off by Indians. When I wrote to her that I had any number of historians at my back in the matter, she replied by a letter in which she made the vague general remark that many so-called authorities were valueless. "Try Fiske," she added, as if in advice.

I do wonder what equipment she supposed me to possess! I answered (but my reply was not printed, as her attack had been) that, on undertaking such a task, I gathered together every procurable scrap of history relating to the period of which I meant to treat; that I "tried Fiske," as a matter of course, as I "tried" all other chroniclers of that time, and that, as it chanced, Fiske — and I cited chapter and verse — fully related the Hutchinson incident exactly as I had given it. No attention whatever was paid to this declaration, but one learns to accept that sort of treatment. It is all in the day's work, and the work undoubtedly is hard. Yet there is reward. It comes from many sources, and those most prized by the conscientious author are, perhaps, the charming letters and awkward, well-meant speeches of youthful literary admirers. When they say, as if they meant it, "I think your last book was great!" — there is the full recompense.

CATSKILL, N. Y. *Ruth Hall.*

WHEN PUBLISHERS LOSE MANUSCRIPTS — WHAT THEN?

So far as the contributor to current literature is concerned, the "returned-with-thanks" feature of the subject is worn threadbare. It may still be of interest to the colt, but the pack horse and the war horse expect the stripes and the scars as a natural sequence of the lives cut out for them. But there is one trial to which the most hardened literary worker is never quite resigned. If his manuscript is returned, it still has a fighting chance in the market; if it is lost by *the* publisher — what then?

Assume that the writer has no copy of the lost manuscript. If he is fairly planted in the literary field and his productions have a good market value, his chances for reimbursement are brighter than if he is a novice or "scout." If the publishing house has acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript and has no record of having returned it, the case is not hopeless for the comparatively unknown author, although under such circumstances it is not unusual for the publisher to send his deep regrets that he has-

not been able to locate the manuscript, despite the most thorough search; he hopes that "no serious inconvenience will be caused by the loss," etc. And there the matter usually rests. The writer has expended his time and mental strength to no purpose; for if he is not well known, his article has no market value until it is accepted.

Several courses are now open to the author. He may meet his loss patiently, fearing by a show of indignation to offend the publisher, and attempt to reconstruct his creation under the stress of his vexation and disappointment; he may get angry and run his head against a stone wall (for has he any legal redress?); or he may retire to his literary den in a sulk, and do nothing. If he is politic, he puts on a smile for the publisher's benefit, retires to his workshop with a wry face, and again takes up the burdens of his profession, more than ever convinced that there is nothing like it under the sun — either in its disappointments or its fascinations.

On the very face of the situation the author has cause for just indignation, and in the privacy of his own mind works himself into a double heat when he recalls the current expressions of appreciation used by publishers when they safely return submitted manuscripts. Here are a few selections at random: —

"We esteem it a favor to be allowed to examine manuscripts, whether they prove acceptable or not."

"We appreciate your courtesy in submitting the enclosed."

"All manuscripts are gladly received."

"We wish to thank you for your favor in submitting the enclosed manuscript for our consideration."

"Thanking you for allowing us the privilege of reading," etc.

When the editor sees particular promise in the offerings of an unknown writer he often sends a personal note, not only giving thanks for the "unavailable," but expressing a desire to "see more of your work." Both he and the publisher fully realize that the larger the collection from which they make their selections, the more likely they are to furnish their readers with something choice for all palates, or the particular appetites to which they cater. They tell the truth when they say that the submitting of manuscripts is a favor to them, and although contributions are offered by the thousands, if, for any reason whatever, one should be lost by the house, it is only just that the author should receive a recompense based upon his ability to restore it.

Publishers might make it a rule that authors should send with each manuscript a letter stating the number of words, and retain a copy of his article, with the understanding that, under these conditions, if a manuscript should be lost, the author should receive one-half the rates of accepted matter (in case it be not available to the house thus receiving it), with the privilege of re-submission. Some such rule as this would at least prevent some publishing houses from being notoriously careless. Happily for the sanity of the literary craft, they are few indeed, but they exist, and the writer can testify to the fact that one house alone, within the past nine months, has lost three of his manuscripts (one of five thousand words), for which he has no apparent redress. The supplementary testimony is to the effect that the three manuscripts lost comprised all which were submitted; this house is therefore in the "notoriously-careless" class, and would probably be bitterly opposed to subscribing to any rule by which it would be held accountable.

Until there is some material acknowledgment of the unjust treatment which the great majority of authors receive from publishers who lose their manuscripts, none of the craft should be without a typewriter, and should ever neglect the precaution of making a carbon copy of every article submitted for publication. The tantalizing effects of the loss of a manuscript would then be confined to the delays incident to ascertaining the facts of the case, the time required to re-copy the text (if that be necessary), and the probability that the article, when the house finally admitted its loss, would have become gray-haired and untimely when considered from the point of view of current literature.

H. G. Cutler.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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***Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

It may be that the millennium is on the way. *An advertisement of* "new books by new authors," issued by the Neale Publishing Company, bears the seductive assertion that "these books are all issued at the expense of the publishers, with a royalty to the author which in no instance is less than twenty per cent."

* * *

Perhaps one of the worst cases of split infinitive on record is the famous declaration of Governor Yates, of Illinois, "I will not hesitate to within twenty-four hours assemble."

* * *

The suggestive article by Mr. Cutler in this number of THE WRITER under the heading "When Publishers Lose Manuscripts — What Then ?" touches on a subject of practical interest to all writers. Considering the great number of manuscripts submitted to editors and publishers, comparatively few are lost, but when a manuscript does disappear unaccountably, the author unquestionably has a grievance, and it is important to know whether he has any legal claim upon the editor or not. Some editors expressly provide for such contingencies by printing a statement that while they will use all proper care in handling manuscripts they will not be responsible in case of loss. In such cases obviously authors submit manuscripts at their own risk. Where no reservation of this kind is made, editors who have lost a manuscript sometimes fall back on the assertion that unless they have expressly solicited the manuscript in question, they are not responsible, but Mr. Cutler certainly makes out a good case in arguing that all editors tacitly solicit contributions, while many do so expressly by the wording of their rejection forms. Of course, when a manuscript is lost, the editor is not always to blame. The mails, though reasonably sure, are not infallible, and obviously the ordinary risks of transmission ought not to be borne by the editor alone. Theoretically, each case should be judged upon its merits. Practically, editors have the control of the matter in their own hands, and unless an author is willing to go to considerable trouble and expense, he can get only such redress, in case a manu-

script is lost, as the editor feels inclined to give.

* * *

This raises the question as to what proper compensation in such a case would be — in other words, what the author's real loss is. Mr. Cutler's suggestion that publishers should pay for a lost manuscript one-half the rate for accepted matter, with the privilege of re-submission, is hardly practical. If an author has retained a copy or rough draft of the manuscript submitted, his loss obviously is only the cost of typewriting it anew, and the editor at most should pay no more. Most editors, probably, would be willing to make a typewritten copy from a rough draft, in case of loss, and would take all reasonable precautions not to lose the rough draft. It is not an uncommon thing for editors to make new typewritten copies of manuscripts which by accident have become injured or defaced while in their possession, and send them to the author. Of course, if the author has no draft or copy of his manuscript, his ability to reproduce it is the measure of his loss, and then his recompense, if there be any, should be in proportion to the actual value of the manuscript — which in most cases could not easily be fixed.

* * *

The author's position is made more difficult because when manuscripts are lost it is generally by editors of the smaller publications, which as a rule are not so strong financially that they can afford to be generous. It is on account of this comparative weakness that they find themselves at fault. The great magazines have manuscript clerks, with nothing else to do but look after manuscripts received. The editor of the small publication has to be his own manuscript clerk, and frequently his own proofreader, makeup man, or even office boy, himself, and if in the multiplicity of his duties he fails to meet requirements, his shortcomings sometimes should be looked upon with sympathy. At all events, it is generally useless for the writer whose manuscript he has lost to try to get redress. It is better, under present conditions, to insure against serious loss by retaining a copy of every manuscript submitted — which, if an author uses a typewriter, is a very easy thing to do.

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Also you spiritually and scientifically understand that God is divine love, omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite, hence it is enough for you and I to know "that our redeemer liveth and intercedeth for us." — Mary Baker Eddy.	Also you spiritually and scientifically understand that God is divine love, omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite, hence it is enough for you and me to know "that our redeemer liveth and intercedeth for us."
She had not yet listened patiently to his heart-beats, but only felt that her own was beating violently. — George Eliot in "Middlemarch."	She had not yet listened patiently to his heart-beats, but only felt that her own heart was beating violently.
The Bible of the future will be a much different book than it is to-day, in the opinion of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University. — Boston Herald.	The Bible of the future will be a very different book from what it is to-day, in the opinion of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University.
Less teams sent out by firms in the strike. — Boston Globe Headline.	Fewer teams sent out by firms in the strike.
She studied his countenance like an inscription, and deciphered each rapt expression that crossed it, and stored them in her memory. — Charles Reade, in "Very Hard Cash."	She studied his countenance like an inscription, and deciphered each rapt expression that crossed it, and stored it in her memory.
Among the possessions of James H. Eckels was an autograph letter from Grover Cleveland, saying that no appointment he had ever made gave the President so much satisfaction as that of Mr. Eckels. — Boston Herald.	Among the possessions of James H. Eckels was an autograph letter from Grover Cleveland, saying that no other appointment that he had ever made gave the President so much satisfaction as that of Mr. Eckels.
The good which mankind always have sought and always will. — W. E. Gladstone, in the Quarterly Review.	The good which mankind has sought and always will seek.

MR. HOWELLS ON MR. ALDRICH.

William D. Howells's words upon Mr. Aldrich, in his "Literary Friends and Acquaintance," have special interest at this time. The following passage is from his chapter upon "Literary Boston as I Knew It," in which

he pictures the conditions in Boston when he began his work on the Atlantic in 1866 : —

The publishing house which so long embodied New England literature was already attempting enterprises out of the line of its traditions, and one of these had brought Mr. T. B. Aldrich from New York a few days before I arrived upon the scene. Mr. Aldrich was the editor of Every Saturday when I came to be assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly. We were of nearly the same age, but he had a distinct and distinguished priority of reputation, insomuch that in my Western remoteness I had always ranged him with such elders and betters of mine as Holmes and Lowell, and never imagined him the blond, slight youth I found him, with every imaginable charm of contemporaneity. It is no part of the office which I have intended for these slight and sufficiently wandering glimpses of the past to show any writer in his final place ; and, above all, I do not presume to assign any living man his rank or station. But I should be false to my own grateful sense of beauty in the work of this poet if I did not at all times recognize his constancy to an ideal which his name stands for. He is known in several kinds, but to my thinking he is best in a certain nobler kind of poetry ; a serious sort in which the thought holds him above the scrupulosities of the art he loves and honors so much. Sometimes the file slips in his hold, as the file must and will ; it is but an instrument at the best ; but there is no mistouch in the hand that lays itself upon the reader's heart with the pulse of the poet's heart quick and true in it. There are sonnets of his, grave, and simple, and lofty, which I think of with the glow and thrill possible only from very beautiful poetry, and which impart such an emotion as we can feel only

> "When a great thought strikes along the brain,
> And flushes all the cheek."

When I had the fortune to meet him first, I suppose that in the employ of the kindly house we were both so eager to serve our dignities were about the same ; for if the Atlantic Monthly was a somewhat prouder affair than an eclectic weekly like Every Saturday, he was supreme in his place, and I *was subordinate in* mine. The house was careful, in the attitude of its senior partner, not to distinguish between us, and we were not slow to perceive the tact used in managing us ; we had our own joke of it ; we compared notes to find whether we were equally used in this thing or that ; and we promptly shared the fun of our discovery with Fields himself.

THE BOY OF RIVERMOUTH.

"I was born at Rivermouth, but before I had a chance to become very well acquainted with that pretty New England town my parents removed to New Orleans, where my father invested his money so securely in the banking business that he was never able to get any of it out again." So Thomas Bailey Aldrich introduced himself at the beginning of his "Story of a Bad Boy."

Of course, the "Rivermouth" to which he alludes is Portsmouth, N. H., where he was born in November, 1836 — an old town, once the theatre of great events, now settled into the quiet and repose of reminiscent senility. Lafayette and Louis Philippe, Hancock and Washington, these in succession were the guests of the city in Colonial days, and gay were the streets, thronged with the pride and flower of the finest old Colonial society.

"Commerce drifted into other ports, the phantom fleet sailed off one day and never came back again. The crazy old warehouses are empty ; and barnacles and eelgrass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharves, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint spicy odor that haunts the place — the ghost of the old dead West India trade !"

No wonder that as he drove through the quiet old town the boy who was to write that paragraph thought it "the prettiest place in the world." The description continues : "The streets are long and wide, shaded by gigantic American elms, whose drooping branches, interlacing here and there, span the avenues with arches graceful enough to be the handiwork of fairies. Many of the houses have small flower gardens in front, gay in the season with china asters, and are substantially built, with massive chimney stacks and protruding eaves. A beautiful river goes rippling by the town,

and after turning and twisting among a lot of tiny islands, empties itself into the sea."

Was n't it fitting that such a town, the home of peace, should have been the scene of the peace negotiations after a great war a couple of years ago?

The boy of Rivermouth was sixteen years old when one day came the news of his father's death in New Orleans. Harvard hopes were relinquished, and Aldrich entered the counting house of his uncle, a New York merchant. The work was distasteful, but the youth persevered at it for three years. He began writing prose and verse for newspapers and magazines.

Howells said of him: "He was always a conscientious worker. He expended great care in everything he did, and would polish and re-polish his verses until they satisfied him thoroughly. I believe he takes as much pains now as he ever did. Consequently he is a rather slow worker.

"I have always found him a kindly friend and a delightful companion. He is a wonderfully fascinating talker, and is not only a poet of high merit, but a man with the keenest appreciation of humor. His conversation is always brilliant. I have sometimes felt that he is the wittiest man I have ever met."

From the start the distinguishing characteristic of Aldrich's career was the working together for good of his strength of character and "luck." He had sound sense and perseverance; but many men possessed of these qualities have found it a bitter struggle to succeed, and many such have failed altogether. Aldrich had no long, wearing wait for appreciation and popularity; his work "went" from the start.

It is literary gossip that his first short story, "Two Bites at a Cherry," brought him $1,000. But, gossip aside, the facts of his progressive successes show him as a rarely favored wooer of fortune. He never had to write for bread in a bare garret. In 1896 Hon. Henry L. Pierce, a "patron of letters," left to the poet, his intimate friend, a bequest of $200,000 and a farm at Ponkapog — familiar to Aldrich's readers who have jogged along with him "From Ponkapog to Pesth." To each of Aldrich's two sons Pierce left $100,000. During his latter years Aldrich spent his winters on Beacon Hill, dividing the summer seasons between his two country places — the one at Ponkapog and one on the seashore at Lynn.

Not in his stories nor in his essays, but in his verses are the sources of Aldrich's lasting reputation. Coming after what is called the "New England school," he, with Bayard Taylor and Edmund Clarence Stedman, led what may be called a "New York school." Their work was a "poetry of culture." Taylor formed the connecting link, with perhaps more of the old than the new. Stedman and Aldrich completed the advance. They both finished their poetical work years ago, and both lived to see their work take living, lasting form in our literature.

The "society verse" Aldrich wrote to perfection: compositions bright and clever, with quick play of fancy — but ephemeral as the moods that called them into being. They are showcase ornaments, fragile — the flash of the firefly, not the steady gleam of the star. To quote a single quatrain, "On Her Blushing": —

> Now the red wins upon her cheek,
> Now white with crimson closes
> In desperate struggle — so to speak,
> A War of Roses.

A beautiful lyric is the "Echo Song" — and this is a reminder that the severest criticism of Aldrich is that his echoes sometimes give back a hint of the voice of earlier poets. "Piscataqua River" is Bryantesque; "Landscape" is one of a group of snapshots of nature in her melancholy moods reminiscent of Longfellow. Now and then a mannerism strongly suggests Tennyson. In the "Invocation to Sleep" and elsewhere there are Keatsian lines. But isn't an echo like this worth while in itself?: —

> On still nights
> There is a folding of a world of wings;
> * * * * * * *
> Rest for innumerable nameless things.
> * * * * * * *
> A drowsy murmur floats into the air,
> Like thistle down. There is no bough but seems
> Weighted with slumber. * * *
> Couched on her leaf, the lily sways and dips;
> In the green dusk where joyous birds have sung
> Sits Silence with her finger on her lips.

This is not the place to analyze critically Aldrich's supreme work in his blank verse,

but "Wyndham Towers" and "Judith and Holofernes" are poems that we may proudly place with the best in American literature. Nance O'Neill's attempt in 1904 to make the "Judith" popular on the stage was a failure — and it is well that it was so. Tennyson wrote fine reading dramas that failed on the stage. The "Judith" in its original form is a splendid work of art, which withstands the test of comparison with Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum."

During the poet's illness, on Washington's Birthday, 1907, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of Pennsylvania. Of the man and his life work these words were said on that occasion: —

"For half a century his has been a figure in the world of letters. As editor of the leading literary magazine of the United States, as a critic, a poet, and a writer of books, he has done a good work in forming a pure literary taste, and his name has become well-nigh a household word wherever the best traditions of literature are preserved in American homes." — New York Sun.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Lurah Roberts Bennett, author of the story, "In the Wind from His Wings," in the National Magazine for March, is a newcomer among fiction writers. During the next few months, however, several of her stories will be published in some of the leading magazines. Two years ago she married William C. Bennett, of Fitchburg, Mass., who also is a writer.

Florence Martin Eastland, whose story, "The Price of Intervention," was published in the National Magazine for March, lives in Bellevue, Wash., and is a member of the Writers' Club of Seattle. "The Price of Intervention" is the second of a series, the first of which, "The Triumph of a Failure," was published in the National Magazine last September. Mrs. Eastland has had short stories in the Pacific Monthly and other publications, and various anecdotes and jokes in Lippincott's, the Saturday Evening *Post, and* a number of newspapers. The Bohemian will soon publish her story, "The Enchantment of Pan." Writing is a side-issue with her, adopted to broaden and enliven a quiet existence. She says that the care of a home and a family in that servantless land leaves little time for a prolific literary output.

Elizabeth Higgins, the author of the story, "The Stranger," in Appleton's Magazine for March, is a Westerner — born in Western Nebraska when it was the frontier, both her parents having been born in Illinois, on the advance line of civilization. She writes under her maiden name. In private life she is Mrs. Sullivan, a widow, and for the last two years she has lived with her mother in Omaha. Previously she had lived more or less in nearly every state and territory in the Union, and she knows the various phases of American life, the country and the village people intimately, while newspaper and charitable work have given her a good insight into the lives of the harder laboring folk and the destitute of the big cities. She has done comparatively little in a literary way, aside from a novel, "Out of the West," published more than four years ago by Harper & Brothers. The book was successful and attracted attention. It dealt of the rise and failure of the Populist upheaval of the early 'nineties, and portrayed the dramatic incidents rather than the machinery of politics — the parts which would naturally appeal to a woman: but the author knew her ground; she had come of three generations of lawyer-politicians, and the scenes of the story and its people were those of her own childhood.

Mary White Slater, author of the story, "The Reverend Robert North," in the Cosmopolitan for March, is a young Ohio woman, originally from Cincinnati, but living since her marriage in Ironton, O. This story, her first effort in the fictional field, was immediately accepted by the Cosmopolitan, and its publication brought a host of letters — critical, commendatory, and inquiring — from many parts of the country. The Cosmopolitan has also accepted Mrs. Slater's second story, and it will appear in a midsummer number. Mrs. Slater's work is

of the analytic, psychological order, studying phases of character, in which she takes a deep interest.

Emma Lee Walton, whose sketch, "Her Jimmie," appeared in Smith's Magazine for April, lives in Chicago, although she is a native of New Orleans. Her first magazine story appeared when she was in the high school, and since then — with the exception of three years which she spent at Cornell University, taking a special course in languages — she has written constantly, her work having been printed in Munsey's, the Puritan, the Associated Sunday Magazines, the Interior, Everybody's, Smith's Magazine, the Housekeeper, the Red Book, the Designer, the Chicago Evening Post, the Chicago Tribune, and several minor periodicals. Smith's Magazine will shortly publish her novelette, "The Red Barn," for which the editor asked after reading her work in other magazines. Miss Walton's hobby is French, to which she has devoted a number of years of study. She is an optimist, and her avowed purpose is never to write a story which shall leave a bad taste in the mouth.

Elizabeth Lambert Wood, the author of "The Village Widow," in the Pacific Monthly for March, and of "The Quest of Ruddy Brown," in Sunset for March, is a true Westerner, in birth and in spirit. Fond beyond measure of her native state, Oregon, she has been fortunate enough to spend several delightful years in the fascinating atmosphere of New Mexico and Arizona. "The Quest of Ruddy Brown" portrays life in that sunny land, while "The Village Widow" treats of the homely scenes of rural Oregon. Two years ago Mrs. Wood won a hundred-dollar prize in the Black Cat contest with her story of Chinese smuggling on Puget Sound, entitled "The Subtle Retreat." Since then she has had stories accepted by Little Folks, the Overland Monthly, Sunset, and the Pacific Monthly. She has just finished putting the last touches to a seventy-thousand-word manuscript dealing with the exciting times of cattle-rushing on the border lands between Arizona and Sonora in Mexico. During the past winter she has been constructing another long story of pioneer life in an out-of-the-way corner of that same country during the working of a great gold and copper mine.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hedin. — Where is Dr. Sven Hedin? The next news from him will be awaited with all the more interest because at present we know nothing of his whereabouts.

After his visit to the Tashi Lama in Shigatse, he went on down the Sanpo river, when he was suddenly confronted by a delegation from Lhasa which forbade him to travel any further in the direction of that city. Thereupon he disappeared from view, and we know nothing of him unless there is truth in the report of the Allahabad Pioneer that he intended to make his way to India through the lower Sanpo valley. In this case he has doubtless endeavored to circumvent Lhasa through the Southern mountains, returning to the Sanpo further east.

If the report is true, it is certainly an ambitious and perhaps a dangerous project. The Sanpo is the upper part of the Brahmaputra. Just before the river reaches India, it passes through a mountain stretch of 150 miles, where no explorer has seen it. Every traveler has been prevented from completing this last link in the survey of the great river by the hostility of the Mishmi tribe, which has thus far kept all white men out of its long valley.

The Scottish Geographical Society last year petitioned the Indian government to send a party to complete the survey of the Brahmaputra. No action has yet been taken, and it will be another feather in the cap of the great explorer if he should be able to dispel the mystery which still invests a part of the course of one of the famous rivers of the world. — New York Sun.

The London Express says that Dr. Hedin has left Shigatse, in Tibet, and is traveling in a northwesterly direction for Ladak. This is directly contrary to the New York Sun's supposition.

Muir. — John Muir is said to be groaning in spirit because his outdoor investigation of the mysteries of nature is about to be cur-

tailed for a time. He has lived a lifetime under the open sky ; now the time has come when he thinks it his duty to gather from the great mass of field notes the results of his many years of independent investigation.

In 1900, when the steamer of the Harriman Alaska expedition arrived in sight of the Stikine mountains, John Burroughs from the bridge called to Muir on the deck : "John Muir, you should have been up here twenty minutes ago, enjoying this, instead of sleeping down there in your bunk in the cabin." "John Burroughs," called back Muir, "you should have been up here twenty years ago, enjoying this, instead of sleeping down there in your cabin on the Hudson."

The point of Muir's apt retort is that he was just about twenty years ahead of everybody else in his chosen fields of investigation. Long before the discovery of gold made Alaska familiar to Americans, Muir had explored its glaciers. Long before the rest of the world knew anything about the Sierra Nevadas, except through the mining operations of the Argonauts and Bret Harte's stories, Muir was living among their peaks and studying their geology and their plant and forest life.

Though Muir has written much, it may be easily imagined that he finds the work irksome. For no white man has ever lived the simple life more simply. In the mountains, summer and winter, he disdains pack horse, tent, blankets, and firearms. For many years of the thirty that he has spent in studying the Sierras, his camp equipment consisted of a tin cup, a packet of tea, a sack of bread, and a hand axe. Traveling thus, he went where only the goats and birds had been before him.

An investigator like Muir is born, not made. When a farmer's boy in Wisconsin, fresh from his native Scotland, his father's strict discipline gave him little time of his own in the day. So he got up at one o'clock every morning, went to the cellar, where it was comparatively warm, and by candle light read Shakspere, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Scott, and studied botany and mathematics. He was a born inventor, and the neighbors admired his inventions so much that they persuaded him to take them to a state fair at Madison. This trip resulted in his entering the University of Wisconsin, where he worked his way and took a special course in chemistry, botany, and mathematics.

After college he explored alone the Great Lakes region, paying special attention to botany and geology. Threatened with blindness, he made up his mind to see as much as he could, and started to tramp South, sleeping in the open air wherever night overtook him, and working occasionally to keep himself in funds. At Tampa he embarked for Cuba, intending ultimately to explore the Amazon. After an attack of Cuban fever, he sailed for California by way of the Isthmus.

Landing at San Francisco, he walked to the Sierras, which he has ever since called home, though his wanderings have taken him all over the globe. He discovered the Muir glacier in Alaska, one of the greatest in the world. He went with the Corwin Arctic expedition in search of De Long. He has studied the glaciers of Sweden and Norway. He has been around the world to study its trees, walking hundreds of miles to reach forests otherwise inaccessible.

His work in the Sierras has been valuable. Among other things, he proved that the Yosemites were formed by glacial erosion, and not by a prehistoric cataclysm. He discovered the principal glaciers, and gave to science its first accurate knowledge of the Big Trees. He has discovered petrified forests in Arizona. He is the father of the national impulse for national forests and scenic parks.

Muir's work has produced extensive additions to the knowledge of botany and geology. He has also given to the world some real nature literature that is both scientifically sound and interesting. He has lived his own life and gone his own way, indifferent to material reward. Professorships in Eastern colleges he has refused on the ground that there are already too many men teaching things they have got out of books. "What are needed," he says, "are original investigators to write new books."

John Muir is certainly an original investigator. He has accumulated great stacks

of notes. Let us hope that the result will be some new books that are worth while! — Chicago Inter Ocean.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Origin of "The Hanging of the Crane."— With the new illustrated edition of "The Hanging of the Crane" comes the late T. B. Aldrich's explanation of its origin: —

"One morning in the spring of 1867, Mr. Longfellow came to the little home in Pinckney street (Boston), where we had set up housekeeping in the light of our honeymoon. As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Longfellow, turning to me, said: 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small round table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it; as years go on, leaf after leaf will be added, until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic poem of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months afterward I received a note from Mr. Longfellow, in which he expressed a desire to use this motif in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one peculiarly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew 'The Hanging of the Crane.'"

Italian Influence on English Literature.— Sidney Lee has been giving an entertaining lecture setting forth Italian influence on English literature. Chaucer, he said, had been deeply influenced by Italian authors, but Chaucer was an isolated instance, and it was not until the sixteenth century that English study of Italian writings began to show a marked effect. The only sixteenth-century writer, he noted, who gave evidence of direct acquaintance with Dante's poem was Sir John Harrington, the translator of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Certain resemblances of thought and expression between Shakspere and Dante were doubtless accidental. For Western Europe Petrarch was the creator of the sonnet. Poetry in England in the sixteenth century might be said to have come into existence in the form of imitations of Petrarch's sonnets. Not only the sonnet, but satiric poetry, too, owed its influence in England to the influence of Petrarch, and blank verse, moreover, the implement of great English drama, was also a modern Italian invention. The use of prose in comedies was first introduced in a play translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto.

Boccaccio first showed Western Europe how to write a novel, and many of his tales found their way in various forms into English literature. Outside imaginative literature, Machiavelli exerted the deepest influence in England, his greatest disciple being Bacon. On the whole, Italian influence on English literature, as on English life, was very beneficial. — New York Tribune.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SELECT LIST OF WORKS RELATING TO TAXATION OF INHERITANCES AND OF INCOMES. Compiled under the direction of Appleton Prentiss Clark Griffin. 86 pp. Paper, 20 cents. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1907.

The latest addition to the valuable series of reference monographs issued by the Library of Congress is primarily concerned with works in the library relating to inheritance and income taxation in the United States. A portion of the list, however, is devoted to such forms of taxation in foreign countries. The titles of the works on inheritance taxation are given first, and then those on income taxation. Next follow a list of congressional documents and debates relating to direct taxation, and a list of treatises on the constitution of the United States which give consideration to the taxing power under the constitution.

DON'TS FOR EVERYBODY. A handy book of hints and helps intended for all classes and conditions of society. Compiled by Frederic Reddale. 95 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1907.

This new "Don't" book is in the main sensible and practical. It includes "Don'ts" for authors, letter writers, bachelors, old maids, golfers, automobilists, and other classes, as well as "Don'ts" for everyday conversation, accenting in pronunciation, social behavior, etc. Almost anybody who will look it through will learn something from it. It is surely worth a quarter.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

IN THE DAYS OF GOLDSMITH. By Tudor Jenks. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1907.

LIFE OF HAWTHORNE. By Frank P. Stearns. Illustrated. 462 pp. Cloth, $2.00, net. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

THE SHORT-STORY. By Evelyn May Albright. M. A. 260 pp. Cloth, 90 cents, net. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP. By Frederic Reddale. 97 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1907.

JOURNALISM. By George W. Ochs, publisher of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Reprinted from the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for July, 1906. 20 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science. 1906.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Bliss Perry. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE DAWN OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA. John Corbin. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI. Frank Jewett Mather. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

DELIGHTS OF THE PERIODICAL INDEX. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

WILLIAM SHARP AND "FIONA MACLEOD." With portrait. Ernest Rhys. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

LITERATURE AS A BUSINESS. William Dean Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for May.

THE FORMER HABIT OF ANONYMITY IN MAGAZINES. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for May.

ERNEST RENAN IN HIS YOUTH. — I. Illustrated. Alys Hallard. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

HENRY JAMES — "IN HIS OWN COUNTRY" — I. With frontispiece portrait. H. G. Dwight. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

QUACK JOURNALISM. L. H. Harris. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

LITERATURE AND STATESMANSHIP. Illustrated. Edward Everett. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

THE DECADENCE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Herbert Paul. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF HISTORIANS. John Spencer Bassett. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

PRESENT-DAY TENDENCIES IN FICTION. Herbert W. Horwill. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

RECENT TRIBUTES TO LONGFELLOW. Professor W. P. Trent. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

THE FETICH OF FORM AND SOME RECENT NOVELS. Frederic T. Cooper. *Bookman* (28 c.) for May.

THE AMERICAN YELLOW PRESS. Charles Whibley. *Bookman* (28 c.) for May.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman* (28 c.) for May.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Gilbert Donaldson. *Reader for May.*

MARK TWAIN AND HIS DOUBLE. Raffaele Simboli. *Ladies' Home Journal* (18 c.) for May.

THE MOST MODEST AUTHOR IN AMERICA. Mrs. Thaddeus Horton. *Ladies' Home Journal* (18 c.) for May.

THE EVOLUTION OF A DRAMATIST. Ada Patterson. *Theatre* (28 c.) for May.

HOW TO WRITE A COMIC OPERA. Everett Graham. *Bohemian* for May.

A LITERARY PLAYWRIGHT (William Vaughn Moody). With portrait. *Smith's Magazine* (18 c.) for May.

THE MAN WHO WAS ALWAYS A BOY (Henry D. Thoreau). With photographs. Gilbert P. Coleman. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for May.

JEREMIAH CURTIN, AMERICAN SCHOLAR. With portrait. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for March.

THE NEWSPAPER'S CONTEMPT FOR THE PUBLIC. Interview with the City Editor by a City Editor. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for March.

THE ARTIST IN FRANK NORRIS. Illustrated. Denison Hailey Clift. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for March.

FACILITY AND FELICITY IN WESTERN LETTERS. Porter Garnett. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for March.

JACK LONDON — HIS RELATION TO LITERARY ART. Porter Garnett. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for March.

DIRECT QUOTATIONS. Henry Lincoln Clapp. *Education* (38 c.) for March.

HOMES OF LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Mary H. Northend. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

GOOD EYESIGHT IN RELATION TO GOOD HEALTH. Dr. Luther H. Gulick. *World's Work* (28 c.) for March.

ERRORS IN SPEAKING AND WRITING. Mrs. Frank Learned. *Ladies' World* (13 c.) for March.

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS AND FAKE NATURAL HISTORY. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 23.

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF LITERATURE. "A. A. A." *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for April.

A GLANCE AT WORDSWORTH'S READING.—II. Lane Cooper. *Modern Language Notes* (38 c.) for April.

BROWNING'S DRAMAS. — II. Caroline L. Sparrow. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for April.

EMERSON THE ANARCHIST. Bolton Hall. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

THE COMPANIONABLE BOOK. James Buckham. *Circle* (18 c.) for April.

TRAVELERS' ENGLISH. Professor George P. Baker. *Education* (38 c.) for April.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — XV. and XVI *North American Review* (28 c. each) for April 5 and 19.

FIONA MACLEOD AND HER CREATOR, WILLIAM SHARP. Catharine A. Janvier. *North American Review* (28 c.) for April 5.

HUMOR: ITS KINSFOLK AND ACQUAINTANCE. Chauncey B. Brewster. *North American Review* (28 c.) for April 5.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, 1836-1907. With portrait. Henry Mills Alden. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 6.

THE BICENTENARY OF FIELDING. C. H. Gaines. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 20.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE: A PRACTICAL IDEALIST. With cover portrait. Edward Everett Hale, Jr. *Outlook* (15 c.) for April 6.

DR. HOLMES IN PERSPECTIVE. H. W. Boynton. *New York Times Saturday Review* for April 6.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. The septuagenary of the poet who published "The Queen Mother and Rosamund" forty-six years ago. *New York Times Saturday Review* for April 6.

THE BICENTENARY OF HENRY FIELDING. *New York Times Saturday Review* for April 20.

THE CAREER OF EDWIN L. GODKIN. Edward Cary. *New York Times Saturday Review* for April 20.

THE HYMNS OF THE LONGFELLOWS. Rev. James H. Ross. Reprinted from the *Cambridge Chronicle* in the *Christian Register* (8 c.) for April 18.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. With portrait. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for April 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

F. Marion Crawford has returned to New York for the first time in two years, and will stay in the United States about two months. Mr. Crawford will soon publish a book dealing with the life of Beatrice Cenci, heroine of the celebrated Italian tragedy of the sixteenth century.

Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") is recovering from an attack of the grippe, with which he was confined to his bed on his eighty-fifth birthday, April 19, in his home at Edgewood, near New Haven.

Jack London's sailboat, the Snark, started April 23 for Honolulu, the first port on a six-years' cruise around the world. The vessel is forty-five feet long, ketch-rigged, and its occupants, besides London and his wife, are Herbert S. Stoltz, a Stanford graduate and athlete; Roscoe Fames, captain; Martin Johnson, cook; and Hileshisa Tochigi, cabin boy.

Richard Harding Davis has returned to London from the Congo.

John Burroughs, who spent several weeks at Atlantic City recuperating after a general breakdown, has returned to Florida, to continue his researches.

Work is about to begin on Mark Twain's new country house at Redding, Conn., where he has 100 acres in a picturesque spot known locally as "the glen." A park running down to the Saugatuck river has been planned, and the house, a concrete structure with a stucco exterior, will be quite imposing.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has been living for some time in Munich, expects to go to England soon and to make her home there for a while, either taking an apartment in London or a house in some attractive village, like St. Albans.

Barry Pain, the author of many short stories, will soon publish a little book for beginners, in which he has endeavored to lay down general principles, as well as to give advice upon matters of detail, in the art of writing fiction.

Professor Walter Raleigh's new study of the life of Shakspere has been added to the English Men of Letters Series.

Professor J. D. M. Ford, who has just been appointed to the Smith professorship at Harvard, which has been vacant since the death of Lowell, is writing a volume on "The Novel" for the Types of English Literature Series.

Joaquin Miller's autobiography is being printed serially in a number of newspapers — in the Boston Transcript on Saturdays and in the New York Sun on Sundays.

M. Edouard Maynial, whose "La vie et l'oeuvre de Guy de Maupassant" is the latest study of an ill-starred genius, has something to say about de Maupassant's earnings twenty years ago, when he was a "big seller" in Paris. For his novels, it appears, he was paid at the average rate of about three cents a word for serial rights, and his income from his pen was from 28,000 to 35,000 francs.

Edmond Lepelletier is about to publish in Paris his "Paul Verlaine: sa vie, son oeuvre." He was Verlaine's intimate, and to him the poet left his papers for biographical use. Now Lepelletier offers the true story of Verlaine's life, which has been in many ways falsely reported.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish a series of illustrated "cameos of literature," beginning with two volumes on Richard Wagner as a poet, and Maxim Gorky. The series is to be edited by George Brandes.

Francis Griffith is to publish a Concordance, containing a complete list of characters and places in Charles Dickens's works.

Mrs. William Allingham is editing a biography of her husband, the late poet and one-time editor of Fraser's Magazine.

A new series of American biographies under the general editorship of Professor W. P. Trent will include "Poets," by Curtis Hidden Page, and "Novelists," by John Erskine.

W. M. Rossetti is about to publish another book made out of the papers of his family. This time it is the "Letters of Christina Rossetti."

The new "Life of Isabella Bird," by Anna M. Stoddard, brings out many interesting details concerning this remarkable writer and traveler. All her life Miss Bird suffered from a physical malady which was enough to make her a permanent invalid, yet she endured hardships of travel which were beyond the power of the strongest men.

The opening chapter of Dr. Appleton Morgan's autobiography, in New Shakespeareana, presents some curious features tending to show that Ralph Waldo Emerson was the actual originator of all the anti-Shaksperian theories.

Winston Churchill receives a royalty of thirty cents a volume, and already his receipts from "Coniston" are said to have been $150,000.

The People's Magazine (New York) is offering prizes for letters of criticism and suggestion concerning the magazine.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, is chairman of a committee which will award $1,950 in prizes in 1908 for essays on economic subjects. The prizes will be awarded in two classes: In the first class, a first prize of $1,000 and a second prize of $500 for the best treatise by a graduate of an American college since 1896; in the second class, a first prize of $300 and a second prize of $150 for the best essay by an undergraduate in an American college. The larger prizes may be awarded to undergraduates if the work of any undergraduate seems to be worthiest; but the lesser prizes cannot be awarded in the first class. Particulars may be obtained by addressing Professor Laughlin.

Burges Johnson is now managing editor of the Outing Magazine.

Government: a Magazine of Applied Politics, is a new monthly published by the Government Publishing Company of Boston.

Mr. Munsey has started still another magazine, called the Ocean, and devoted "to the travels of the sea, the tales of privation and suffering and slavery; of mutiny, and shipwreck, and savagery, and cannibalism, and combat, and courage; these, with ten thousand other phases of life and death and struggle, which have furnished a matchless multitude of stories to stir the blood and kindle the fancy."

The London Academy has again been sold. Sir George Newnes, who got it from John Morgan Richards, Mrs. Craigie's father, has turned it over to Sir Edward Tennant. Lord Alfred Douglas, a son of the late Marquis of Queensbury, is to be the editor.

Arms and the Man is the new name of Shooting & Fishing, published at 299 Broadway, New York.

One of the features of the Strand Magazine for May is "One Hundred Photographs of Dickensland," giving actual scenes made famous by the great novelist. The colored section contains seven gems of art by Landseer, Firth, Alma Tadema, and others, beautifully printed.

Between December 1 and March 1 Collier's Weekly bought just eleven short stories.

Mrs. Ida Eckert-Lawrence's next book will contain the odes that she wrote for the launching of the battleship Ohio and for the St. Louis exposition opening, together with about sixty short poems.

James Gillet, at one time Bret Harte's mining partner and the original of "Truthful James," has just died at Sonora, Calif.

William Henry Drummond died at Cobalt, Ont., April 6, aged fifty-three.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, D. D., died in Washington, D. C., April 7, aged eighty-four.

James Davis ("Owen Hall") died in London April 10, aged fifty-four.

Andre Theuriet died in Paris April 23, aged seventy-four.

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A NEW VIEW OF HAWTHORNE.

The biography of a successful author always possesses special interest for other writers, because of the lessons taught in it by the suggestion of practical example. For this reason, "The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne," * by Frank Preston Stearns, deserves a cordial welcome. An abstract of those portions relating particularly to Hawthorne's literary work will give readers of THE WRITER some idea of the special value of the book.

Students of the heredity of genius will be interested in the statement of Mr. Stearns that it seems probable that Hawthorne — born in Salem — owed his talent for writing to his mother, if he can be said to have owed it to any of his ancestors. He himself has left no word concerning his mother, of favorable or unfavorable import, but in after life he affirmed that his sister Elizabeth, who appears to have been her mother over again, could have written as well as he did. "With the shyness and proud reserve which he inherited from his mother," says Mr. Stearns, "there also came that exquisite refinement and feminine grace of style which forms the chief charm of his writing. The same refinement of feeling is noticeable in the other members of the Manning family. Where his imagination came from, it would be useless to speculate ; but there is no good art without delicacy."

A letter written by the boy to his uncle when he was nine or ten years old, after being laid up for a month by the injury to his foot which made him lame, more or less, for the three years succeeding, is clearly composed, well expressed, and filled with information — rather a remarkable production for a boy of his years. During this lameness, which curtailed his activities, the boy naturally turned to books for entertainment, and did some reading that no doubt had an important influence on his after life. "There were excellent books in the house — Shakspere and Milton, of course, the 'Spectator,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'The Faerie Queene,' and the time had now come when these would be serviceable to him. He was not the only boy that has enjoyed Shakspere at the age of ten, but that he should have found interest in Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' is somewhat exceptional. Even among professed littérateurs, there are few that read that long allegory, and still fewer that enjoy it ; and yet Miss Manning assures us that

*LIFE OF HAWTHORNE. By Frank P. Stearns. Illustrated. 462 pp. Cloth, $2.00, net. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

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Hawthorne would muse over it for hours."

"At the age of twelve years and seven months he composed a short poem, so perfect in form and mature in judgment that it is difficult to believe that so young a person could have written it. . . . He composed a number of poems between his thirteenth and seventeenth years, quite as good as those of Longfellow at the same age; but after he entered Bowdoin College he dropped the practice altogether, and never resumed it. Neither does he appear to have tried his hand in writing tales. During the years of his lameness he sometimes invented extemporaneous stories, which invariably commenced with a voyage to some foreign country, from which his hero never returned. This shows how continually his father's fate was in his mind. He was fond of playing upon the wharves, and watching the great ships sailing to far-off lands and returning with their strange cargoes, — enough to stimulate any boy's imagination, if he has it in him."

The removal of his mother, with her children, to a farmhouse near Lake Sebago in Maine, where the family remained, with some intermissions, from 1817 to 1822, gave the boy experience of country life. "He enjoyed the small shooting, fishing, sailing, and skating that the place afforded, but in later years he wrote to Bridge: 'It was at Sebago that I learned my cursed habit of solitude,' and this pursued him through life like an evil genius, placing him continually at a disadvantage with his fellow men."

The diary that the boy is supposed to have kept while living on the shores of Sebago — published in 1870 in the Portland Transcript — is not certainly authentic, although Mr. Stearns says that its internal evidence is so strongly in its favor as to be almost conclusive. "The purity of its diction, the nice adaptation of each word to its purpose, and the accuracy of detail are much in its favor; besides which the personal reflections in it are exactly like Hawthorne."

"In August, 1820, he started an imaginary newspaper, called the Spectator, which he wrote himself, with some help from Louisa, and of which there was only one copy of each number. He continued this through five successive issues."

The four years that Hawthorne spent at Bowdoin College — from 1821 to 1825 — show no signs of unusual literary activity. Among his college mates were Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States; Horatio Bridge, whose memoirs of Hawthorne are most valuable; and Longfellow, with whom, however, in college Hawthorne never became cordially acquainted. Hawthorne's degree at graduation was made out in the name of Nathaniel Hathorne, which was the spelling of the family name up to that time. Above it he subsequently wrote "Hawthorne" in bold letters. This was probably done in 1827, when he changed his name from Hathorne to Hawthorne.

After graduation, Hawthorne's Uncle Robert, who had thus far proved to be his guardian genius, offered him the position of bookkeeper for the Salem stage company in which he was interested — an opportunity which naturally did not seem attractive to the young graduate. "In this dilemma, he decided to do the one thing for which Nature intended him — to become a writer of fiction — and he held fast to this determination, in the face of most discouraging obstacles. He composed a series of short stories — echoes of his academic years — which he proposed to publish under the title of Wordsworth's popular poem, 'We Are Seven.' He carried them to a publisher, who received him politely and promised to examine them, but one month passed after another without Hawthorne's hearing from them, so that he concluded at length to make inquiries. The publisher confessed that he had not even undertaken to read them, and Nathaniel carried them back with a sinking heart to his little chamber in the house on Herbert street. Youth, however, soon outgrows its chagrins. In less than two years Hawthorne was prepared to enter the literary lists, equipped with a novelette called 'Fanshawe'; but here again he was destined to meet with a rebuff. After tendering it to a number of publishers without encouragement, he concluded to take the risk of publishing it himself. This cost him only a few hundred dollars, but the result was unsatisfactory, and he afterward destroyed all the copies that he could regain possession of. Hawthorne's genius was of slow development. He was only twenty-four when he published this

rather immature work, and it might have been better if he had waited longer."

It was not until 1830 that, "after the failure of 'Fanshawe,' he returned to his original plan of writing short stories, and this time with success. In January, 1830, the well-known tale of 'The Gentle Boy' was accepted by S. G. Goodrich, the editor of a Boston publication called the Token, who was himself better known in those days under the nom-de-plume of 'Peter Parley.'" Other stories followed, and after 1833 the Token and the New England Magazine stood ready to accept all the short pieces that Hawthorne could give them, but they did not encourage him to write serial stories. It was not the custom then for writers to sign their names to magazine articles, so that Hawthorne gained nothing in reputation by this. Some of his earliest pieces were printed over the signature of "Oberon."

"Hawthorne was poorly paid, often obliged to wait a long time for his pay, and occasionally lost it altogether. For his story of 'The Gentle Boy,' one of the gems of literature, he received the paltry sum of thirty-five dollars. Evidently he could not earn even a modest maintenance on such terms, and his letters to Bridge became more despondent than ever."

"Goodrich soon perceived that Hawthorne could make better sentences than his own, and engaged him to write historical abstracts for his pitiful Peter Parley books, paying him one hundred dollars for the whole work, and securing for himself all the credit that appertained to it. In the spring of 1836, Goodrich obtained for Hawthorne the editorship of the American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, with a salary of five hundred dollars; but he soon discovered that he had embarked on a ship with a rotten hulk. He started off heroically, writing the whole of the first number, with the help of his sister Elizabeth; but by midsummer the concern was bankrupt, and he retired to his lonely cell, more gloomy and despondent than before."

Horatio Bridge now acted the part of a good angel. He wrote to Goodrich, suggesting the publication of a volume of Hawthorne's stories, and offered to guarantee the publisher *against loss.* This proposition was readily accepted. The book, which was the first volume of "Twice-Told Tales," proved an immediate success, although it was not a highly lucrative one for its author.

About this time Hawthorne's own diary commences — "the autobiography of a pure-minded, closely-observing man, continued nearly until the close of his life, and now published in a succession of American, English, and Italian notebooks. In it we find records of what he saw and thought; descriptive passages, afterward made serviceable in his works of fiction, and perhaps written with that object in view; fanciful notions jotted down on the impulse of the moment; records of his social life; but little critical writing, or personal confession."

Longfellow's review of Hawthorne's first book in the North American Review authoritatively "enrolled Hawthorne in the order of geniuses." Longfellow's characterization of Hawthorne's style was particularly apt. He said: "Although Hawthorne writes in prose, he belongs among the poets. To every subject he touches he gives a poetic personality which emanates from the man himself. His sympathies extend to all things living, and even to the inanimates. Another characteristic is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are."

"Hawthorne," says Mr. Stearns, "is not a word painter, like Browning and Carlyle, but obtains his pictorial effect by simple accuracy of description, — a more difficult process than the other, but also more satisfactory. His eyes penetrate the masks and wrappings which cover human nature, as the Röntgen rays penetrate the human body. He sees a man's heart through the flesh and bones, and knows what is concealed in it."

Hawthorne was now beginning to get an income from his literary work, but he was doubtless glad to take a position as a weigher and gauger in the Boston custom house, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. When, in 1841, he enlisted in the Brook Farm enterprise, he invested in it a thousand dollars, which he had saved from his custom-house salary. What he hoped for from Brook Farm — as we learn by his letters to Miss Sophia Peabody, to whom he had become engaged — was a means of gaining his daily bread, with leisure to accomplish a fair

amount of writing, and at the same time to enter into such society as might be congenial to his future consort.

He did not find the Brook Farm environment favorable for his literary work. "Composition for Hawthorne meant a severe mental strain. Those sentences, pellucid as a mountain spring, were not clarified without an effort. The faculty on which Hawthorne depended for this, as every artist does, was his imagination, and imagination is as easily disturbed as the electric needle. . . . Bismarck, who was also an artist in his way, confessed to the same mental disturbance from noise and general conversation which Hawthorne felt at Brook Farm."

In return for his claim against the West Roxbury Utopia, Hawthorne received a lease of the "Old Manse" in Concord, where he settled down after his marriage in 1842, determined to try once more if he could earn his living by his pen. "It was now, and not at Brook Farm," says Mr. Stearns, "that he found his true Arcadia, and we have his wife's testimony that for the first eighteen months or more at the 'Old Manse' they were supremely happy. Every morning after breakfast he donned the blue frock which he had worn at West Roxbury, and went to the woodshed, to saw and split wood for the daily consumption. After that he ascended to his study in the second story, where he wrote and pondered until dinner time. After dinner he usually walked to the post-office, and to a reading room in the centre of the town. Later in the afternoon he went rowing or fishing on the river. In the evenings he read Shakspere with Mrs. Hawthorne. How can a man fail to be happy in such a mode of life!"

"Hawthorne's earthly paradise, however, endured only until the autumn of 1843. When cool weather arrived, want and care came, also." At that time he wrote to George S. Hillard that the sales of his "Twice-Told Tales," at the time of the last account a year before, had not been enough to pay expenses. Toward the close of his second year at the Manse, Hawthorne found himself running in debt for the necessaries of life. Meanwhile he was working on the stories of "Mosses from an Old Manse," which was published, probably, in the autumn of 1845. That fall Hawthorne left the Old Manse to return to Salem, and in March, 1846, he was appointed surveyor of the port, or, as it is now more properly called, collector of the customs. The salary was not large, but it was a dignified position, and allowed Hawthorne sufficient leisure for other pursuits — the leisure of the merchant or the banker. The defeat of his political party, however, in the election of 1848, caused his dismissal from office. At first he was wholly unnerved by this misfortune. He wrote to Hillard, saying: "If you can do anything in the way of procuring me some stated literary employment, in connection with a newspaper, or as corrector of the press to some printing establishment, it could not come at a better time. I shall not stand upon my dignity. Do not think anything too humble to be mentioned to me." "It was under such tragical conditions, well suited to the subject, that he continued his work on 'The Scarlet Letter.'" Hillard persuaded James T. Fields, the younger partner of Ticknor & Co., to take an interest in Hawthorne. Fields went to Salem soon afterward, and the publication of "The Scarlet Letter" was arranged. The first edition of five thousand copies was taken up within a month, and after this Hawthorne suffered no more from financial embarrassment.

Hawthorne's treatment of historical facts in writing fiction was not in accordance with accepted literary ethics. Mr. Stearns says: "Nothing that Hawthorne published is to be considered of historical or biographical value. It is all fiction. He sported with historical facts and traditions, and the manuscript which he pretends to have discovered at his office in the custom house, written by one of his predecessors there, is a piece of pure imagination, which serves to give additional credibility to his narrative. He knew well enough how large a portion of what is called history is fiction, after all, and the extent to which professed historians deal in romance. He felt that he was justified so long as he did not depart from the truth of human nature."

"Hawthorne's method of developing his stories resembles closely that of the historical painter; and it was only in this way that he could produce such vivid effects. He selected models for his principal characters, and

studied them as his work progressed. The original of The Reverend Dimmesdale was quickly recognized in Salem as an amiable, inoffensive person of whom no one suspected any evil, and that was, no doubt, the reason why Hawthorne selected him for his purpose. Hester was evidently some one with whom the author was well acquainted — perhaps his younger sister. It is still more probable that Pearl is a picture of Hawthorne's own daughter, who was of the right age for such a study, and whose sprightly, fitful, and impulsive actions correspond to those of Hester's child. It was his custom, as appears from his last unfinished work, to leave blank spaces in his manuscript while in the heat of composition, which, like a painter's background, were afterward filled in with descriptions of scenery, or some subsidiary narrative."

"The House of Seven Gables" was written at Lenox, where Hawthorne had leased a small cottage, and was completed in five months. It is interesting to note that this romance is the only one of Hawthorne's larger works which ends happily. It was followed by the "Wonder Book," which was written very rapidly, at an average of ten pages a day. In the summer of 1851 Hawthorne wrote to his friend Pike at Salem: "By the way, if I continue to prosper as heretofore in the literary line, I shall soon be in condition to buy a place; and if you should hear of one, say worth from $1,500 to $2,000, I wish you would keep your eye on it for me. I should wish it to be on the sea coast, or, at all events, within easy access to the sea." When the Hawthornes left Lenox, however, it was to live for a time in Newton, one of Boston's suburbs. "The Blithedale Romance" was finished on the last day of April, 1862. In that year Hawthorne returned to Concord, buying the house which has ever since been known by the name of "The Wayside." He had hardly settled himself there when Franklin Pierce was nominated for the Presidency. Hawthorne wrote a campaign biography of his old college friend. After Pierce's election, Hawthorne was appointed to the Liverpool consulate, which at that time was supposed to be worth $25,000 a year, but which did not prove to him so profitable as was anticipated. Before the appointment came he had completed writing "Tanglewood Tales."

His life during the next four years contained little of literary interest, although after his return from Liverpool he published a volume of English sketches, which he entitled "Our Old Home." After resigning his office, in 1857, he went to Italy at the beginning of the following year, and settled down in June at Florence, where he blocked out his sketch of "The Romance of Monte Beni" in a single month. "The Marble Faun" was written, however, in England the next fall, being first published there under the unhappy title, "Transformation."

In 1860 Hawthorne returned to America and to the Wayside at Concord. He designed a tower to be constructed at one corner of the Wayside, and made his study in its upper room, — a room exactly twenty feet square, with a square, vaulted ceiling and five windows. He wrote at a high desk, like Longfellow, and walked back and forth in the room while thinking out what he was going to say. It was in this workshop that he wrote the greater part of "Septimus Felton" and "The Dolliver Romance."

At this time his health, affected seriously by the illness of his daughter Una, had begun to decline, and as Mr. Stearns says: "From this time forth one discouragement followed another." In February, 1864, it was arranged that Mr. Fields's partner, W. D. Ticknor, who was also ailing, and Hawthorne should go on a journey southward for their health. They went as far as Philadelphia, where at the hotel Ticknor was suddenly seized with a mortal malady, and died almost in Hawthorne's arms. This shock inevitably had a most unfavorable effect upon Hawthorne's own condition. His old friend, Franklin Pierce, came to him and took him to New Hampshire, where he died, during his sleep, in the night of May 18, at the Pemigewasset House at Plymouth.

This abstract necessarily gives an inadequate idea of the value and interest of Mr. Stearns's book. Its leading feature is a series of descriptions and characterizations of all of Hawthorne's works, with critical examination of his genius The volume is a notable addition to American literary biography.

Boston, Mass. William H. Hills.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Rev. John B. Tabb writes to the editor of THE WRITER : "Of my forthcoming book, 'Quip and Quiddits,' announced by Small, Maynard, & Co., I should like, so far as an *author may,* to disclaim the responsibility. This I have left entirely to the publishers — the preface, the selection of the verses, and the pictures being all in their hands. Even the proofs I have never revised."

* * *

The postage on magazines mailed from the United States to subscribers in Canada has been increased, so that the price of THE WRITER to Canadian subscribers hereafter will be $1.12 a year, as it is to subscribers in all other foreign countries, excepting Mexico.

* * *

Mr. James Bryce's question, "Who are your American poets ?" has been answered in part in interviews with Colonel Higginson, Charles T. Copeland, Henry M. Alden, and Professor Trent, who suggest such names as those of George E. Woodberry, William Vaughn Moody, Edward Arlington Robinson, Ridgley Torrance, Charles Leonard Moore, Lloyd Mifflin, Madison J. Cawein, Amélie Rives, Edith Thomas, and Florence Earle Coates. This is particularly interesting, because it shows who are regarded by competent critics — one of them the editor of one of our leading magazines — as our best living poets, and also because no mention is made of Henry van Dyke, whose name surely should not be omitted in making such a list. It is interesting, moreover, because the writers named may all be classed as literary poets, whose work is of a nature to appeal to the cultivated reader rather than stir the blood of the great populace. A great poet, some may say, must touch the heart as well as gratify the intellect. The poet whose work is distinguished by literary finish rather than by human interest will never make his name a household word.

* * *

Professor Trent, after mentioning a few names, says that there are "many — literally many — others, we Americans have today living among us, poets whose devotion to their art and whose gratifying success in this or that phase of it have given genuine pleasure and profit to thousands of readers, even if for many reasons their work has not produced far-reaching effects upon our heterogenous population." This is true, and Professor Trent might have added that many

of them publish chiefly in newspapers, and are unknown to the readers of the magazines. American magazine poetry, as a rule, to-day appeals to the intellect rather than the heart. The newspapers, on the other hand, are all the time publishing poems of real merit, full of human interest, some of them rough in form, but many of them finely finished, and good enough to make their authors famous if they could have the national circulation and the prestige of the magazines. There is no reason to regard despairingly the present state of poetry in America. There are real poets, many of them, and they have their audience, although their names may not be nationally known. When magazine editors begin to choose poems for their heart interest rather than for their literary polish or their labored phrase-effect, these writers will have the fame that is their due, and then, when an English ambassador asks a sarcastic question, the people — and perhaps also the critics — will be quick with their reply.

W. H. H.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XX. — EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

Edwin Lefèvre writes successfully of Wall street, because he knows it intimately and well. That he should see the romance in the daily rush of business about the whirring ticker is not strange, considering his origin and his experience. His father, of Huguenot ancestry, was in the Northern navy in our Civil War. At a ball at Colon, where his ship put in, he met the daughter of the Spanish chief justice, and as soon as the war was over he hastened back to marry her. It was in Central America that Edwin Lefèvre himself was born. His father remained there for some years, with alternations of life in San Francisco, as representative of the Pacific Mail Company.

When Edwin was but ten years old he was attacked in San Francisco with typhoid fever, and the doctors said he could not live. He was far from being a good patient. He came so to loathe his medicine that he wilfully refused to take it unless he was given a gold piece for each dose; and his pile of gold grew large.

Things moved rapidly in those days in that part of the world, he says; and he remembers that his little brother came to his bedside one day and piped up casually, as little brothers are apt to pipe up on matters little or big: "I say, Eddie, the undertaker's been here!"

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

Edwin was angry. "I decided to beat the undertaker," he says. And he did.

Moreover he still remembers how bitterly an injustice rankled in his youthful mind — that his father made him pay for his next overcoat out of that gold!

That father, indeed, had much to do with Edwin's development. From the first he taught self-reliance and independence of action, and he sent Edwin, ten years old, on a solitary voyage of convalescence to China — and Edwin still remembers not only how that strange land fascinated his boyish imagination, but how boyishly angry he was because the men and women were dressed so much alike that he could n't tell them apart.

Next, back to Panama. There he learned to do deep-sea diving with the pearl fishers,

and used to venture forty miles at sea in dug-outs with natives of the coast. He used to hunt in the tropical jungle, and often listened to wild tales of ghosts and witches from those who implicitly believed in them.

Now, it must not be thought, on account of his unusual ancestry and experiences, that Lefèvre is a sort of foreigner. Meet him, and you will find in him the very essence of Americanism. In appearance he is every inch a New-Yorker. After all, on his father's side there is English-speaking ancestry ever since the seventeenth century. But the Spanish strain shows in his dark complexion, black hair, black mustache, and striking dark-brown eyes.

Lefèvre was educated in the United States; first at a school in Michigan, and then at Lehigh University, and has lived in this country since his school and college days. His father wanted him to be an engineer. Edwin himself wanted to be a writer.

"Become a writer, if you must, only after you have a money-making profession," urged the father.

But Edwin's idea was to make writing itself pay. Leaving college and facing life, he could not at once get a foothold. He taught school for a time. He worked for a trade journal. He "free-lanced"; that is, he found a market when he could, and if he could, for his articles.

He would not tell his straits to his father, for he was acting against the father's judgment. But he kept at it. He broadened his acquaintance. He wrote some short stories and tried them upon editor after editor, till he finally placed them somewhere in the West. He had not struck his gait.

He made up his mind that he was not on the right track. Just then an acquaintance, who represented one of the daily newspapers in Wall street, said: "Come and help me. I want an assistant who knows nothing of Wall street, for I want to teach him myself what he ought to know."

Lefèvre went into Wall street — but, by a grim chance, in a few weeks his potential teacher was dead, and he found himself in his place. Whereupon he had to learn Wall street for himself, which was just what he needed to do. He learned it as only a man can learn it who becomes familiar with every class that lives or labors there, that wins or loses there. When he began to write about the street he knew his subject. He approached one of the magazines. "The men who can write don't know Wall street. The men who know Wall street can't write. Don't you want some stories from *me*?"

The editor did. "Give me a couple," he said. "Give them to me now."

"All right — but just let me go over my manuscript a little ——"

"Well — this is Thursday. Give me a story by Monday."

Lefèvre hadn't even a single story written. Of course, though, he was full of ideas; and Monday morning found the manuscript in the editor's hands.

The story was about a woman who couldn't understand how stocks could go down when she owned them. It was a success. Other successes followed, — some short stories, afterward gathered into a volume; a Wall-street novel; some Wall-street articles; and now his novel, "Sampson Rock."

Lefèvre is young yet. He was born in 1871. He married five years ago.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, whose story, "One Plus One Equals Five Millions," was printed in the Delineator for May, is a Southern woman, her birthplace being Atlanta, Ga. Her maiden name was Peel, her family being distantly connected with the famous English family of that name, and more directly with the old John Hancock blood of Massachusetts. Mrs. Futrelle's husband is also a Southerner and an author, yet peculiarly enough there has never been any collaboration between them. For several years they lived in New York, and now they have a summer home, "The Bungalow," at Scituate, Mass. One of the first stories of Mrs. Futrelle's to attract attention was "An Interferer with Cupid," published in the Saturday Evening Post. Uncle Remus's Magazine will soon publish a story of hers, entitled "Cupid and the Comedian." A half-dozen other stories are scheduled for appearance in the next few months in leading magazines. This summer

Mrs. Futrelle will devote to a series of short stories, eight in all, about a singularly charming young chaperon, and after serial publication the stories will be published in book form. Mr. and Mrs. Futrelle expect to spend next winter in England and France.

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, whose story, "The Rioter," appeared in the Red Book for May, has perhaps been better known up to the present time as a writer of verse than as a short-story writer, although of late she has been paying more attention to the short-story writing. Her poems have appeared in the Reader, McClure's, the American Magazine, St. Nicholas, the Ladies' World, Ainslee's Magazine, the Youth's Companion, and other publications.

Don Marquis, whose poem, "The Tavern of Despair," appeared in Putnam's Monthly for May, and who has a poem, "His Memory," in the Pacific Monthly for June, is a newspaper man, and has served as reporter, copy reader, paragrapher, and "make-up man" on papers in Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, and Atlanta. For the last three years he has been associate editor of the Atlanta Journal, and he is at present associate editor of Uncle Remus's Magazine, which is edited by Joel Chandler Harris and published by the Sunny South Publishing Company. His verse has been printed in Scribner's, St. Nicholas, the American Illustrated Magazine, and the Pacific Monthly, and last February he had a story, "Behind the Curtain," in Putnam's Monthly.

Robert Wilson Neal, whose lively story, "The Toff," was published in the Metropolitan for May, says he is "a transplanted Southerner, a transposed Westerner, and a much-becolleged man." Of Virginia and Carolina descent, he was born in Illinois, holds two degrees from the University of Kansas and one from Harvard, has studied at Yale, taught in the University of Cincinnati and Rutgers College, and is now assistant professor of English in the Massachusetts State College at Amherst. He began newspaper writing when a student, and for two years worked with the editorial department of the World's Work Magazine. Recently he has conducted a department in the Northampton Daily Herald, in which, as "Pentik," he indulges in epigram and comment upon affairs under the latitudinous heading, "Things and Immortals." Besides newspaper articles and the indiscretion of Sunday school paper stories (abandoned, however, some time before the official disapproval of the mollycoddle), he has had published stories, illustrated articles, and other matter in the World's Work, the World To-Day, the Reader, Everybody's, the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine, and other periodicals. He wrote the alumni song of the University of Kansas, and he is the author of a number of occasional college poems, which differ somewhat in their conception from conventional academic verse. Mr. Neal is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. Several years of residence in New York have made him an enthusiastic admirer of the great city, and it is aspects of common life there that he is sketching in the series of "Tales of a Quick-Lunch Joint," of which "The Toff" is one.

Lucy Pratt, whose story, "The Entrance of Ezekiel," was printed in McClure's for May, is a Massachusetts woman, one of the many who have become interested in the negro race through connection with Hampton Institute. "The Entrance of Ezekiel"—which is the first of a series of stories of this same Ezekiel to be published in McClure's—is her first venture into the literary field. While at Hampton she became so interested in the study of negro children that these stories are the outgrowth of that experience.

Ellen Seward Pearce, whose story, "The Cap'n's Wooing," was printed in Short Stories for May, lives in Philadelphia, where she is a member of the Quaker City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is a graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Music, and most of her attention has been given to the study of the piano, so that she has given very little time to literary work. When quite young she was married to the captain of a coasting vessel, which has given her unlimited opportunity to study at close range the type depicted in "The Cap'n's

Wooing," and she intends to confine herself to seafaring stories of this kind in future.

J. Gordon Smith, author of the story, "The Home-Pennant," which appeared in the Red Book for May, is a newspaper man of Victoria, British Columbia, where he is marine editor of the Victoria Colonist. He was war correspondent of the London Morning Post during the Russo-Japanese war, and accompanied General Oku's army in the field, having many interesting experiences. Afterward he traveled in North China, visiting Mongolia. After the battle of Liaoyang, he rode 103 miles across country to Newchwang at the mouth of the Liao river, to cable to his newspaper an extended account of the great battle. He accomplished the ride upon one pony in twenty-three hours. The pony succumbed, and Mr. Smith says he himself was not far from doing so, and would have if he had n't had to cable that story. He is much interested in ethnological work in British Columbia, and has made numerous trips to northern points of Alaska and British Columbia, to collect legends and other information concerning the coast tribes of Indians. He has written many stories dealing with the coast Indians, and also various stories concerning marine men, principally adventures of pelagic sealers, an adventurous body of men among whom he has many friends. He has also written stories of old and modern Japan, and is now engaged on a book dealing with incidents of a Samurai's family's career during the Satsuma rebellion. "The Home-Pennant" is founded upon an incident told the author by some Japanese sealers at Yokohama. Mr. Smith was born at Leith, Scotland, thirty-two years ago.

Florence Guertin Tuttle, author of the sketch, "What Doth It Profit a Man?" in Short Stories for May, says that she cannot be a genius because she has had no "early struggles." Her first essay in fiction, "With Madness in His Method," took a prize in McClure's Magazine; another story, "The French Doll's Dowry," won a prize in the Black Cat contest; and a third, "Mademoiselle," was dramatized and played as a curtain raiser. Aside from these, she has had about two dozen stories published in various periodicals. It may be of interest to add that on her mother's side she is descended from Patrick Henry, while her father — Pierre Guertin — was a Frenchman from St. Hyacinthe, near Montreal. Bishop George A. Guertin of Manchester, N. H., is a cousin. In 1897 she married Frank Day Tuttle, of Yale, '87. The sketch, "What Doth It Profit a Man?" was suggested by a remark of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's: "Many a man, having plenty to retire upon, finds that he has nothing to retire to." It was written many years ago, but the man seems to the author to be the same type so cleverly drawn by Mr. Klein in "The Lion and the Mouse."

Howard Arnold Walter, author of the poem, "My Creed," in Harper's Bazar for May, was born in New Britain, Conn., in 1880, and was graduated from Princeton University, at the age of twenty-one, with highest honors in English literature. While at Princeton he was editor-in-chief of the Nassau Lit, and one of the editors of the Tiger. He entered Hartford Theological Seminary in the fall of 1905, and in September, 1906, responded to a call from Japan, where he is now teaching in Waseda University, and spending his leisure in writing for magazines and papers, both in Japan and in America.

"Jean Louise West," author of the story, "As Managed by Carolyn," in Lippincott's for May, is Maude Zella Herrick, who lives on a farm in Elk River, Minn., a community where the people are mostly descendants of New Englanders; where old-fashioned ferry boats are still in use, here and there, to cross the Mississippi; where Canadian French are numerous, and the class of men of Holman Day's stories are found — men who in winter go to the logging-camps of the "big woods," and in summer drive logs down the brooks and the Mississippi river. Miss Herrick is practically a beginner in literary work. When she was twelve years old she attempted to write a novel about the Siberian exiles,

but after rambling on for a couple of years, up into the neighborhood of a thousand pages, and being still unable to get past the middle of the story, she decided to wait for riper years. She gained a good deal of help in starting to write stories by taking work at the State University of Iowa, where the English department gives a good short-story course of two years, and where there is a writers' club and a coterie of young writers. "As Managed by Carolyn," by the way, is a sort of sequel to another story, "From the Background's Point of View," which was published in Lippincott's for December. Miss Herrick will write under her own name in future.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Watson.—There is a curious synchronism between the kailyard and cabbage patch developments in the world of books. The kailyard is the exact Scotch equivalent of cabbage patch, and was adapted in application to the so-called "kailyard school of literature" from the use of the term by the late Ian Maclaren in his first book, quoting on the back of the dedication to his wife the words of the old Jacobite song, referring to the white rose: —

"There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kailyard,
And white are the blossoms on't in our kailyard."

The phrase was one that stuck, and it was applied not only to the works of the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," but also to those of his contemporaries, J. M. Barrie and S. R. Crockett, whose stories of the humbler walks of Scottish life speedily gained much popularity. Dr. Watson said the purpose of his writing was "to show the rose in places where many persons look for cabbages."

Major Pond tells of this incident that occurred at one of Dr. Watson's lectures: "He amused his audience by telling of a letter he had received, asking whether the first name of his pseudonym was pronounced Ian, Eean, Yan, Yon, Yane, John, Jan, or Jane. 'In answer to this question,' said Dr. Watson, 'I would say that if you want to pronounce it like an Englishman you will say I-an; if like a Scotchman, Ee-an; and if like a Highlander, Ee-on.'"

Of his method of composition Dr. Watson said in regard to his short stories: "Each one was turned over in my mind for months before I put pen to paper. It took a prodigious amount of mental labor before I even had a story formed in my head. Then I blocked it out at one sitting. Then the thing was put aside while I went over and over in my mind each detail — each line of dialogue, each touch of description — determining on the proper place, attitude, share, color, and quality of each bit, so that the whole might in the end be a unit, not a bundle of parts. By and by came the actual writing, with the revision and its correction which accompanies and follows. The actual composition of 'The Bonnie Brier Bush' stories occupied fifteen months. They were the more difficult because in every case the character is revealed in dialogue exclusively." — New York Tribune.

Wiggin.—The people of whom Kate Douglas Wiggin writes grow into being in the summer months at Quillcote, the writer's summer home at Hollis, Me. To readers who care for literary geography, it is interesting to know that the stream that runs through "Timothy's Quest," "Rebecca," and "Rose o' the River" is the Saco river. As Mrs. Wiggin writes in her cool, green study, with the song of the river in her ears, she looks out on the shining weather vane of the old barn — a golden quill, the emblem of her profession. A year ago all the fittings in the barn were removed, a new floor was laid, casement windows were added, and the building was converted into a rustic hall. The century-old rafters were left in their original tawny brown; other old barns furnished ancient fishhook hinges, antique latches, and moose horns. Settees were fashioned from old boards weathered to a silver gray. Quaint lanterns fitted with candles hang from the harness pegs, and the old grain chest is piled high with cushions. Here the "lady of the twinkle and the tear," as she has been aptly called, entertains her friends and neighbors, and the old contra dances are merrily danced again in the old

manner still preserved in the little community. — New York Sun.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

How Fielding Sold "Tom Jones."—The recently celebrated bicentenary of Henry Fielding, and the issuance, by the Harpers, of a complete and definitive edition of his writings, have called renewed attention to this great author, whose works have held unbroken popularity for more than a century and a half.

The most famous of his books is "Tom Jones." But when he had finished writing "Tom Jones" he had run out of money, and was imperatively faced with a demand for the payment of a debt of twenty pounds.

Manuscript in hand, he went to a publisher, offering to sell the story outright for a lump sum. In spite of his urgency, there was a few days' delay. Then the publisher met him with doubt.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Fielding, that your book does not quite — well, does not seem to have hit it off at all successfully. I am afraid of it, sir; afraid it will be a failure. Twenty-five pounds is the most that I could possibly give."

Fielding, despondent and desperate, was in no mood to protest. The sum named would at least enable him to pay his most pressing debt, and would leave a slight balance. "Well, I'll take it," he said.

"Not so fast, Mr. Fielding. I did not say I could certainly give that sum. I must think about it."

Fielding, now angry, demanded his manuscript and went away.

Moodily walking along Fleet street, he met a friend, the poet Thomson, who, demanding to know the cause of his melancholy, heard the tale with indignation, and taking the manuscript from Fielding's hands, went enthusiastically with it to another publisher.

Next day, still in a friendly glow, Thomson arranged to meet at a tavern with this publisher and Fielding.

"Well, what will you offer my friend for his story?" demanded Thomson, after sociable preliminaries such as an old-time tavern could offer. "Make it high enough, now, as I warn you he won't accept!"

The publisher nervously cleared his throat. "It seems to be a pretty good sort of thing," he began, "but I don't see how I can risk paying Mr. Fielding more than two hundred pounds for it. Yes, I will offer two hundred pounds."

Thomson, bent upon a good bargain for his friend, was on the point of gravely holding out for another hundred, but before he could speak there was a gladsome cry from Fielding. "My dear sir! The book is yours! Give me the two hundred pounds!"

The English Spoken in England.— In England the term used for "Once in awhile" is "now and then"; "bully" is "jolly"; "you don't say so" is "really"; "right away" is "directly"; "all aboard" is "take yeh seats"; "I declare" is "fancy"; and "want to know" is "really."

An undershirt is a vest, and a vest is a waistcoat; drawers are pants; a derby hat is a pot hat; a stovepipe hat, a top hat; a hat is a bonnet; corsets are stays; a chemise is a shift; a sack coat is a jacket; and a jacket is a monkey jacket.

Biscuits are rolls; crackers are biscuits; snapping mottos are crackers; a pie is a tart; candy is sweets; wine is champagne; beer is bitters; a saloon is a public; mush is porridge; baked potatoes are roasted; roast meat is baked; wheat and oats are corn; corn is maize; a rooster is a cock; and a gobbler is a turkey cock.

A pitcher is a jug; a sugar bowl is a sugar basin; a bureau is a chest of drawers; a spool is a reel; thread is cotton; calico is print; cotton is calico, though a calico horse is a piebald horse; a lap robe is a railway rub; and a trunk is a box.

A fruit store is a fruiterer's; a hardware store, an ironmonger's; a dry goods store, a draper's or haberdasher's; a cigar store, a tobacconist's; a furnishing store, a hosier's; a vegetable store, a green grocer's.

A tidy is an antimacassar; a stub (of a check book) is a counterfoil; and sleeve buttons are cuff links.

A railroad ticket office is a booking office, and buying a ticket is booking. A locomotive is an engine; an engineer, a driver;

a driver is a coachman ; a fireman, a stoker ; and a freight train, a goods train.

Driving is riding ; a wagon is a carriage ; a balky horse, a jibbing horse ; and a check rein, a bearing rein.

A vine is a creeper ; lumber is timber ; kindling wood, fagots ; and white pine, deal.

A muffler is a comforter, and a comforter is a quilt.

Slick is neat ; cute is comical ; cunning is pretty ; smart is clever ; and clever is kind. — Sunday Magazines.

The Punctilious Reporter.— The editor of the Independence Star found it necessary to warn a careless reporter to write nothing unless he absolutely knew it to be correct. Later in the day the reporter handed in a society item as follows : " It is rumored that Mrs. Smith, who claims to reside on South Chestnut street, gave a so-called dinner party to a number of her alleged friends. Mrs. Smith asserts that they all had a good time. In the progressive euchre feature which followed the dinner, Mrs. Brown, who claims to be the wife of Postmaster Brown, was successful." — Kansas City Times.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ESPERANTO. In Twenty Lessons, with Vocabulary. By C. S. Griffin. 100 pp. Cloth, 50 cents, net. New York : A. S. Barnes & Co. 1907.

This little grammar of Esperanto is just what many people have been looking for. It gives the principles of the universal language in a simple, direct way, making each point perfectly clear before another is taken up. Each lesson is illustrated by simple practice exercises. No preliminary training or study is necessary, and the ingenious language invented by Dr. Zamenhoff is so simple that, with the help of this grammar, it can be mastered in a few weeks.

THE OLD DARNMAN. By Charles L. Goodell. Illustrated. 63 pp. Cloth, 40 cents, net. New York : Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1906.

BALM IN GILEAD. By Florence Morse Kingsley. 65 pp. Cloth, 40 cents, net. New York : Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1907.

These two attractive little volumes are additions to the Hour Glass Series, which is a novelty in fiction published in covers, since it is made up of novelettes, short enough and interesting enough to be read at one sitting. "The Old Darnman," which is reprinted, with additions, from Success, is based on the story of a queer character well known in the villages of New England, who, according to tradition, heard of the death of his plighted bride just as he had donned his wedding suit, which he wore always through the rest of his life, darning it and re-darning it until not a thread was left of the original fabric. " Balm in Gilead " is an amusing story of a farmer's wife who dabbled in spiritualism and came to believe herself a medium, and how she was cured of her delusion.

BOOKS RECEIVED :

THE LIFE OF CHARLES A. DANA. With portrait. By James Harrison Wilson. 545 pp. Cloth, $3.00, net. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1907.

SHAKESPEARE. By Walter Raleigh. 233 pp. Cloth, 75 cents, net. New York : The Macmillan Company. 1907.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER. By John L. Given. 325 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net ; by mail, $1.62. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR AUTHORS. By William Stone Booth. 180 pp. Cloth, 50 cents, net. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1907.

A HISTORY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE. By Carl Halliday, M. A. 406 pp. Cloth, $2.50, postage, 20 cents. New York : The Neale Publishing Company. 1906.

A. L. A. PORTRAIT INDEX. Index to portraits contained in printed books and periodicals, compiled with the co-operation of many librarians and others, for the publishing board of the American Library Association. Edited by William Coolidge Lane, Librarian of Harvard University, and Nina E. Browne, Secretary A. L. A. Publishing Board. 1,601 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1906.

NAVAL RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1775-1788. Prepared from the original in the Library of Congress, by Charles Henry Lincoln, of the Division of Manuscripts. 549 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1906.

CALENDAR OF THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY, WITH THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS. Prepared from the original manuscripts in the Library of Congress, by John C. Fitzpatrick, Division of Manuscripts. 741 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1906.

PRELIMINARY CHECK LIST OF AMERICAN ALMANACS, 1639-1800. By Hugh Alexander Morrison, of the Library of Congress. 160 pp. Cloth. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1907.

REPORT OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1906. 175 pp. Cloth, 35 cents. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1906.

WHERE THE RAINBOW TOUCHES THE GROUND. By John Henderson Miller. 253 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York : Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1906.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY. Compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Turton, D. S. O. 529 pp. Cloth. London : Well Gardner, Darton, & Co., Ltd. Milwaukee : The Young Churchman Company.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication

office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

GEORGE MEREDITH. Henry C. Greene. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WALT WHITMAN. Ellen M. Calder. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

VICTOR HUGO ON "LES MISERABLES." *Century* (38 c.) for June.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

"KING HENRY IV." Critical comment by Lewis Campbell. Pictures by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Illustrated. H. W. Boynton. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

THE PERMANENCE OF POETIC DRAMA: AN INQUIRY. Jessie B. Rittenhouse. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Book News Monthly* for June.

PERSONALITY IN CRITICISM. Albert S. Henry. *Book News Monthly* for June.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN RIGGS. Norma Bright Carson. *Book News Monthly* for June.

THE LONGFELLOW MANSION AT PORTLAND, ME. Mary Caroline Crawford. *American Homes and Gardens* for June.

WAS IBSEN REALLY A GENIUS? Brander Matthews. *Munsey's Magazine* for June.

THE ACQUISITION OF LANGUAGE AND ITS RELATION TO THOUGHT. Professor Alex. Hill. *Popular Science Monthly* for June.

THE COMEDY OF LITERARY LOG-ROLLING. Illustrated. Francis Gribble. *Strand* (13 c.) for June.

ROOSEVELT ON THE NATURE FAKIRS. Edward B. Clark. *Everybody's* (18 c.) for June.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BAD BOY." Illustrated. J. L. Harbour. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for June.

THE TECHNICAL PRESS AND THE CARD INDEX. H. Wade Hibbard. *Wood Craft* (18 c.) for June.

NEWSPAPER TIPS AND TIPSTERS. Whitman Bennett. *Bohemian* for June.

THE SAILING OF THE SNARK (Jack London's Yacht). Illustrated. Wallace Dunn. *Sunset* (18 c.) for May.

IN BRET HARTE LAND. Illustrated. Chauncey L. Canfield. *Sunset* (18 c.) for May.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANK A. MUNSEY. With portrait. Hugh C. Weir. *American Boy* (18 c.) for May.

WRITING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—I. Editor of the American Boy. *How to Write* (13 c.) for May.

LITERARY MEN OF BROWN. II.—GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE. With portrait. *Brown Alumni Monthly* (13 c.) for May.

GOETHE AND CRITICISM. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (28 c.) for May.

A GREAT NEW YORK JOURNALIST (Edwin Lawrence Godkin). W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (28 c.) for May 3.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XVII. and XVIII. *North American Review* (28 c. each) for May 3 and May 17.

"TAINTED NEWS."—II. The Subsidized Campaign Against Municipal Ownership. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 4.

DEATH OF "IAN MACLAREN." *Zion's Herald* for May 8.

"IAN MACLAREN"—A MEMORY. Louise Manning Hodgkins. *Zion's Herald* for May 15.

IAN MACLAREN. *Congregationalist* for May 11.

SOME CONTACTS WITH IAN MACLAREN. "H. A. B." *Congregationalist* for May 11.

THE NEED OF POETS. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 11.

IAN MCLAREN. With cover portrait. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 18.

JORIS KARL HUYSMANS. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 25.

A DICKENS PILGRIMAGE. I.—Rochester and Its Vicinity. Walter T. Stephenson. Illustrated. *Vogue* for May 23.

MOVING A NEWSPAPER IN A SINGLE NIGHT. Illustrated. Charles A. Selden. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 25.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe observed her eighty-eighth birthday May 27.

Francis Marion Crawford, who is now visiting this country again, has abandoned his purpose of writing a book on the pontificate of Leo XIII., because after some months of labor in the archives of the Vatican, he found that it would involve almost endless translations of important documents. He will go on writing novels, and writing about the early history of Italy, in which he will use material of value from the papers of the house of Colonna which have passed into his hands.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has been appointed minister to Denmark.

Ferris Greenslet is collecting letters and materials for an official "Memoir of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," which Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. expect to have ready for publication in the fall of next year.

Victor Hugo's "Intellectual Autobiography," or, to use his own title, "Post Scriptum of My Life," will be published shortly by Funk & Wagnalls. It was written in Guernsey during Hugo's exile, and has been reserved by his heirs for publication now as a suitable memorial of his centenary.

Duffield & Co. have issued a new edition, in two volumes, of Lewis Melville's "Life of Thackeray," containing portraits, facsimiles, etc. It appears that this is the only biography of Thackeray in circulation.

A biography of Sir Richard Burton has been completed by Walter Phelps Dodge, and awaits immediate publication in England from the press of T. Fisher Unwin.

Miss Elizabeth Melville is writing a biography of Herman Melville, and asks any one who has material in the shape of letters or reminiscences to write to her at The Florence, Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, New York City.

More Ibsen is to be given to the world. When Ibsen left Rome in 1864, he deposited two bags containing manuscripts in the rooms of the Scandinavian Association there. The bags were shelved and forgotten, and when the society left the premises they were sold with a lot of rubbish. They have now been recovered, and will be published.

The Carl Schurz memorial fund now amounts to more than $72,500.

The first number of Uncle Remus's Magazine (Atlanta) — that for June — is out. The publishers say that in the matter of fiction everything that has merit will be welcome — "the serial that lays its hand on life, the short story that deals with life's aspects and episodes, the crisp essay — in short, everything that is worth while." The magazine is not intended merely to fill the Southern field, but will have behind it sufficient capital to secure the best writers of the country at large. Fiction is to be one of the main features of the magazine, yet no part of our industrial life and history is to be neglected.

Discovery (New York) is a new monthly magazine, owned and edited by John W. Harding, until lately connected with the New York Times. Discovery will eschew technical terms and the intimate language of the learned, as far as possible. It will cover the whole field of discovery, from the range of the microscope to the range of the telescope. The first number is that for May.

The Times Magazine has ceased publication.

The will of Miss Mildred Everett provides "for the establishment and maintenance of an undenominational theological review to be edited by the faculty of the Divinity School of Harvard University." It will be called the Harvard Theological Review, and publication will begin next January. Professor G. F. Moore, a prominent student of the history of religions, has been made chairman of the board of editors, with Professor W. W. Fenn, dean of the Divinity School, and Professor Ropes as his assistants. All three are Unitarians. The publication will be quarterly, and of about five hundred pages yearly. Articles pertaining to theology and scholarly investigation will be printed.

Beginning with the July issue, the Hearthstone and the Housewife will be combined under the name of the Housewife (New York).

Frank A. Munsey has united his Woman with his Scrap Book for a double number magazine. This will be issued in two differing parts, with individual covers and indexes, but under the same title — the Scrap Book — and sold together for twenty-five cents. The first issue will be the July number. The original magazine is, apparently, to remain about the same, except that its contents will be increased to 160 pages, all fiction. The second part will build upon the idea of the "all-fiction" magazine, and complement it by being an "all-illustrated" magazine.

Arthur T. Vance has resigned the editorship of the Woman's Home Companion, and has joined the staff of the Circle, published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Samuel S. Chamberlain is the new editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The directors of the American Humane Education Society have voted, in memory of the generous gift of the late Arioch Wentworth, a prize of $1,000 for the best drama of "The Christ of the Andes"; also $1,000 for the best story showing the folly and wickedness of international wars; also $1,000 for the story best calculated to make the rich and poor more kind to each other, and so harmonize the disputes between capital and labor.

The time limit of the Circle $3,000 short-story competition, which was to close May 31, has been extended to July 31.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon occupy seven floors of a new fifteen-story building in which they have installed a complete printing and publishing plant. Hereafter they will print and bind all their own books and magazines.

Probably the oldest woman in active journalistic work is Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the English novelist and newspaper writer. Mrs. Hoey is seventy-six years old, but is still a busy contributor to the press, for which she began writing fifty-four years ago.

Plans for a course in journalism at the University of Minnesota are under way. It is proposed to place the course under the direction of Professor Richard Burton and use the Minneapolis Daily for practical work.

Lippincott's Magazine has opened a new department, called "Ways of the Hour," the object of which is to print current comment and criticism by outside contributors.

Short Stories wants original stories under 10,000 words in length, and will pay the highest rates for those accepted. Translations of good stories from any foreign language are also desired.

The Whittier Home Association of Amesbury, Mass., has undertaken to raise $10,000 to erect a memorial to be dedicated to the poet on the centenary of his birthday, December 17, 1907. Contributions may be sent to Edwin D. Mead, 20 Beacon street, Boston, or to the treasurer, Miss Emma C. Woolfenden, 62 Market street, Amesbury, Mass.

The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore has begun a movement to build a mausoleum for the body of Edgar Allan Poe, and expects to have it ready to be dedicated on the centenary of his birth, January 19, 1909.

Professor James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, author of a life of Edgar Allan Poe, is urging a permanent memorial to the poet in Baltimore. He suggests a lectureship at Johns Hopkins University on the lines of the Turnbull foundation, or something of that kind.

A committee has been formed by some of the friends of the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) to raise subscriptions for a memorial to her. It is proposed that, in the event of sufficient funds being collected, the memorial should include the following: (a) A portrait plaque, in marble or bronze, to be placed in University College, London (where Mrs. Craigie studied); (b) a replica of the plaque to be placed in a suitable position in the United States; (c) a scholarship, for the study of modern English literature, to be given annually in England; and (d) a similar scholarship to be given annually in the United States. Mr. Choate (the late American ambassador to England) has promised to further the scheme in this country.

A letter of Victor Hugo—believed to be published for the first time—appears in the June Century, setting forth the author's object in writing "Les Misérables" and its relations to social problems. The letter is taken from a manuscript version in Italian, probably the translation by Victor Hugo's secretary, and was written in response to an inquiry from Count Victor A. Pepe, of Italy, as to Hugo's purpose in writing his famous book.

Arthur McEwen died at Hamilton, Bermuda, May 1, aged fifty-one.

Professor Albert H. Smyth died in Philadelphia May 4, aged forty-four.

Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") died at Mt. Pleasant, Ia., May 6, aged fifty-six.

Charles H. Haswell died in New York May 12, aged ninety-seven.

Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, D. D., died at Assonet, Mass., May 12, aged seventy-seven.

Joris Karl Huysmans died in Paris May 12, aged fifty-nine.

Frederick Hull Cogswell died in New Haven May 16, aged forty-six.

Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt died at Warner, N. H., May 22, aged sixty-four.

Theodore Tilton died in Paris May 25, aged seventy-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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THE FASHION IN FICTION.

Within the last twelve months a professional literary man, who is constantly employed in grinding out salable material, has had a short piece of fiction rejected by the editors of two conspicuous periodicals, because the hero — who happened to be a desperado — had indulged in the luxury of two large drinks of Scotch whiskey. Both editors made it clear that while the story was acceptable, the drink feature barred it from the columns of their publications.

In another instance a short story was found unavailable because the principal character "smoked too much." The sub-editor who examined it was positive that his chief "would not stand for the cigars." A word to the wise was sufficient. The author cut out the tobacco entirely, and thereafter the hero in his moments of perplexity could not resort to the soothing influence of nicotine, but was compelled to work out his problems while engaged in the pastoral, if not nerve-satisfying, occupation of chewing on a wisp of straw.

In still another instance a love narrative was criticised unmercifully because it ended in an elopement, and the author was informed — with some severity — that if he could see his way clear to have the young couple married in a legal and respectable manner his story would be accepted.

All of this arouses the query: "Are we growing better, or is the tone of our literature simply more moral?" Our grandfathers swore furiously, gambled recklessly, drank liquor freely, and used tobacco in wholesale quantities, while our grandmothers flirted outrageously and eloped with such regularity that the incident began to be looked upon as an essential feature of every well-arranged love affair. Nowadays the heroine is wedded in church, with maids of honor and a retinue of bridesmaids, and her departure is signalized by the usual shower of rice and old shoes.

The modern novelist who hopes to shine in the pages of the magazines will have to invent substitutes for whiskey, tobacco, and elopements. In the mean time, he must sigh heavily as he looks about the shelves of his library and considers the bad examples that have been bequeathed to him by Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Kipling, Stevenson, Dumas, Conan Doyle, and Francis Lynde.

The aroma of whiskey punches, roast beef, beer, plum pudding, gin and water, meat pie, and brandy and soda can be detected in half the books written by Charles Dickens. Indeed, some of the characters of the great

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English novelist go to the length of becoming intoxicated. The majority of them show a distinct fondness for spirits. What would an American magazine editor of the present day say if he should receive a manuscript containing the following — from the Bagman's story in Chapter XIV. of "The Pickwick Papers" : —

"Hot punch is a pleasant thing, gentlemen, — an extremely pleasant thing, under any circumstances, — but in that snug parlor, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house creaked again, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful. He ordered another tumbler, and then another, — I am not quite certain whether he did n't order another after that, — but the more he drank of the hot punch, the more he thought of the tall man.

"'Confound his impudence!' said Tom to himself, 'what business has he in that snug bar? Such an ugly villain, too!' said Tom. 'If the widow had any taste, she might surely pick up some better fellow than that!' Here Tom's eye wandered from the glass on the chimney-piece to the glass on the table; and as he felt himself becoming gradually sentimental, he emptied the fourth tumbler of punch and ordered a fifth."

Passages of this kind can be selected from any of Dickens's books, almost at random. Mrs. Gamp, in her interminable conversations with the imaginary Mrs. Harris, has a breath strong enough to dye eggs. Dickens's characters, in fact, hanker after anything that is drinkable. Observe this characteristic touch from the concluding paragraphs of Chapter XLII. of "Nicholas Nickleby" : —

"John Browdie remained standing behind the table, looking from his wife to Nicholas and back again, with his mouth wide open, until his hand accidentally fell upon the tankard of ale. He took it up, and having obscured his features therewith for some time, drew a long breath, handed it over to Nicholas, and rang the bell.

"'Here, Worther,' said John briskly, 'look alive here. Tak' these things awa', and let's have soomat broiled for sooper — vary comfortable and plenty o' it — at ten o'clock. Bring soom brandy and soom wather, and a pair o' slippers — the largest pair in the house — and be quick aboot it. Dash ma' wig!' said John, rubbing his hands, 'there's no ganging oot to-neight, to fetch anybody whoam, and ecad we'll begin to spend the evening in airnest!'"

George Eliot, of all others, would never be *suspected of lugging in the* drink feature, but she proves to be one of the worst offenders. Here is a description of the central figure in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," taken from "Scenes of Clerical Life" : —

"He sat by the side of his own sitting-room fire, smoking his pipe, and maintaining the pleasing antithesis of dryness and moisture by an occasional sip of gin and water.

"Here I am aware that I have run the risk of alienating all my refined lady readers, and utterly annihilating any curiosity they may have felt to know the details of Mr. Gilfil's love story. 'Gin and water! foh! You may as well ask us to interest ourselves in the romance of a tallow chandler, who mingles the image of his beloved with short dips and moulds.'

"But in the first place, dear ladies, allow me to plead that gin and water, like obesity, or boldness, or the gout, does not exclude a vast amount of antecedent romance, any more than the neatly-executed 'fronts' which you may some day wear, will exclude your present possession of less expensive braids. . . . In the second place, let me assure you that Mr. Gilfil's potations of gin and water were quite moderate. His nose was not rubicund; on the contrary, his white hair hung around a pale and venerable face. He drank it chiefly, I believe, because it was cheap."

Dumas, being such an exquisite artist, would seem to be free from the feature that meets with such merited condemnation from our modern editors. But he is not. He flaunts it in his masterpiece, "The Three Guardsmen." D'Artagnan, in Chapter XXV., going into the apartment of Porthos, finds the top of the wardrobe covered with empty bottles. D'Artagnan, filled with wonder, asks his friend where he gets all of his wine, and Porthos answers by telling the story of a Mexican who had lassoed tigers and wild bulls by means of simply running nooses. Porthos says : —

"'My friend placed a bottle at the distance of thirty paces, and at each cast he caught the neck of the bottle in his running noose. I practiced this exercise, and as nature has endowed me with some faculties, at this day I can throw the lasso with any man in the world. Well, do you understand, monsieur? Our host has a well-furnished cellar, the key of which never leaves him; only this cellar has a loop-hole. Now, through this loop-hole I throw my lariat, and as I now know what part of the cellar the best wine is in, that's my point for sport. Thus you see, monsieur, what the New World has to do with the bottles which are on the commode and the clothes press. Now, will you taste

our wine, and without prejudice say what you think of it.' "

Kipling, surely Kipling will avoid the drink feature! Vain hope! Kipling is not satisfied with having one of his characters take a drink or two. He is not even content with having one or two of his characters become intoxicated. He has a whole regiment of soldiers drunk! The story is told in dialect in the "Big Drunk Draf'," one of the tales in "Soldiers Three." One of those who was present and is describing the scene is made to say: —

"'Faith, that rest camp was a sight! The tent ropes was all skew-nosed, an' the pegs looked as dhrunk as the men — fifty av thim — the scourin's, an' rinsin's, an' divil's lavin's av the ould rig'ment. I tell you, sorr, they were dhrunker than any men you've ever seen in your martial life. How does a draf' get dhrunk? How does a frog get fat? They suk ut in through their skins. . . . But he was a gran' bhoy, all the same, an' I'm only a mud-tipper wid a hod on my shouldhers. The whisky's in the heel av your hand, sorr. Wid your good lave we'll drink to the ould rig'ment — three fingers — standin' up.'

"And we drank."

Robert Louis Stevenson, the painstaking painter of words, ought to be the sheet anchor of those who object to the drink feature. But when the test comes he, too, fails. It is true that his characters show a more refined taste than those of some other authors that have been quoted. They have no appetite for common liquors — they drink champagne — but they drink it in wholesale quantities. The tale is "The Story of the Man with the Cream Tarts," in "The New Arabian Nights." Describing a dinner for three, in which the Prince participates, the author says: —

"In a small French restaurant in Soho, which had enjoyed an exaggerated reputation for some little while, but had already begun to be forgotten, and in a private room up two pair of stairs, the three companions made a very elegant supper, and drank three or four bottles of champagne, talking the while upon indifferent subjects."

Then we have Sir Conan Doyle, who is not only modern himself, but employs up-to-date methods. It will be difficult to find any of the proscribed features in his work. A copy of "A Study in Scarlet" is opened at random. It is Chapter VI. of that much-read work. Horrors! We come upon the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes smoking and drinking whiskey and water. Sir Conan Doyle thus describes the awful scene: —

"Sherlock Holmes gave a sigh of relief and relaxed into a smile.

"'Take a seat and try one of these cigars,' he said; 'we are anxious to know how you managed it. Will you have some whiskey and water?'

"'I don't mind if I do,' the detective answered. 'The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind' . . .

"The detective seated himself in the armchair, and puffed complacently at his cigar."

But, it may be argued, we are no longer living in the past. The question is, How is the drink and smoke feature treated by the present generation of writers, by the younger men who are just beginning to loom up on the horizon of literature? It would be wearisome to go through the entire list, but here is a characteristic scrap from "The Master of Appleby," by Francis Lynde, one of the successful books of recent years. Captain Ireton, the hero, desires to show some hospitality to his friend, Dick Jennifer, and he thus speaks of the episode: —

"Luckily, my haphazard larder was not quite empty, and there were presently a bit of cold deer's meat and some cake of maize bread baked in the ashes to set before the guest. Also there was a cup of sweet wine, home-pressed from the berries of the Indian scuppernong, to wash them down. And afterwards, though the evening was no more than mountain-breeze cool, we had a handful of fire on the hearth for the cheer of it, while we smoked our reed-stemmed pipes."

It must be admitted that this is presented in a seductive manner. There is something poetic about a cup of sweet wine "home-pressed from the berries of the Indian scuppernnong," while a pull at a "reed-stemmed pipe" conjures up visions of fairyland.

Life and literature — in the truest sense — are inseparable. Morals and manners change with the passing years. It is no longer fashionable to drink to excess in real life. It is no longer fashionable for the

writers of fiction to glorify intoxication. But if literature is to be regarded as a transcript of life, the author of the future will have a difficult task in the absolute elimination of liquors, cigars, and elopements. Will the hero of the future dissipate on gooseberry wine and corn-husk cigarettes? And must he — in this physical culture age — nourish himself with breakfast foods, celery soup, and prune pudding? The novel-reading public, with bated breath, awaits the answer. *George Barton.*

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

THE EDITORIAL POINT OF VIEW.

The editor of a magazine of general literature (so-called), like the layman of bookish tastes, may or may not be possessed of a genuine literary cultivation; but though these two (editor and layman) may have reached an equal plane of cultivation, their respective literary judgments seemingly tend to develop a different character. This subtle distinction is not easy to understand unless one has duly considered the pervasive influences of environment.

The mental environment and mental habits of the editor and his lay brother are necessarily diverse. The literary layman, like the layman of religion, — if he have not a natural tendency toward the prig or the purist, — is often not greatly concerned about the letter of the literary art; he throws himself into the enjoyment of all that interests and delights, without troubling himself over-much as to the defects that may go with it; moreover, he need not waste time over the puerile and commonplace; he does not need to weigh and sift the great mass of contemporary writing. In consequence, since he may browse where he will, supposing him to be a man of culture, he ruminates continually upon our best and greatest. His standard, therefore, will be high; though, absorbed as he is with the spirit of letters, he may be sometimes really lax and blind as regards the literary technique. He may be something of a scholar; he may be an author of good standing; he may esteem himself, in a way, a critic of severity; yet some hitch or slackness in workmanship may easily escape him, which the sharpened scent of the editor will track to its covert. If the cultivated reader be of the exclusive or supercilious order, he will ignore a great deal of that which is the pride of the magazine editor; his contemplative eye will fail to be caught by the orderly procession of short fiction-pieces that files by in our better periodicals with well-smoothed hair and clean print gowns. He is not cognizant, for instance, of the modern studies in child-life, or of the delicate psychic fancies and conjectures that are presented, from time to time, in one of our best monthlies. It cannot be said that the reader thus misses a great deal from an artistic point of view, though he does lose something of human interest through the failure to catch subtle signs of the times by the blowings of these straws. His loss is more of life than of literature; but his literature falls short of its rightful significance if he does not feel these two to be nearly allied.

As for the literary editor, we rarely find the failings of the layman in him. Like other sacerdotal characters, he is not prone to blindness or slackness as to the letter of his law; he weighs with care the minor matters, the mint, and anise, and cummin. He adds, moreover, to these priestly traits the precedents of the craftsman and tradesman; of the shop, as well as of sacerdotalism; (if, indeed, the outer things of priestcraft be not, in a way, after all, an ennobled realm of the shop). The editor is the tradesman in literary wares; and he must see to it that the merchandise is worth his agency. A costumer of good standing is unwilling to let his

mark appear upon an article of inferior make, even though the stuff of its fabric be never so valuable. It is for his pride and his honor to keep up the standard in the making : it is his pleasure, too, — a botch in the workmanship jars on his sensibilities. So it is with the dealer in literary wares ; he is exacting with his workers — and he must be ; he is necessarily greatly concerned with the outside.

How many of the laymen of literature would refer (as did one of our leading editors, not long ago) to the "mere material" of a valuable essay ? — meaning by that phrase, not merely its subject-matter, but its very sum and substance — its everything, in fact, excepting the prospective shape into which it should be kneaded in order to hold the popular attention. Strict as are the editor's exactions as to literary craftsmanship, he may be, unconsciously to himself, more lenient to *quality* than his lay brethren. His environment is more commonplace. He, of necessity, sees much of contemporary writing, and the mediocre in literature confronts him continually ; when, more especially, it is his function to look over the great mass of incoming manuscript to sift for his editorial chiefs, he sees much that is absolutely worthless, both in form and in substance. The leisurely reader of intellectual culture who involuntarily compares everything with Shakspere will naturally look for more intrinsic worth in what he reads than does one who is searching among reams of contemporary mediocrity (and worse) for something that will pass muster in his magazine. The editorial sifter must welcome even the smallest degree of excellence ; anything that is good in however humble a degree is a matter of real importance to him — if only its modest merit appear before him trimly gowned. The trim gown, indeed, may sometimes win his favor without much merit beneath, as witnesses many a page of our periodicals. Hardly a priest of the church is more often won over by a decent exterior than is he who ministers to us through the magazines. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise ; although, fully to demonstrate my meaning, I must claim indulgence for a still further mixing of metaphors. A gentleman, let us say, who purposes giving a social entertainment, wishes to gather a given number of guests in order to carry out his hospitable plan, and when considering to whom his invitations shall be sent, he may have so much difficulty in securing a sufficiency of those whose dress and deportment will not offend their fellow-guests that all whom he ultimately chooses may not be as entertaining or as inspiriting as their host could wish. The case of the editor is not widely different from this. His personal preferences cannot be gauged altogether by his professional decisions.

The magazine editor is in truth both the minister to the public's need and the host of their entertainment ; while the amateur reader's mental attitude is a thing for himself, the editorial reader is providing literature for others : he is discovering, and developing, and bringing the increase ; he brings out of his treasure-house, for our delectation, things both great and small. Of the great results of editing it is unnecessary to speak ; but the day of small things has its own returns. One with the sympathetic perceptions of the editor's listening ear is rewarded by the subtle sounds of quiet thought that are moving about us ; the gathering breezes of the psychic and supernatural, as well as the concurrent stir of observations on our visible life. It is only the genuinely literary editor who exercises these sympathetic perceptions. The merely popular editor, the editor of bargain and sale, holds his "ear to the ground" only in the politician's sense. The only point he has in common with the editor of the real thing lies in his insistence upon the scrupulous attire of successful contributions. A technical exactness of execution seems to set its mark upon the editorial standard of every class, differentiating it from the lay-criterion. So much for the editorial distinctions. But to be alive we must be in touch with the living : it has been said that to be vitally artistic is not to be content to browse on any art of the past alone, but to put to the test current artistic attempts, as well ; and, if the general reader be not averse to keep-

ing up with his time, he makes himself an editor in a sense, — if only for his own needs. Thus the dividing lines lap over.

But, let us classify as we may, our environment does not have a uniform effect upon all within its circle ; and individuality still finds room to rear its head. There are amateur readers who lay a particularity of stress, even to purism, upon details of literary technique, and editing before this has been accused of laxity because of favoring of contributions of promise in spite of obvious crudities. There are no utterly hard and fast lines between these two, yet the tendency to the distinction remains : while the editor's literary standard is strict, the standard of the literary layman is high.

Having finally settled this vexed question to my own satisfaction, the repose of my conclusions was nevertheless disturbed by the staggering thought that this little cranny of speculation seemed to be my sole possession. How was I to account for the silence that surrounded me on this point ? Were my deductions, after all, but a figment of the brain ? — or was the editorial mind, in the general opinion, immune to such analysis ? At this point in my ruminations I chanced to pick up a back number of the Bookman containing an article by Miss Mary Moss, entitled "The Consolations of a Minor Quill Driver." It was written in defence of editors, who, like the other great of the earth, are occasionally subjected to the anathemas of the lowly. Miss Moss's article was therefore written from a point of view widely differing from my own, since I am neither in defence or attack, but am merely trying to analyze ; but one casual sentence in her pages met me like a friend's voice in a stranger's country. She had been writing sympathetically of the editor's enforced contact with crude and blundering manuscripts. This is what she says, the italics being mine:—

"A piece of goods is offered to him; he sees flaws and refuses it. Not seldom he grows so hostile to mere mechanical blunders as to welcome an academically correct story or poem, *merely because it breaks no rules.* The possession of this *negative merit,* I'm convinced, explains the acceptance of many more inferior articles than any theory of personal pull or favoritism."

There it is ! There, in a way, is the pith of my studiously-reached conclusions tucked carelessly with one finger into the smallest nutshell — and arrived at from a starting point widely apart from my own. So this hypothesis is shared by two — to the best of my knowledge, that is to say. The thought may have been very often elaborated ; its printing rests with the editors.

NEWBURGH, N. Y. *Leila R. Ramsdell.*

A MYSTIC TOUCH IN LYRICISM.

When one has made a happy discovery, what more natural than the desire to impart the discovery — and the happiness ! But mine may be but a re-discovery, for the small treasure-trove of verse, modestly, yet subtly, gathered under the title "Songs Without Answer," bears in its copyrighting the date 1896 ; the imprimatur, G. P. Putnam's Sons. In the title of the book there is something of the delicate, pensive look averted *that one remembers* of the face of Sappho, in *the great cartoon of* Raphael at the Vatican ; and if this title is further characterized as "subtle," is there not rare blending of frankness and reserve implied in the phrase "without answer" ? The reader's suffrages are not begged — no response is awaited ; the singer's note is heard, or unheard ; and it dies off into silence without sadness on the part of the singer. Beyond that, some of the Songs themselves are indeed unanswerable ; for much of the thought therein suggests the young author's kinship of soul with him who said, "Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles,

and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend into invisibles." Yet, all the subtlety of our poetess is in the thought and the feeling; and simplicity itself rules her expression; as when her muse, finding a "woodland hermit dead," begs "Mother Poesy" for the bird's soul, as an informing influence for her own song: —

. . . . "with all his moods to sing,
And wild interpretations of the sun,
With all the floating impulse of his wing,
Sweet Mother, find in me thy little one!"

One is, indeed, moved to confess that a metempsychosis has taken place; and that Irene Putnam treasures the bird's heart and soul in the form of a human, sylvan-dwelling melodist! Of a dainty perfection is this description of her winged congener's performance: —

"I sit by my chamber window, this morning of slow, soft rain,
And I hear from the mist-veiled woodland a wild bird's delicate strain, —
A silvery, falling cadence, the tone of an elfin horn;
It dies in the deep rain silence, and softly is soon reborn."

One remembers no comparable description of a bird singing in the rain, — singing, where the rain becomes the chrism of a purer, more "mystical" song than sunshine hours can know.

Nature in a sterner mood of tears has not escaped her finely characterizing touch, as exampled in this stanza from "Winter Rain": —

"I list that low, primeval cry
Of rain at midnight rushing;
It seems to bear the world's old sigh
For griefs in Time's deep hushing, —
The ancient rain, the old, old tears,
Which sank below the buried years."

The journey of The Winds finds a loving chronicler in her muse: —

"The winds that all day roam
On tranquil mountain heads,
Mild herds that follow home,
Descend from ferny beds.
* * * * * * *
"And drank aerial dew,
Whereof no tale is sung."

After the happy day of natural sights and sounds, she sings herself asleep, as it were, in an exquisitely playful, tender little song, taking leave for the night of moon and stars, leafy shadows and sighing blossoms, with the refrain, "Good night, says thy little Sister."

But the "human note" does not remain wholly unstruck in this lovely succession of sweet sounds conveying thoughts that have purveyed a sweet from every flower of experience. There is a ballad entitled "The Mower," whose tuneful burden,

"All day in the upland meadow,
He swings my heart with scythe,"

may remind the reader (as it has reminded the present writer) of the gentle, but persistent, stress of the wood-dove's plaintive note floated across some bright harvest field from the hidden nest in a near-by grove or thicket.

In elegiac strain, the following comes of the family of Matthew Arnold's "Requiescat": —

"She drinks the starry balm
In purple fields of night,
Beyond the outmost calm
Of earth's aerial height."

Having alluded to the kinship we trace in our poetess to writers of "the elder day," let the poem, "Lost Beauty," be cited in further illustration. The later Elizabethans, one or more, might have written it. It is a lament, not for the beautiful ones who "died in spring," but for Beauty's very self: —

"Watch a bright bubble, see around its wall
The fairy colors pour, and coil, and stream;
A subtle darkness glides throughout them all —
The bubble breaks, alarmed by one sad dream;
"So Beauty vanished from their lips, their eyes,
And from the tender mantle of their hair;
When some black vision, some too stern surprise
Unlocked their souls' pavilion to Despair.
* * * * * * *
"Where is thy unwreathed grave, O Beauty dead?
* * * * * * *
"No lover casts his garland where thou art,
Entombed in void Oblivion's starless air,
Save only I. . . . This poem of my heart
Will glide into thy dust, and tarry there."

Taking leave of this true singer (whom may we hear again!), I will but quote herself for all final characterization: —

"She had a voice of frank and simple art
As ever chanted in Arcadian dream;
She sang old songs that played the listener's heart,
In summer darkness, or by firelight's gleam."

I am much mistaken if her songs have not already played other hearts than this that bids her godspeed into the wider ways of melody.

West New Brighton, N.Y. Edith M. Thomas.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

In view of the fact that the remuneration *of book authors* is based generally on the *selling prices of their books*, of which they receive by agreement a certain percentage as "royalty," writers generally are directly interested in any question concerning the prices at which books are offered to the public. For instance, authors in England have taken a keen interest in the results of the operations of the Times Book Club, and in the net book system, which is becoming general there, and which is apparently benefiting publishers, as well as those who sell their books at retail. Anything that increases or decreases the sale of books, or the business income of the publishers, practically affects authors, since it is obvious that if the publisher's income from a book is large, he can afford to pay a liberal royalty, and vice versa.

* * *

For this reason a discussion now going on about the advisability of individualizing prices of works of fiction is of practical interest to authors. Henry Holt & Co. announced in May that the list price of William De Morgan's new book would be $1.75, instead of the usual $1.50, explaining that the new novel, like the author's "Joseph Vance," contains some 280,000 words, and taking the ground that this fact at the present high prices of labor and materials justifies the increased price. "Another strong reason for the departure," said the publishers, "is the hope that it may be a step toward a closer relation between value and price in fiction. In this particular instance, the verdict of the press and the steadily increasing sales of 'Joseph Vance' seem to place the work in a different class from the ordinary run of novels."

* * *

The Publishers' Weekly endorses the new idea. "On the whole," it says, "we are disposed to think that the solution of the fiction problem is in the individualization of prices. It has come to be an accepted tradition in the trade that fiction as a rule is to be printed in a volume at $1.50, whatever be the actual selling price of the $1.50 book; and while there are exceptions to this general rule, these are only exceptions. Such a uniform price is in some respects a con-

venience, but a brief analysis shows that it has little if any business justification. That a novel of 100,000 words should be priced the same as one of 250,000 words, one which will sell from 1,000 to 5,000 copies the same as one for which 100,000 sale may be expected, one which pays an unknown author a ten per cent. royalty or a less return, the same as one which pays a popular author of wide reputation twenty per cent., is a condition which obtains in almost no other branch of manufacture or trade. In fact, we fail to recall any parallel.

* * *

"Possibly this very uniformity of price has helped to demoralize the public into expecting to buy its novel at $1.08 or $1.18, or whatever the advertised 'cut price' may be. Uniformity suggests that the margin of profit is so large that it is possible to mark any sort of novel at this price. Why should not the public pay more for one novel two or three times as long as another, or more for the work of an author of long experience and established vogue than for the work of a new writer, as it pays larger fees to a doctor or lawyer, or a larger salary to a minister who has 'made his mark.'

* * *

"From this point of view, the price of $1.75 made by Messrs. Holt on the new novel of De Morgan sets the pace in the right direction. Mr. De Morgan's first book established for him a distinct reputation and selling value; he writes at length, and he scarcely appeals to the 'book-seller' constituency. Under these circumstances, $1.75 seems a fair and proper price. It is of course difficult for a publisher to prophesy whether the sale of a new novel will be restricted to a thousand or a few thousand copies, or can be pushed to the utmost limit of successful sale, but this is true of all books, as well as fiction. Indeed, there might as well be uniformity in other classes of books as in fiction with like advantages and disadvantages. We suggest to the publishing trade that each publisher of fiction would do well to consider whether in his announcements for the fall season he should not begin to adopt the principle of individualized prices for works of fiction."

* * *

So far as the size of Mr. De Morgan's book is concerned, the position of his publishers is justified. Obviously a novel of 280,000 words will cost more to produce than the ordinary novel, which contains from 80,000 to 120,000 words. Whether the rest of the publishers' argument is sound is an open question. It is well known that the printing of every additional thousand copies of a book lowers the average cost per copy to the publisher, since the cost of typesetting and electrotyping, which is large, is incurred only in the first printing, while in subsequent printings there is only the cost of paper, presswork, and binding. For this reason the publisher can afford to sell a book of which 100,000 copies are required at a smaller price than a book of which only 1,000 copies are printed, because the cost per copy of mechanical production in the first case is not so great. Low-priced popular editions of the classics are possible only because of reduced cost of production due to making large editions. For the same reason publishers should always increase the percentage of royalty to an author after they have sold the first edition printed of his book.

* * *

This being so, it is hard to see why the public should be expected to pay a higher price for a novel that is expected to be a "big seller" than for an ordinary work of fiction. It may be a question, also, whether a long novel is actually worth more to the reader than a short one. Some writers are long-winded, and their work would be improved by condensation. On general principles and without particular reference to Mr. De Morgan, the world would be the gainer if authors of unusually long stories were, as a rule, required to cut their manuscripts to the ordinary length. Of course it is reasonable that there should be inspired exceptions to the rule, whose every word is

indispensable. Mr. De Morgan may be one. There certainly have been other novelists whose long stories seem all too short. But the rule prevails. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Each of the ladies, like two excellent actresses, were perfect in their parts. — Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley."	The ladies, like two excellent actresses, were both perfect in their parts.
One of the most unique women's clubs in the country. — Boston Post.	A unique woman's club.
To-morrow is Arbor Day in the state of New York. — Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.	To-morrow will be Arbor Day in the state of New York.
The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine C. French and Budd G. Tucker, both of Wakefield. — Boston Transcript.	The engagement of Miss Josephine C. French and Budd G. Tucker, both of Wakefield, is announced.
Wizard Edison's calculation that we only know one-seven-billionth per cent. of anything is specific, anyhow. — Boston Herald.	Wizard Edison's calculation that we know only one-seven-billionth per cent. of anything is specific, anyhow.
The President was never in more perfect health. — Review of Reviews.	The President was never in better health.
He seems to have won out at last. — Boston Herald.	He seems to have won at last.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Minnie Barbour Adams, author of the story, "The Journey's End," in the People's Magazine for June, is at present a resident of Vinton, Ia., where she has been librarian of the Free Public Library for the past six years. She has resigned this position, however, to devote all her time to literary work, and after September 1 she will live in New York City. Miss Adams was quite successful some years ago as a writer of poems and short stories, but was compelled to forego the work on account of ill health. About a year ago she again took up writing as a vocation, and during the last six months she has had published "Under the Semaphore," in the Metropolitan; "Out of the Shadows," in the Cosmopolitan; and "Lady Alden Stops Off," in the April Reader. "The Carlisles" is to appear in the July Gunter's; and she has sold a number of other stories which have not yet been published.

Grace Ethelwyn Cody, whose story, "A Night Message," was printed in Smith's Magazine for June, began writing for publication while still a schoolgirl, and for the past dozen years has been constantly engaged in literary work, either in Chicago, or in Pasadena, Calif., where she has lived part of the time. Until recently most of her stories and sketches, having been used, as a rule, on editorial pages, have appeared without her signature, and she has also done a large amount of unsigned work in an editorial capacity. While the Chicago Record was in existence, Miss Cody was a regular contributor to the departments, "Just About Girls" and "Stories of the Streets and of the Town," both features of the editorial page of that paper. Later she became a member of the staff of the Little Chronicle, with which she was connected for three years. At present she is living in Chicago; is one of the staff contributors of the Youth's Companion, and a regular writer of sketches for the editorial page of the Chicago Daily News. In addition to this routine work, she has during the last few years had stories published in the Associated Sunday Magazines, St. Nicholas, the Youth's Companion, the Chicago Advance, the Chicago Interior, the Young People's Weekly, and various other periodicals. Her stories, so far, have been chiefly for and about girls, and her success in this field has led her to devote her energies almost entirely to this line of work. She is now writing a girls' book, which is to be a story of present-day high school life.

Elizabeth Banks, author of the story, "The Triumph of Affection," printed in Ainslee's for June, is a newspaper woman who began her career, first as stenographer, then as society reporter on the St. Paul Globe and

Evening News. She was afterward secretary to the American minister to Peru, and then society editor of the Baltimore Morning Herald. She went to London in 1893, and sprang into prominence by her "American Girl's Reply to Kipling." She was the first woman to interview Li Hung Chang, and she is the author of "The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl," which attracted so much attention in England and on the continent, and was published here by Dodd, Mead, & Co. Miss Banks lived in London for ten years, making a name for herself as a journalist, and contributing to all of the important English magazines and weeklies. She returned recently to America, and has decided to remain here and learn how to write fiction for Americans.

Louise Driscoll, who had a story, "The Tug of War," in Smith's Magazine for May, and a novelette, "The Point of View," in the June number of the same magazine, lives in Catskill, N. Y. She has written verse since she was a very little girl, and while still a schoolgirl used occasionally to send poems to the New York newspapers and different magazines, many of them being accepted. It is only within the last few months that she has tried to do much prose, and she says that she has found the editors of the American magazines so ready to receive and educate a new writer that she has no faith in the tales so often heard concerning the necessity of influence to gain attention. Her verses have appeared in Lippincott's, the Critic — now Putnam's Monthly — the Independent, the Metropolitan, and a number of other periodicals, and some of them have been widely copied. One poem, "The Highway," which appeared in Lippincott's about three years ago, brought her a good many letters from readers, including some editors of other magazines. Miss Driscoll is now at work on a longer and more serious book than "The Point of View," which is her first long story. She is very ambitious, and believes fully in hard work, but she says she writes because she must, and is sure she would write if she had never heard of type. Incidentally, she has a large regard for the English language, and a sincere desire to use it correctly.

Charlton Lawrence Edholm, who had a poem, "At Twenty," in Ainslee's for May, and another poem, "Sudden Riches," in Ainslee's for June, was born in Omaha in 1879, and has spent most of his life in travel, going to school in Oakland, Calif., Chicago, and St. Louis. At the age of seventeen he was ambitious to become a journalist and cartoonist, and went to Germany, where he was admitted to the Royal Art Schools in Stuttgart and Munich, and studied under Ludwig Herterich and Graf Kalkreuth. Four or five years of studio life, however, changed his aim, and instead of caricaturing, he aspired to serious illustrating and painting. During the long vacations he tramped with a sketch book through the Black Forest, Switzerland, and Franconia, and wrote and illustrated a number of travel articles, some of which were afterward accepted by the Overland Monthly and the New England Magazine. During his "Wanderjahre" he wrote a great deal of verse, with the single purpose of self-expression, and not with any hope of ever producing metrical work that would be acceptable to editors; but in 1902 he was again in San Francisco, and submitted some of his work to Wallace Irwin, then editor of the Overland Monthly, who promptly accepted it. From that time he has contributed verse, fiction, drawings, and travel articles to the Overland, as well as to the Century, Ainslee's, Leslie's (now the American Magazine), the Technical World, the Pacific Monthly, the New England Magazine, the Youth's Companion, the Delineator, and Puck. After the earthquake in San Francisco, Mr. Edholm spent six months there living as a refugee, cooking in the streets, and roughing it generally, while studying conditions, taking scores of photographs, and acting as correspondent of the Arizona Star. Since then he has made his home in Copper Creek, an Arizona mining camp, where he and his family live in a house built with his own hands. Here his daily work gives him an opportunity to see life from an interesting point of view, while he

finds the grandeur and desolation of the rugged mountains and lonely deserts a constant stimulus to literary expression.

Elizabeth Shaw Oliver, whose first story, "Joseph Desbiens: Widower," was printed in Scribner's for June, was born in Albany, N. Y., and lives at present in Washington, D. C. She has spent thirteen summers among the French Canadian people of whom she writes.

Clarence Ousley, whose poem, "In the City," was published in Uncle Remus's Magazine for June, is the editor of the Fort Worth (Texas) Record, one of the foremost newspapers of the Southwest. He is more conspicuous in the journalism and public affairs of Texas than in the field of literature. He was born in Georgia forty-three years ago, but has spent all his business life in Texas, where he is regarded as an intensely partisan Democrat. He is an intimate friend of Senator Joseph W. Bailey, and was in the front of the fight with him in Texas last winter. Poetry is a passion with Mr. Ousley, and he indulges in it as a sort of pastime. His verse appears occasionally in the newspapers and magazines, and Uncle Remus's Magazine has two or three other poems of his for publication during the year. "Our Brothers in Black," published in the newspapers a few years ago, was a philosophical poem on the race question from the Southern point of view, and was printed in hundreds of newspapers, and brought the author a flood of correspondence from all parts of the country.

John Kenneth Turner, whose story, "A Ride for Home," was printed in the Pacific Monthly for June, is the sporting editor of the Oregon Daily Journal. He classes himself as an unreformed tramp, with the accent on the "un" — unlike the late Josiah Flynt. Mr. Turner is twenty-nine years of age, and when temporarily moving in respectable society is a newspaper worker. His desire is to interpret the life of the tramp from the point of view of the tramp as he finds himself — a product of evolution — and not to *perpetrate an exposé* for the purpose of *betraying his fellow craftsmen* into the hands of the enemy — respectable society. "A Ride for Home" is the first of a series of Western vagabondia to appear in the Pacific Monthly. The second tramp story, "How the Kid Made His Stake," will be published in the August number.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS

Freeman. — The method pursued by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in writing her stories is different from that of most authors. Before beginning a story, whether it is to be short or long, she plans it to the very end. Not only the consecutive scenes of the story are in her mind before she begins the opening paragraphs, but she has also decided upon the tenor of the conversation and much of the actual language.

Holmes. — For a model of literary business sagacity manifested by a man of literary genius, what can be better than the letter Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to the editor of Graham's Magazine September 1, 1843?

My Dear Sir: I read a poem at the dinner table of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge the other day which I should like to publish in Graham's Magazine, if the editors want it and are willing to pay for it.

It consists at present of 166 lines in the heroic measure, but I should be inclined to make it about 200, or very nearly that, by certain additions. I believe that for me it was remarkably happy, but you may think it no great thing. At any rate, it has more point in it than most things of the kind I have done lately.

Two or three weeks ago Mr. Frost, on the part of Godey's Lady's Book, made me some liberal offers for anything I would give him. I answered that I felt bound to offer them to you first, but without the least idea I should so soon have anything to publish. I therefore mention it to you, and end my proposals with these questions: —

1. Do you want such a poem?
2. What will you give me for it?
3. Are you afraid of a hit at repudiation in it?
4. Can it be published in your magazine word for word, letter for letter, comma for comma?

5. Do you want to see it before you meddle with it ?

This is a very straightforward business letter, and does not require any answer unless you want the poem. If so, I shall hear from you. Believe me, very truly your friend, O. W. HOLMES.

P. S. — No tender feelings are concerned which might interfere with editorial interests.

The "straightforward business letter" produced the desired result. The poem was accepted and published under the title of "Terpsichore." Whoever wishes to find it in the Autocrat's works will have to look for it under the title of "An After-Dinner Poem." — Boston Globe.

Howells.— The books of William Dean Howells, including fiction, travel, poetry, biography, and criticism, now number more than sixty. Mr. Howells loves to do his work in the morning hours. Almost every day he works till noon, and he does not work in the afternoon or evening. He never dictates his work ; often he typewrites it, finding that it is easier to do this than to use the pen, and that there is consequently an easier flow of thought. He likes to use the pen in his correspondence, however, for he feels that old friends, or people of the old school, are apt to feel slighted if the typewriter is used.

Rostand.— Four years have elapsed since Edmond Rostand promised to finish for Constant Coquelin his play, "The Chanticleer," but the drama is evidently no nearer completion than it was two seasons ago, when the French actor hoped to be able to produce it in Paris. Rostand's indifference to all work has started rumors in Paris about his health, and curious stories are told to confirm the reports that he will, in all probability, never finish the drama promised to Coquelin, or any other play.

The poet recently telegraphed his publisher to come to his chateau, Cambos-les-Bains. This looked like some definite news from the play, and the publisher hastened to telegraph Mme. Rostand the train on which he would travel, in order that she should meet him at the station.

On his arrival, Mme. Rostand begged the publisher to excuse her husband that night, as he could not receive him until ten o'clock the next morning. At that time Mme. Rostand reported that her husband had decided not to leave his room for the day, and requested his visitor to be patient for another day.

The same comedy was repeated the next day, and on the third day the publisher, who had business in Paris, returned without seeing the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." His return to Paris was followed by the arrival of three acts of "The Chanticleer," with the request to put it at once into type. Before the process began, however, there came a telegram ordering the immediate return of the manuscript.

Other eccentricities are described as a part of the poet's conduct nowadays. In order to avoid visitors, he one day crawled under a table, and remained there for several hours, as there was no train immediately to take his friends away. He refused to crawl out until they were out of the house.

His favorite diversion now is said to be reading his verses in the chapel of his house while dressed in his Legion of Honor coat. He allows nobody to enter the chapel while he is thus engaged. — Kansas City Independent.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

What Great Writers Work For, — No great writer has ever consciously striven for a deathless fame. Such a writer is wholly absorbed in his work. Any vague desire he may have hitherto nourished is displaced by a distinct vision of beauty and truth which eclipses every ulterior object, demanding only and imperatively its own embodiment. Like Horace, he must be able to say *Exegi monumentum* before he exclaims, *Non omnis moriar !*

The prosperity of writers with readers of their own generation is no security for their hold upon posterity. In present conditions it would almost seem that the near regard is won at the expense of the future. It may be that hereafter each new generation must, be-

cause of its new and more exigent demands, have and cherish only its own authors. — H. M. Alden, in Harper's for July.

How Mark Twain's Books Were "Expergated." — "Ever since papa and mamma were married, papa has written his books and then taken them to mamma in manuscript, and she has expergated them. Papa read 'Huckleberry Finn' to us in manuscript just before it came out, and then he would leave parts of it with mamma to expergate, while he went off up to the study to work, and sometimes Clara and I would be sitting with mamma while she was looking the manuscript over, and I remember so well with what pangs of regret we used to see her turn down the leaves of the pages, which meant that some delightfully dreadful part must be scratched out. And I remember one part pertickularly which was perfectly fascinating it was dreadful, that Clara and I used to delight in, and oh with what dispair we saw mamma turn down the leaf on which it was written, we thought the book would be almost ruined without it. But we gradually came to feel as mamma did."

It would be a pity to replace the vivacity, and quaintness, and felicity of Susy's innocent free spelling with the dull and petrified uniformities of the spelling-book. Nearly all the grimness is taken out of the "expergating" of my books by the subtle mollification accidentally infused into the word by Susy's modification of the spelling of it.

I remember the special case mentioned by Susy, and can see the group yet — two-thirds of it pleading for the life of the culprit sentence that was so fascinatingly dreadful, and the other third of it patiently explaining why the court could not grant the prayer of the pleaders; but I do not remember what the condemned phrase was. It had much company, and they all went to the gallows; but it is possible that that specially dreadful one which gave those little people so much delight was cunningly devised and put into the book for just that function, and not with any hope or expectation that it would get by the "expergator" alive. It is possible, for I had that custom. — Mark Twain's Autobiography, *in the North* American Review.

The Importance of the Plot. — We are often told that it is a mistake to look for a plot in a work of fiction. We are informed that such a source of interest may be condoned in the romance or detective story written for an uncritical public, but that for the superior person character is the thing. There is an interesting note on this subject in the "Balzac" of the late Ferdinand Brunetière. This French critic was austere enough, but he had common sense. Witness these observations: —

"As to complication of plot, I shall not content myself with saying that it is a powerful means of keeping the reader's interest, but shall say that it is the principal means. Let us not be over-fastidious, and pride ourselves on a silly dilettanteism! There is hardly a novel without a 'plot,' and there is no plot without some complication of events. . . . It is necessary that in a novel 'something take place,' and that on this something one or several human destinies depend. . . . The novelist must 'interest' us, and he can do so only by relating to us 'adventures.' This is what so many novelists since Balzac have forgotten."

In our own time this forgetfulness was curiously deepened by the "realistic" craze that for a brief period had many adherents. The novelist took it into his head that all he had to do was to copy life, and he fondly imagined that he acquired virtue if he supplied his book with next to no plot. When the inevitable reaction set in, and readers turned gladly from dull photographic studies of dull subjects to the ingenious writings of the "cloak and sword" romancers, there was much shaking of heads among our realistic friends. They wondered if there were not something inartistic and even vulgar about all this solicitude as to plot. All the time the public was merely abiding by the sound principle so well stated by M. Brunetière. — New York Tribune.

Legal Advice in Fiction. — Frederic Harrison was a close friend of George Eliot, and she often asked his advice in regard to points of law that came up in the course of her stories. She particularly needed legal advice in a vital part of "Felix Holt" — for, con-

scientious worker as she was, and as all really great artists are, she was not content to make a guess. Mr. Harrison listened as gravely to the presentation of her problem as if it concerned real individuals.

The next day he sent her a carefully and concisely worded opinion, which she used in her book just as he wrote it. In the story it is ascribed to "the attorney-general," and is referred to as "final authority." It is the part printed in italics in Chapter XXXV. Mr. Harrison was both surprised and pleased to see his own words used. He expected that the novelist would wish to express his legal opinion in her own language. "Thanks to George Eliot," he said, with a smile, "I have written something that will live forever in English literature." — Philadelphia Press.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Professor Edwin Mims. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE DIME NOVEL IN AMERICAN LIFE. Charles M. Harvey. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

COWPER AND WILLIAM HAYLEY. Edward Dowden. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

A GREAT ENGLISH SCHOLAR: FREDERICK WILLIAM MAITLAND. H. A. L. Fisher. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

HENRY JAMES — "IN HIS OWN COUNTRY." H. G. Dwight. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

A POET'S CENTENARY: H. W. LONGFELLOW. Samuel Valentine Cole. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

THE MODERN HERO IN ILLUSTRATION. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

ANALOGIES OF A DISAGREEABLE HEROINE. F. M. Colby. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

THE CAMERA AS AN INTERPRETER OF NATURE. Joseph K. Dixon. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for July.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BEGINNINGS AND ACHIEVEMENTS. Joseph K. Dixon. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for July.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH." W. Scott King. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for July.

"IAN MACLAREN." W. Robertson Nicholl. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for July.

WHAT JOURNALISTS SAY OF "IAN MACLAREN." *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for July.

JOHN WATSON. Charles Houston Goudiss. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for July.

MAKING A MOTORTHUSIAST OF MARK TWAIN. M. Worth Colwell. *Circle* for July.

SLABSIDES (John Burroughs's Home). Clara C. Smith. *Suburban Life* for July.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS. Giles Edgerton. *Craftsman* for July.

THE UNPRODUCED PLAYWRIGHT AND HIS PLAY. George Middleton. *Reader* for July.

GLIMPSES OF BRET HARTE. S. R. Elliott. *Reader* for July.

TALKS WITH WALT WHITMAN. Horace Traubel. *American Magazine* for July.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE DRAMA. Charles Klein. *Arena* (28 c.) for May.

A GREAT ENGLISH SCHOLAR (Frederick William Maitland). H. A. L. Fisher. *Putnam's Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

HENRY JAMES — "IN HIS OWN COUNTRY." — II. H. G. Dwight. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

SLEEPY HOLLOW IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Illustrated. Frank Yeigh. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for June.

IN KINGSLEY-LAND. Illustrated. May Ellis Nichols. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for June.

A DAY IN THE HAUNTS OF SCOTT. Illustrated. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for June.

THE CHILDREN OF MRS. RIGGS'S STORIES. Illustrated. Sara Cone Bryant. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for June.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN RIGGS. Some facts from her biography. Illustrated. Norma Bright Carson. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for June.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Her place among contemporary American writers. Illustrated. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for June.

IS LITERATURE DYING? Herbert Paul. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

THE FROWNER IN LITERATURE. Thomas Bayne. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

SCHILLER, THE DRAMATIST. Illustrated. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for June.

EYE STRAIN IN RELATION TO GENERAL HEALTH. Dr. James A. Paulding. *Health-Culture* (13 c.) for June.

SUPERFRESHMEN LITERARY STYLISTS. Charles R. Nutter. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for June.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON. With portrait. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for June.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY — XIX. *North American Review* (28 c.) for June 7.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Archibald Henderson. *North American Review* (28 c.) for June 7.

ENGLISH STYLE. Joseph S. Auerbach. *North American Review* (28 c.) for June 7.

THE FICTION OF LEONARD MERRICK. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (28 c.) for June 21.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. Charles Edward Russell. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for June 15.

"TAINTED NEWS." — III. Illustrated. *Collier's* (13 c.) for June 29.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Mary Johnston has sailed for England for a four-months' visit.

William Winter, of the New York Tribune, has gone to Mentone, Southern California, where he will remain for several weeks. Early in September he will resume his usual duties as dramatic editor and critic, a position that he has held continuously since July, 1865, a period of forty-two years.

George Cary Eggleston has opened his summer home at Dunham's Bay, Lake George.

Thomas Nelson Page is at his summer home at York Harbor, Me.

William Dean Howells has opened his cottage at Kittery Point, Me.

A public meeting has been held at Portsmouth to take action on the purchasing of the boyhood home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with a view to making it a memorial. Mrs. Aldrich and her son Talbot have offered, as their contribution, to paint the house, and paper and re-furnish the interior as nearly as possible as it was when occupied by the dead poet. They will also furnish one room as a memorial to his later literary life.

Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, is writing a biography of Bernard Shaw. Other books about Mr. Shaw are announced by Holbrook Jackson and G. K. Chesterton.

Walter Crane has written a book of reminiscences that will be published in the fall.

A. C. Benson's life of Tennyson will be published in the fall.

"William Thomas Arnold, Journalist and Historian," is a biography written in part by Arnold's sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and in part by C. E. Montague, Arnold's friend and colleague.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are to publish "George Crabbe and His Times," by René Huchon. The book has been translated by Frederick Clarke.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish in the fall a popular work on "The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," by W. M. Payne, associate editor of the Dial.

D. C. Heath has published "The Making of English Literature," by William H. Crawshaw, professor of English in Colgate University.

The Baker & Taylor Company is bringing out a new edition of William Cullen Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song."

Manuscripts offered in competition for the three $1,000 prizes to be awarded by the American Humane Education Society, as announced in the June WRITER, must be typewritten on stitched sheets, signed with a fictitious name, accompanied by a sealed letter giving the actual name and post-office address of the writer, and received at the offices of the society, 19 Milk street, Boston, on or before January 1, 1908.

The Washington State University in Seattle is to start a school of journalism. Merle Thorpe, assistant telegraph editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, will be at the head of the department.

"English Style," by Joseph S. Auerbach, in the North American Review for June 7, is a caustic essay on the methods of teaching English composition in our colleges to-day. Incidentally Mr. Auerbach finds fault with Barrett Wendell's "English Composition."

Myrtle Reed has made a study of the love affairs of certain famous literary men, and contributes to the July number of Putnam's a paper on the experiences of Edgar Allan Poe.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar died in Lafayette, Ind., June 6, aged sixty-three.

Judge Lewis B. France died in Denver June 7, aged seventy-three.

Julia Magruder died in Richmond, Va., June 9, aged fifty-two.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIX. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1907. No. 8.

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THE CITY EDITOR.

The city editor is lord paramount of the local department of a newspaper, with power of life and death over stories turned in to him by his staff of reporters and special writers.

The local department is one of the two principal divisions of the editorial department, the other division being known as the telegraph department. Its province is to collect and prepare all the news of the city in which the paper is published, and its immediate vicinity.

On the Minneapolis Tribune the city editor arrives at his office in the morning about half-past seven o'clock.

The news situation on the Tribune differs from that of the majority of daily newspapers, in that it is one of the very few that issue both a morning and an evening edition. This necessitates two city editors, a chief and assistant, the chief working during the day, taking charge of the Evening Tribune, and the assistant at night, taking charge of the Morning Tribune.

When the city editor arrives at half-past seven in the morning his first duty is to make out the "assignment book" for the day. The assignment book is at once the order book and the diary of the local department. It lies upon the city editor's desk and each day the work to be done by every reporter is written down, with his or her name opposite the assignment.

For instance, if a reporter named Smith finds on the aassignment page for the day: "See secretary Carpenters' union on strike situation — Smith," he places a check mark opposite his name and knows that it is "up to him" to find the secretary of the union, get him to talk about the strike, if possible, and to turn in his typewritten story of the interview to the city editor in time for publication in the afternoon paper.

By means of the assignment book the complex and elaborate routine covered every twenty-four hours by the local department is systematized, the whereabouts of each reporter is approximately known, and he may be held responsible if he has checked off an assignment and failed to "cover" it — that is, to turn in a story on the assigned subject or a sufficient excuse of inability to secure it.

Assignments for weeks and even months ahead are put down under their proper dates, as soon as they are known, so that they will not be forgotten or overlooked. If it is de-

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cided in January that a convention of telegraph operators shall be held in Minneapolis, beginning August 16, the city editor will turn to the page for August 15 in his assignment book and write: "Telegraphers' convention begins today," or perhaps to the page for August 15 and writes: "Telegraphers' convention begins tomorrow — are delegates arriving?" Then when time brings August from the future into the present, the telegraphers' convention is sure of being remembered and properly covered.

A page copied at random from the city editor's assignment book of the Tribune is given below, showing the variety of matters assigned every day to the staff of reporters, who, unless they understand fully the abbreviated suggestions on the book, are supposed to ask the city editor for further particulars.

Following is a copy of the page for Friday, May 31, practically verbatim: —

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

Follow up woman's body found.
Get good story on A. D. Mousseau dead.
Go out and see Erick Passmer.
Get flag story, 1511 1st av. See Mrs. Carey.
What is situation on telegraphers' strike?
Interview railroad men on Roosevelt's R. R. speech.
Get good story on bicycle killing.
Have land men's committee secured concessions?
Get follow on saloon holdup.
Watch Giaque girl closely.
What is situation at Giaque home?
See Adam Winger — Yerxa — story of Mrs. McKinley.
See Amos C. Gardner — good story.
Has Minneapolis flour advanced in price?
Twelfth Night, University campus.
Is Kuroki going home through Minneapolis?
What is condition of John Gillen?
Passenger rate war is really threatened.
Boards and federal building.
Upper hotels and Commercial club.
Chamber of Commerce, mills and city hall.
Banks and trust companies.
Real estate. Rush Sunday stories.
Railroads and street railway.
Watch strike situation.
Police and municipal court.
Lower hotels and depots.
Humane Society and poor department.
Salvation Army and Volunteers.

FRIDAY NIGHT, MAY 31.

Early copy. Frequent reports. Every one.
Police.
Hotels and Commercial club.
Blaine school alumni.
Third ward Republican club hall.
Musical at Graham hall.
Concert East High auditorium.
Minstrel Show Columbia Heights (tickets in drawer).
University dramatic.
Junior Prom. at Stanley Hall (social).
Lecture, All Souls' church.

These are merely the assignments that the city editor knows about in the morning.

Of course any number of emergency assignments may come up during the course of the day, or a sudden event of paramount importance, such as a destructive storm or an exceptionally big fire, may interrupt the even tenor of the planned programme, but if the list of assignments is analyzed it will be discovered that almost every contingency is provided for. This is done through the system of classified, routine assignments, or "runs," as they are called, which are given to certain reporters every day.

Many newspaper readers believe that reporters scatter every morning from the newspaper office and scour the city in a wild search for news. It is a matter of surprise and frequent comment that the news of a city of 300,000 inhabitants can be gathered by a staff of from ten to fifteen reporters and so few news events be missed. But news is not gathered in this indiscriminate fashion. Nearly every happening in a city that comes under the head of news is a matter of immediate record in some department of the city's governmental system, or social organization, the fire department, police department, health office, coroner's office, city or county courts, humane society, poor department, weather bureau, federal building, labor union headquarters, hotels, clubs, railway offices, depots and other central points. Each of these points is visited daily by a reporter from the various papers, the same reporter taking the same run every day, becoming acquainted with its routine and the men and women who are its sources of news, and having ready access to its records and the co-operation of its personnel.

Each paper has its city hall man, its police reporter, its railroad reporter, its real estate man, etc., whose business it is each day to watch his own run, and who, through expe-

rience and acquaintance, soon has his little sub-department well in hand, and with whom it is a matter of personal pride to secure all its news and a matter of humiliating chagrin to be "scooped" — that is, to miss a news event that a competing paper secures and publishes.

The Tribune court reporter has been on the local staff of the paper for seventeen years, and for about fifteen years has been on the "court run." Naturally he has become an expert. The police reporter is also an old-timer, who knows every police official from the chief down, intimately, to say nothing of his acquaintance with the chronic criminals of Minneapolis.

Is the body of a man pulled out of the river at Thirty-first avenue north? The coroner must be notified. The matter becomes one of official record and is secured by the police reporter.

Is a deserted mother with twenty-four children, all under the age of six, starving and freezing in a shack on the flats? The poor department or the humane society is notified and the city hall reporter gets a tip on the "story."

Has the price of wheat dropped in the wheat pit? The market editor knows it before the victims who bought wheat the day before.

Does a fire break out in elevator near Minnehaha falls? The alarm that is turned in to the fire department rings its signal also in the city editor's office and reference to the list of boxes tells him its approximate location, though the police reporter has probably caught it at headquarters.

Does Senor Alvadaraz, prime minister of a South American republic, on a tour of inspection of the United States, stop at the West hotel? The hotel reporter finds him on the register and gets an interview to the effect that Minneapolis is the garden spot of the civilized world.

Has a new factory decided to come to Minneapolis? The public affairs committee of the Commercial club knows it, and Wallace G. Nye is visited daily by a reporter on his rounds.

Instances of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely, all going to show how the establishment of system simplifies what would otherwise be a haphazard task, impossible of accurate or satisfactory accomplishment.

It may seem that this "story" has wandered far from its center, the city editor, but not a thread has been followed the other end of which he does not hold in his hand. He sits at the center of the radiating lines, is expected to feel the vibrations and tension of all, to keep them taut and resonant, and to pull them in in time for his afternoon paper.

When all the assignments have been made for the day and explained, and the reporters, save for an emergency man or two, have left the office to cover their runs, it might be supposed that the city editor has nothing to do but wait for their return. There are a hundred and one details of administration that must be attended to and disposed of before the rush of copy begins.

There is a consultation with the managing editor, who is commander-in-chief of the entire editorial department, telegraph and local.

There is the schedule of space for the paper to be secured that the amount of copy to be sent to the composing room may be approximately gauged and the returning reporters instructed as to the length of their stories.

Heads of sub-divisions of the local department, the sporting editor, dramatic editor or society editor, may have business with the city editor or he with them, and on papers which, like the Tribune, publish both morning and evening editions, there is the "lift" to take care of. "Lift" is the term applied to all news matter that is carried over or "lifted" from one edition to the other. The city editor, or his desk man, every morning goes carefully through the morning paper, "killing" all stories that appeared in the afternoon paper of the day before and marking all that are new to be carried over into the afternoon paper. This applies not only to entire stories, but to portions of stories, such as accounts of conventions that are in session for several days, legislative proceedings and other continued

events. This is a task of no little complexity and nicety and helps nobly to eat up the precious time.

Then the photographer reports each morning to the city editor for possible assignments, or brings in finished pictures, which must be carefully labeled as to size, underlines and the story with which they run and sent to the engraving room to be made into metal cuts for printing.

In addition to routine duties there runs all through the city editor's day, from half-past seven in the morning until half-past five in the afternoon, a series of personal and telephonic calls, which often brighten the day if their recipient is blessed with a sense of humor, but which render difficult the maintenance of poise and sometimes even of sanity during the rush hour.

There is in the minds of many people an idea, perhaps an inheritance from the old days of journalism in remote villages, that the editor of the paper is omniscient; that he has at his tongue's end all information upon all possible subjects. A few samples of the many questions that have come over the telephone to the city editor of the Tribune in the last year are appended. They are all authentic and are but a small fraction of the total. The information is usually wanted for the purpose of settling a bet, both parties seeming to be perfectly willing to leave the decision to the invincible sagacity and illimitable fund of information possessed by the city editor. Here are the questions: —

What is the population of Rio Janeiro? Is it in Borneo?

How many tons of water pass over Niagara falls every minute?

When was the great wind in Ireland?

Can congress meet on Sunday and pass a law that is constitutional?

How old was Methusalah? Do you believe he really lived to be that old?

They call the outside of the bread the crust. What do they call the inside?

How many pounds of corn are there to a bushel?

What was the capacity of the first mill built at St. Anthony Falls?

How much do four nines count in cribbage?

What will the weather be on Thursday of next week?

Who won the pennant in the National league in 1892?

Will you please send a reporter right out to my house? My daughter is engaged and we want a piece in the paper about it.

Who was the fourteenth president of the United States?

Did Governor Johnson ever really have a moustache?

Where does Minnesota stand in the list of states in regard to the attendance of colored people at church?

Between the telephone calls, important and otherwise, all sorts and conditions of men and women call personally at the city editor's office on errands as varied as the callers. An irate mother may appear with the question: "Why did you print that horrid story about my boy, who did n't do anything at all, and never would have got into trouble if the police did n't have it in for him because he belonged to a campaign club that worked for Mayor Jones?"

Inquiry develops the fact that all the boy did was to take on a cargo of demon rum, shatter the plate glass of a Nicollet avenue store and kick in three ribs which were the personal property of an inoffensive companion. The fond mother is finally disposed of, still of the opinion that political enmity caused the arrest of her innocent son and further convinced that the newspaper is an accomplice of the party in power in ruining the reputation of every one of the opposite political faith.

The next caller may be a man who has invented a rotary engine and would like a four-column cut and a three-column story in the Sunday paper to aid him in revolutionizing the industries of the country.

No. 3 may be a poet with an "Ode to the Park Commission," a man who desires to be interviewed in regard to a mine he has discovered in New Mexico, stock in which, it is incidentally brought out, he desires to dispose of to the reading public, or any sort of crank with any sort of project he wishes to exploit.

Visitors of this class, with many more who have legitimate business with the paper and whom the city editor is glad, and often grateful, to see and to talk with, take up the time until nearly noon, when the reporters begin to return from their runs, and the bat-

tery of typewriters begins to click — the busy machinery of the news factory.

Then the city editor collects his force of copy readers, distributes the stories as they come in, each annotated as to its length and the style of head he desires to have written over it, and for an hour or two there is more business to the square inch in the local department than in any other place in town, except the telegraph department, where much the same process is being gone through with.

The copy readers with a blue pencil (far mightier than the sword), cut stories to their proper lengths, write the head and pass them back to the city editor, himself occupied in the same way; copy boys rush with them to the composing room, where they are put into type and on to the composing stones for the makeup men to place in the forms.

The rush is over by half-past two, but the city editor's work is not done.

On the Tribune the night men come on at two o'clock and there is a similar assortment of assignments to be given out, stories for the Sunday paper, which are being written all the week, to plan and assign, more telephone questions to answer, visitors to see, consultations of various kinds to hold, the other afternoon papers to be minutely read, and stories edited and sent up for the five o'clock sporting extra.

By half-past five the city editor's active work for the day is nearly done, though he is responsible for the morning paper as well as the evening and subject to call at any time during the evening or night.

From half-past five to seven o'clock is the "dog watch," assigned each day to a different reporter, who answers telephone calls and holds the fort during the brief truce between battles.

At seven o'clock the assistant city editor comes on duty to get out the morning paper, and the entire day programme, with modifications, is gone through with again, ending at ten minutes of three in the morning, when the last form goes down to the press room.

And this is but an incomplete outline of an average day in the local department, subject at all times to unforeseen interruptions and unusual occurences that may necessitate a sudden change of plans, temporary reorganization of the staff, and the issuing, at any hour of the day, of a special, or extra, edition.

Caryl B. Storrs.

The Minneapolis Tribune.

THE NEW LOVE STORY.

The new love story has not been written yet, or, at all events, published; but it is needed, the time is ripe for it, and writers should see to it that the world is not kept waiting.

It is plain on the face of it that the old sorts of love stories are running dry; and I see magazines full of stories which pretend to no love-interest to support them, or, at best, they import it in a perfunctory way, as a concession to tradition and prejudice. Stories of business haps and mishaps seem to be much in vogue, and are very cleverly "got up" and done; perhaps they are designed to be educative. Stories of Wild West adventure are now essential to the table of contents of an up-to-date magazine; and the deliberately funny tale is also in demand, and the purveyors of them doubtless sometimes wish that they had never revealed to insatiable editors how funny they could be. Bloody and murderous stories are alarmingly common, and appear under the best editorial auspices; and persons like Jack London give us versions of life as it is supposed to be lived in Alaska and such

savage frontiers of civilization, where law of God or man runneth not. These writers also substitute the emotions and virtues or vices of wild or tame animals for those of human beings, and make them appear very estimable characters ; but this line of literary goods seems to be in some danger of getting scarce, owing to the strenuous criticisms of certain persons in the forefront of public life and consideration.

All this sort of thing goes to show that the old love story is too old to be refitted nowadays ; but it does not show, in my opinion, that the new love story is not overdue, and much to be desired. All indications point that way ; look, for example, at the disastrous state that love is in in real life ! Now you see it, or imagine you do ; and the next moment you are reading about the divorce proceedings. Or you learn with dismay that the trusted bank clerk or popular clergyman has eloped with the eminent citizen's wife or daughter ; or the American heiress finds the foreign nobleman to be not altogether such as the matrimonial agent had pictured him, and she is coming home by the next steamer in a condition more or less bedraggled. In short, people are forgetting what real love is or they have not discovered what the new love is ; and it is manifestly the duty and doubtless will be to the profit of the writer of fiction, to apprise them of the facts without delay.

I will not permit myself to suppose that the writers themselves do not know what the real or new love is ; writers contemporary are far too widely sagacious and well posted to make such an imputation safe. But, whether from diffidence or from preoccupation with work already contracted for, they have not been lavish with definitions of it hitherto. We vulgar folk must therefore attempt in our modest way to arrive at some conception of it without expert guidance. And, first, what has been the trouble with love of the old styles ? A glance at modern French or Frenchified literature of the amative class shows that these writers are apt to take a rather too physical view of the matter ; they reproduce, in fashionable coat and trousers, a likeness of the satyr of mythology, who was without doubt a very fascinating personage in his day and generation, but who does not quite fit in with the records of our personal experience, even with his knees bending forward instead of backward, and his brow and his coat tails free of antique protuberances. On the other hand, our own decorous Anglo-Saxon fictionists represent the great passion as of an ultra-noble and self-sacrificing stamp ; their lovers renounce one another, and seem to think that the only desirable joy in love is to be attained by giving it up in favor either of another person or of some abstract principle, or because attendant circumstances are inconvenient. If the lovers get together at the last it is only after experiences of the most harrowing sort, leaving them sadder and wiser persons, and prone to believe that if they allow themselves to like it too much some astringent Providence or other will take it away from them, after all.

Both the Pagan and the Christian conception of love has been tried and found light weight ; something is the matter with them both. Neither license nor renunciation seems to be exactly what we want. Why, then, should we not try the worth of living for all life can bestow, and without encumbering ourselves with fears lest felicity carry a penalty ? The physical side of love, left to itself, ends in disgust and aversion ; the metaphysical side (to call it that) is too thin and aureoled to attract merely human customers. Might it not prove a good plan to unite the Pagan joy in physical life with enough of the spirit to vitalize and authenticate it ? Stimulation of the physical, in order to be wholesome and stable, should always come from the higher and never from the lower planes of life. But it should be stimulated ; we can do nothing without it. A great deal of emasculated Hindoo rubbish is talked nowadays in women's clubs and elsewhere about the value and beauty of the ascetic life — in order to walk in the "path" you must surrender all desire and much other pithless sentimentality to the like effect. We see the results of this philosophy in the condition in India to-day of the average Hindoo — the most helpless and molluscous of mortals. But the qualities that make a healthy and effective man or woman are spontaneity,

heartiness, sincerity, and faith that good things are not shown us in order to be snatched away again, but to be taken and enjoyed. We are brought into life without our consent asked, and it is our business to live to the height and depth of our opportunity and possibility. Wilfully injure no one ; starve and imprison no one ; but least of all injure, imprison or starve yourself. If you do, no god will help ; it is not the style of the gods. Rule your body with your spirit, but do not cut off your spirit from your body, and thus render both impotent for good and use. Do not worship misfortune and make a deity of her; do not sit passive, but control things and make them move your way. You will never get a seat in heaven by resigning your rightful position on earth. And you will never furnish material for a good love story on the new lines unless you love single-hearted and with all your heart, casting out all fears and fantastic scruples, and challenging any self-accredited law or principle, divine or human, that seeks to mutilate or shackle what honest impulse and independent intuition authenticate.

A love story written on such a foundation will find a publisher and readers, and the other kinds of fiction will then take their proper subordinate place once more. Love is the greatest thing in the world, now as always ; but it must be real love, as it comes fresh from the human mint, and not either satyrism or Abelard-and-Eloise monstrosities. Not by body alone nor by soul alone, but by soul inspiring body shall we find the path to heaven. *Julian Hawthorne.*

The New York American.

LITERARY PROVERBS.

Sold again ? Well, you are to be congratulated.

Short, but, oh how sweet — the editor's yes !

While there's life, there's hope — that after you are dead you'll get recognition.

There's many a rejection slip 'twixt the cup of Fame and the author's lip !

A soft answer turneth away wrath — so does one in the hard coin of the realm.

Blessed are the piece-makers — when they get paid on acceptance.

"All is not gold that glitters." The thin blue paper may be a check — and again, it may be a rejection slip !

Many are called but few are chosen — and the editor, alas ! chooses.

He who writes and sends away lives in hope another day.

Love thy neighbor as thyself — but send in thy Christmas stories first, if possible.

A man may be known by the company he keeps, but an author is known by the things he does n't have to keep.

Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will return to you — if you enclose stamps.

The pen is "mite-ier" than the sword — of parasites it has a horde.

A stitch in time saves nine, and a story in time is worth nine sent in too late.

There is no royal road to the editor's favor ; he does n't care whether you ever had a grandfather or not.

As a man soweth, so shall he reap ; as a man writeth, so shall he sell.

A cat may have nine lives, but a poor story is harder to get rid of.

"Clothes do not make the man." No, indeed, but it keeps the man hustling to make the clothes !

He who runs may read, but he who wishes to write must walk slowly, and observe.

SPOKANE, Wash. *Daisy Wright Field.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 147 Milk street, Room 411, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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***All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

***The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

***Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

***Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page ; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

***Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
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P. O. Box 1965. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XIX. AUGUST, 1907. No. 8.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

It is noted in England that during the publishing season just concluded there has been a great multiplication of cheap reprints of popular classics. Scores of volumes of Ruskin's works alone have been issued by half a dozen publishers, each representing an edition of several thousand copies, and Ruskin is only one of a great group of classic authors whose works have been spread broadcast. Volumes of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Fielding, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Tennyson have been issued at low prices and the obvious effect has been a relative diminution in the number of new books. This, however, cannot be regarded in any way as a calamity. The cheapening of good literature is always a benefit to the literary world, while it has come to be generally agreed that the great output of new books in recent years has lowered the standard of publishing and encouraged immature and careless authorship. The world would be vastly better off with fewer new books published, since authors, to get publication, would then be compelled to make their books of better quality.

* * *

Mark Twain has told what valuable assistance his wife gave him by editing his manuscripts — frequently editing large sections thereof into the stove. Now William De Morgan puts the responsibility of his literary career upon his wife. In 1900, he says, he wrote the beginning of Joseph Vance, to see if he had a turn for fiction. He decided in the negative ; his wife, however, found the manuscript and made him finish it.

* * *

The Nashville American says : "In a recent novel written by a lawyer the author has the city editor of a daily newspaper sitting in his office at two o'clock in the morning writing a leading editorial. The Louisville Courier-Journal says it is understood that the author's next book will be a realistic story of sea life and will relate how the captain stood on the bridge and oiled the engine. In the current Century is a story of a soldier who was a member of 'troop J.' In the army companies and troops are designated by letter form, A to M, except that the letter J is never used because

in writing it is apt to resemble the letter I. The Century writer makes a more ludicrous blunder than the novelist who has a bugler sounding 'taps' at daybreak, or the author who has a city editor writing editorials — and at two o'clock in the morning. The city editor of a daily paper is a man who does a lot of work — but he does n't write editorials." All of which goes to show that authors, like the young man picking out a wife, cannot be too careful.

* * *

Again the need of care in the arrangement of words in a sentence is illustrated by an advertisement published in Baltimore, which reads : —

"Proposals will be received by the Board of Awards of Baltimore City to erect a building, to be known as Shop Building No. 1, at Baltimore City Jail for the Mayor and City Council."

The New York Sun quotes this sentence from a Boston bill of fare : —

Any inattention or neglect on part of employees, if reported to the cashier or head waiter, will be deemed a favor by the management.

A Michigan editor received some manuscripts with this note of explanation : —

"These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

* * *

It is always a mistake for a writer to date his manuscripts. Few manuscripts are accepted by the first editor to whom they are offered, and, although perhaps it ought not to make any practical difference, it does not help induce an editor to accept a story in July, 1907, to inform him that it was written May 23, 1904. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Earl Derr Biggers, whose story, "There's Many a Slip," was printed in the Metropolitan for July, was born in Warren, Ohio, August 26, 1884, and was graduated from Harvard college this year. While in college he was on the editorial staffs of the Lampoon and the Harvard Advocate. All the literary work that has appeared thus far under his name was done in college. He has had several poems in Life, and stories in Munsey's and the Pacific Monthly, as well as in the Metropolitan. "There's Many a Slip" is one of a series of stories in the same vein, of which "Reformers Three" appeared in the Metropolitan for last December, and "The Duel" in the same magazine for May. More are to follow.

Demetra Vaka Brown, whose story, "Houlme Hanoum, the Discontented," in Appleton's for June, is one of a series of articles on harem life appearing in that magazine, is Mrs. Kenneth Brown. She is of pure Greek stock, although she was born in Turkey, as were her ancestors for many generations. She came to the United States eleven years ago, when barely seventeen years old, and took a position on the editorial staff of Atlantis, at that time the only Greek newspaper in America. Realizing, however, that she would never learn English as long as she remained with Atlantis, she presently resigned from it and accepted the position of French teacher in the Comstock school, in New York. While there she studied English, and then entered the University of New York, where she made a specialty of studying the development of the English novel. In 1904 she left the Comstock school and was married to Kenneth Brown, the novelist. Only after her marriage, and with the encouragement and help of her husband, did she seriously take up writing. Her first work published was an article about a house party in Russia ; for Mrs. Brown has traveled all over Europe and speaks several languages. After that, in collaboration with her husband, she undertook a novel of Turkish-American life, called "The First Secretary," which appeared serially in the Associated Sunday Magazines. A short article describing a visit of Mrs. Brown to two friends of her childhood, who had both married the same man, had meanwhile been going the rounds of the magazines. After one or two rejections, it came to Trumbull White, newly entered on his duties as editor of Appleton's Magazine. He realized at once that he had got hold of something quite out of the common, and not only accepted it, but con-

tracted for a series on the same subject—interesting, but little known to the denizens of the West. Probably there is not another woman who has the first-hand knowledge of harem life and the ability to write of it that Mrs. Brown has. She was on terms of unusual intimacy with a number of Turkish households into which it would have been hard for other Christians to penetrate.

Lulu Worthing Hammond, whose story, "Molly's Girl," was printed in Smith's Magazine for July, is a young Southern woman, living in Cumberland, Maryland, where she leads a very quiet life, devoted largely to reading. She comes of a family that always had literary tendencies, and poems of her mother's used to be printed in the papers of her day. Miss Hammond's own talent began to develop from the time when she used to weave romances about her paper dolls, which to her were living characters. Her first story was accepted by the Red Book.

Fred Jackson, whose story, "The Deceivers," was printed in the Red Book for July, is a young writer whose first story appeared two years ago, since which time he has been writing steadily. The magazine which published his first story dissolved soon after printing it, and he was unable either to collect for it or to sell it again, so that he says he thinks he should have stopped writing if his second success had n't followed immediately, as he had been "enjoying" rejection slips for three solid years before. Mr. Jackson lives in New York because he likes the cosmopolitan air of the place. He says that he finds a story in every face that he passes when he is off for a tramp after a hard day's work.

Henry Gallup Paine, whose novelette, "The Second Derringer," was published in Ainslee's for July, is better known as an editor than as an author. He was born in Albany, N. Y., but was brought up in New York city, and is a graduate of Columbia University, where he was one of the founders of the Columbia Spectator. Shortly after leaving college, he joined the editorial staff of St. Nicholas, and later was associate editor of Puck, under the late H. C. Bunner. In 1894, he succeeded Richard Harding Davis as managing editor of Harper's Weekly. After the change of management of Harper & Brothers, in 1899, Mr. Paine was for a time associated with the Munsey publications, as editor of the magazine page of the Daily News, and as its Sunday editor, while that newspaper was under Mr. Munsey's control. For the last three years, he has been on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, most of the time as editor of the New York Tribune Weekly Review, and as a writer of literary news and criticism. Mr. Paine has been an occasional contributor of short stories and verses, mostly of a humorous nature, to Scribner's Magazine, the Century, the various Harper publications, the Red Book, Puck, Life, and other periodicals. "The Second Derringer," a detective story, is in a different vein from his former work, and will be followed by accounts of the further experiences of Mr. Fenway, the criminal investigator. The second of these stories, entitled "The Fifth Robbery," will probably appear in one of the fall issues of Ainslee's.

L. Frank Tooker, author of the story, "The Freedom of the City," in the Century for July, has for years been a member of the editorial staff of that magazine. His knowledge of the sea and the older type of sailors and sailing vessels is wide and intimate, and much of his work has to do with this life. "The Freedom of the City" is the fifth short story having to do with these characters that the Century has published recently, and a short serial of 30,000 words relating to these three sailormen was published in the Broadway Magazine last year. His novel, "Under Rocking Skies," appeared in the Century in 1905, and was later published in book form by the Century Company. A volume of poems, "The Call of the Sea," was published by the Century Company in 1902. Mr. Tooker has had short stories published in Scribner's Magazine, the American Magazine, Everybody's Magazine, and

other magazines, and is at present busily engaged on a novel and other short stories. He is a graduate of Yale, from which university he received the honorary degree of M. A. in June of this year.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Doyle. — "Finally in 1887 I wrote 'A Study in Scarlet,' the first book which introduced Sherlock Holmes. I don't know how I got that name. I was looking the other day at a bit of paper on which I had scribbled 'Sherringford Holmes' and 'Sherrington Hope' and all sorts of other combinations. Finally at the bottom of the paper I had written 'Sherlock Holmes.' 'A study in Scarlet' appeared in a Christmas number of Beeton's Annual. The book had no particular success at the time, though many people have been good enough to read it since.

"My next book was 'Micah Clarke,' a historical novel. This met with a good reception from the critics and the public; and from that time onward I had no further difficulty in disposing of my manuscripts. When two years later I wrote 'The White Company' I felt that my position was strong enough to enable me to give up practise. I still clung to my profession, for I came to London and started as an oculist. After six months, however, this also seemed unnecessary, and I finally retired. I have not indulged in my profession since, except when I went campaigning." — Interview by Sir Bram Stoker.

Otis. — The story of the manner in which James Otis secured his start in life is a fascinating tale for the future successful man of America.

"It was at the age of thirteen that, as a green little country boy, I left my home upon the Penobscot river, in Maine, and went to Boston. After securing a position in a store at the salary of three and one-half dollars a week, I was so delighted with the prospect that I sent for my cousin to come to Boston and share my good luck.

"It cost me three dollars a week to live. The extra half-dollar I thought a very large sum of money, and in response to my invitation my cousin came to live with me.

"We got along comfortably until the coming of winter. With it came our first difficulty. We were confronted with the necessity of heating our room, and as there was no stove we made a bargain with the keeper of a neighboring shop whereby we were to pay for one on the instalment plan, at the rate of fifty cents a week. This arrangement worked well for a time, but there were several holidays on which we made large inroads into our surplus, and the time came when we were unable to meet our weekly payment.

"I had heard that there was a market for stories, and accordingly, with the object of getting the 'stove money,' I made my first literary venture. It was an article on Moosehead lake. To the leading newspaper of the time I took my effort. I was not quite fourteen years old, and small, so that when I entered the office, with the envelope in my hand, I suppose that the editors thought I carried a private message. That is the only way in which I have been able to account for the fact that I was allowed to go into the room.

"Charles O. Rogers was then at the head of the paper. I handed him the story, and, seating myself, waited while he read it. When he had finished he said: —

"'You don't know much about spelling.'

"I assented.

"'You don't know much about grammar,' he added, and again I assented.

"'How did you come to write this?' he asked.

"Then I told him about the stove.

"When I had done he told me that I need not go to the store for a week. It chanced that he knew the man for whom I was working, and he said that he would send him a note explaining matters. He added that he would buy my story, although he was sorry to say he could not use it in the paper.

"'I want you to stay about the office for a week,' he said, 'and then I want you to write an article about Boston Common. You can look over the files of the paper and

see what has been written about it, and then try to write something new.'

"The editor then gave me an order to the cashier. My cousin was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. We supposed that I had received as much as perhaps fifty cents, this being the amount for which we had immediate need, and when I found that the order was for twenty-five dollars I returned to the editor to tell him that he had made a mistake. I was assured that he had paid as he wished for the article, and told not to come back until I was ready to write my paper on the Common.

"I stayed about the office for several days, and was told by the reporters that so much had been written about Boston Common that there was nothing new to say of it. I was in despair, and searched my mind for an original idea ; all was in vain. At length, upon the last day of the allotted week, as I was seated upon one of the benches of the spot about which I was to write, I was made happy by the coming of the tardy idea. The names, the initials, the devices carved upon the seats by the hands of idlers ! I would write about them !

"Having returned to the editor and told him of my intention, I was supplied with paper and told that I must write the story before leaving the room. The afternoon, then the evening, wore on, and still I worked. It was eleven o'clock at night when I handed the finished manuscript to the editor.

"After he had read it he said that he would hire me, naming a salary which seemed to me a fabulous amount.

"'But,' he added, 'this money is not to be all paid to you. Five dollars will go for your board, and what of that you can save will be yours to spend as you please. Part of the rest will go to pay your clothing bill and the remainder is to be set aside for your education.'

"For the next few years I studied hard. It was in 1860 that I went to Boston, and in 1864, at the age of sixteen, I went South to represent my paper as a correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.

"*It was in* 1878 that I acquired the knowledge *of circus life which suggested* the writing of 'Toby Tyler.' I was sent out with the Barnum show, in order that I might find material for a series of circus stories to be published in the Leslie papers." — Boston Herald.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Short Story. — It is irresistible to comment on the hopelessness of the bulk of short stories, so-called, which flood an editor's desk. According to the misty ideas of the near-author, anything may be a short story, a sample or a remnant, a chapter from a long one, a novel boiled down, a striking incident, or an elaborated anecdote. Brander Matthews and other authorities have defined the various types of short story, but it is doubtful if these analyses are known to the majority of those who would rush dauntlessly into print did not their editor friends deter them. The demand for this form of fiction is on the increase, and with it, but out of all proportion to the demand, is the temptation to turn one's foolish thinking into funds.

With less preparation than is required to drive a nail straight, the ambitious author buys his favorite pen point, his best brand of ink, and opens shop. That the style and form of his story are the largest factors in his chance of placing it surely can not occur to him. The long apprenticeship of Guy de Maupassant, master of the art of the short story, and the use of the waste-basket would be scoffed at by even the successful story-writer who would urge his own success in spite of a lack of special training. Yet de Maupassant will live, and where are the stories of yesterday ?

For original plots are as scarce as lilacs in December. There are only a few themes all-told — the love incident, the ghost idea, the adventure or the mystery plot, and of distinctly modern origin, the romance of business or machinery or politics. What is new under the sun ? Simply the treatment. The style, or as George Meredith puts it, the philosophy, is the salt which alone will preserve the story from death and decay. Style is the only originality, yet style in all

its variety is the sum of the personal equation plus work, and the greater part, work.

Judging from a cursory survey of, say, simply the stories of last month's output of magazines, form is the last thing their authors thought of. It would surprise many of them to be told that the most effectual cure for their particular weakness would be a year of diligent sonnet writing — for the waste-basket. To capture an elusive thought, and compress it into a fixed form, is perhaps the best training for mental tidiness. The concentration essential for the best type of short story may be gained by writing not alone prose but verse.

It is not an economical art, the art of the short-story writer. As much life — experience — may go with the wording of the compressed sketch as might be elaborated into a novel, and certainly as much, if not more, study is spent in the apprenticeship. One well-known author acknowledges that she can not afford to throw away her ideas in capsule form for hurried lunch-counter absorption. But imagine "The Luck of Roaring Camp" expanded into a book, or "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" or "Caybigan" into a novel. But we reward the prodigality of these writers by admiring their stories, which is no little tribute in these days when every babe in arms is writing the short story of his experience or fancy.—Sunset Magazine.

Mixed Metaphors. — Sir Robert Purvis, fortuitously knighted in the last weeks of the existence of a government he had faithfully served — more especially at nine o'clock in the evening, when it was desirable to postpone approach to public business — takes the cake in respect of this sustained brilliancy of his metaphor. Addressing his old constituents at Peterborough in defence of an act of Parliament under whose operation some of them had gone to prison for a week, he said: "That, gentlemen, is the marrow of the Education Act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation, and it speaks in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamor." We must go to Germany to beat that. In an address to the present emperor's father, a Rheinlander mayor said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany. Such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye." — The Cornhill.

Philosophy in Fiction. — There are two schools of thought existing to-day concerning fiction and its purposes; the one dominant on the Continent, and the other dominant in the United States and England. It is odd that the English-speaking nations are those who definitely negative the dictum of their greatest prophet. George Meredith has said that only in so far as fiction contained philosophy or theory of life should it live; and yet we, above all other peoples, continue to extol and encourage the novel of swift incident; the slightly-built, lightly-amusing story which can be read as soporific, or as a momentary diversion on the trains.

From Holland, from Belgium, from Germany, from France, from Italy, and, above all, from Russia, we get novels of worth and of solid content, largely constructed, deeply conceived, slowly and deliberately written; novels that one reads to enlarge and deepen one's conception of life and conduct. Van Eeden's "The Quest," the trilogy of Fogazzaro, these are books to keep by one, even as the earlier Victorian novel was.

What a world that novel of the mid-nineteenth century offered! What a joy it would be, even to-day, to sit with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and hear the reading of the "Fall of the Roman Empire"! How one would like to follow Aunt Pullett again through the immaculate darkened rooms of her spacious house to get from the secretary the key that opened the shrouded guest-room, and take off the layers and layers of tissue-paper and see the new spring bonnet! What a leisurely joy it would be to take a day in the open with one of William Black's delightful freckled heroines, and see the sunset across the waters! If those books did not seethe with profound philosophy, at least they gave a detailed picture of a large and leisurely life worth living. It required leisure and a detached mind to live through them and in them. And we did live in them, and they became a part and a parcel of con-

sciousness, a definite enriching of the personal life. But who is the better, or, for that matter, the worse or one whit different for skimming through a dozen of the novels concocted to-day? They die before they have fairly become alive and tried their lungs. They serve the idle moment of the passing throng and are done with.

If one might give a few rules to young novelists, one would begin with: "Take three to six years for each book. Forget that there is such a thing as popularity. Write with absolute sincerity from the depths of experience, and realize that all literature depends as much upon form as upon substance. Never be afraid to feel your subject passionately, for passion is life, and nothing is farther from true art than cynicism and sophistication." — Editor's Diary, in the North American Review.

How Genius Borrows. — "It is wonderful," said Charles Reade, "how genius can borrow." And Dean Swift observed: "The lighting a candle at a neighbor's fire does not affect our property in the wick and flame." Such thoughts are enforced by S. B. Dunn, in his article entitled "How Genius Borrows Ideas and Inspiration," in the June Circle. Dante avows his indebtedness to Virgil, who owns he is under obligations to Homer. Ariosto owes much to Virgil, and Spenser helps himself from the stores of Ariosto. Spenser's "Faerie Queene," it has been claimed, gave birth to Fletcher's "Purple Island," which in turn brought forth Bernard's "Isle of Man." And the next two steps are Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." As Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out, "A good image is like a diamond which may be set a hundred times in as many generations, and gain new beauties with every change." Genius borrows nobly.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the *periodical must be ordered* from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE VALUE OF ALDRICH'S VERSE. Albert Phelps. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

WHEN PENS WERE ELOQUENT. Agnes Repplier. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for August.

WRITERS AND THEIR AUDIENCES. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for August.

THE ACQUIRING OF CLEAR SPEECH. — I. John D. Barry. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for August.

A SENSE OF HUMOR. Frank Barkley Copley. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for August.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. With portrait. Myrtle Reed. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for August.

AN APPEAL TO MR. H. G. WELLS. Howard Overing Sturgis. Editor's Clearing House, *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for August.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (Poe number). *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for August.

MR. BRYCE AND THE QUESTION OF POETS. Norma Bright Carson. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for August.

A PLEA FOR THE VILLAIN. Albert S. Henry. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for August.

MARK TWAIN, DOCTOR OF LETTERS. Samuel E. Moffet. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

HENRY FIELDING: AN APPRECIATION. Charles Woodward Hutson. *Uncle Remus's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

THE FAVORITE PLOT (WITH VARIATIONS). Leonard Merrick. *Metropolitan* (18 c.) for August.

INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE. Harry Thurston Peck. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for August.

BRAND WHITLOCK: MAYOR, NOVELIST, DEMOCRAT. With frontispiece portrait. *Arena* (28 c.) for June.

THE FALLACY OF TENDENCIES IN FICTION. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Forum* (53 c.) for July-September.

A DEFENSE OF STYLE. Porter Garnett. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for July.

THE PASSING OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BAD BOY." With portrait. J. L. Harbour. *American Boy* (13 c.) for July.

GOETHE'S POLYTHEISM AND CHRISTIANITY. Illustrated. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for July.

SCHILLER THE DRAMATIST (Concluded). Illustrated. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for July.

MARK TWAIN: HUMORIST AND PHILOSOPHER. W. Lyon Phelps. *North American Review* (28 c.) for July 5.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA. M. W. Hazeltine. *North American Review* (28 c.) for July 5.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — XX. *North American Review* (28 c.) for July 5.

RETROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA. Henry A. Beers. *North American Review* (28 c.) for July 19.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING. Mrs. C. F. Fraser. *New York Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for July 13.

THE CITY EDITOR. Sylvester Baxter. *Outlook* (13 c.) for July 13.

MARK TWAIN IN ENGLAND. Illustrated. Sydney Brooks. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 20.

ENGLAND'S OVATION TO MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. Sydney Brooks. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 27.

LAUNCHING AN AUTHOR. The literary fame factory and how the machinery works. Isaac F. Marcosson. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for July 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's long-promised visit to America is announced to take place next spring. She will travel in Canada and in the United States and may gather material for a novel to be written in the following autumn. Mrs. Ward is now at work on a novel to be published serially in Harper's Magazine.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs has returned from England to spend the summer at her country home in Hollis, Me.

F. Marion Crawford has returned to his home in Sorrento after his usual annual trip to America. He is busily engaged on his "History of Rome," which is founded upon a careful study of old documents, and will appear in four volumes. The first volume will appear some time during the winter.

Sir Conan Doyle and Miss Jean Leckie will be married in September.

Richard Harding Davis has returned to this country from a long European automobile trip, supplemented by a sojourn on the west coast of Africa. He is now spending the summer at Mount Kisco, N. Y., where he has a farm and a famous dog kennel, in which the original of "The Bar Sinister" is still domiciled.

Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham has left Chicago to spend the summer at her cottage at Bailey Island, Me. The island is well known as the scene of three of her books — "The Opened Shutter," "Miss Archer Archer" and "Dr. Latimer."

Miss Betham-Edwards's "Literary Rambles in France," just out, is a book of pilgrimages. The author follows in the footsteps of George Sand and Flaubert, Balzac, Michelet, Mme. de Sévigné, Brantôme and a dozen others.

The will of Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), who died at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, May 6, leaves an estate valued at $288,500 to his widow and family, and invests the control of all published and unpublished works in trustees for the benefit of the estate.

Edmund Gosse is preparing a monograph on Ibsen, for publication in the fall.

"The Memoirs of Frederic Mistral" will be published in Paris in the autumn. Educated for the bar, which he abandoned for literature, Mistral was surpassed, perhaps, by no French poet of his time.

The Macmillian Company will publish, in the fall, a six-volume English edition of the Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas.

Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross, is preparing an introduction to a volume entitled "Oscar Wilde," which John W. Luce & Co., have in preparation for publication in the fall.

Mrs. W. E. H. Lecky, the widow of the historian, is preparing a memoir of her husband, and is desirous of obtaining any letters that might be of use to her. They may be forwarded to her at 38 Onslow Gardens, London, S. W., and they will be safely returned in due course.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will publish Professor Francis B. Gummere's volume on "The Popular Ballad." The book is the first of a series of works, under the general editorship of Professor W. A. Neilson, with the title of "The Types of English Literature."

Arrangements are being made to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, which occurs in 1909. Richmond, the city in which Poe spent his early years, has collected ten thousand dollars for a monument to him, and the University of Virginia, which has an excellent collection of Poe literature and a "Raven Society," has placed a bronze medal over the door of the room where he studied and is arranging to celebrate the centenary. The monument which now marks Poe's grave was unveiled in 1877, the cost of it having been largely defrayed by G. W. Childs.

Henry L. Mencken, who wrote "George Bernard Shaw: His Plays," is at work upon another volume for John W. Luce & Co., which will bear the title, "Friedrich Nietzsche." In addition to biographical material, this book is to present a popular study of the philosophy of a man whose name is widely known but whose message is but imperfectly understood. Mr. Mencken is writing especially for the general reader.

The recipients of civil list pensions for the year include Sir Francis Burnand, former editor of Punch, who receives $1,000 a year; "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée), $750; John Davidson, poet and playwright, $500; Sara Hutchinson and Ennie Burns, grand-nieces of the poet, $500 jointly; and Miss Betham-Edwards, $250.

Prizes aggregating $5,000 are offered for the best articles concerning Oregon and Portland, published in any newspaper or other periodical before December 31. A printed copy must be in the hands of the judges not later than February 1, 1908. These articles must be sealed and addressed: "Prize Contest, care Portland Commercial Club, Portland, Oregon."

The Knickerbocker Magazine, published in New York, is a new magazine devoted solely to the theatrical profession.

Dress is a new magazine of fashion published in New York, Paris, and Chicago by the McCready-Beals Company.

New York has a new Japanese magazine called the Atlantic Monthly Jr., which will contain contributions in both Japanese and English, matter calculated to appeal to the 100,000 subjects of the mikado scattered through the United States.

Theodore Dreiser, the author of "Sister Carrie," has left the Broadway Magazine and is now in complete charge of the Delineator, including all of its features — fiction, departmental, and otherwise. Mr. Dreiser has had very wide experience on magazines. He founded and built up Ev'ry Month, and afterward took hold of Smith's Magazine, which he developed and made into a success and which he left only to take charge of and build up Broadway, which became under his management a notable magazine.

F. L. Collins is the new editor of the Woman's Home Companion.

Birds and Nature, published at 350 Wabash avenue, Chicago, will be known in the fall as the Nature Magazine, and will cover the whole realm of nature — birds, animals, flowers, gems, shells, minerals, etc.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla (Greenwater, Calif.) is to be greatly enlarged and improved, and published as a monthly magazine "of which the desert will be proud."

The Ess Ess Publishing Company has reduced the price of Transatlantic Tales to fifteen cents a copy; $1.50 a year.

Small, Maynard, & Company, of Boston, have absorbed the publishing house of Henry B. Turner & Company.

Brewer, Barse, & Company is the name of a new publishing firm, with offices at 300 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

There will be issued in Paris next winter a literary year book called "L'Annuaire des Ecrivains." It will contain an alphabetical list of authors writing in French, with bibliographical information and data regarding the French Academy, the Institute, and other prominent literary societies. A number of writers and artists who have formed a partnership styled "L'Abbaye" will publish it.

Hall Caine's son Ralph has embarked in the publishing business in London under the name of "Collier & Co." When it was pointed out that he had taken the name of an American firm, he replied that his only reason for adopting it is the fact that it is associated with success in this country!

Professor Ernest Kuno Fischer died in Heidelburg July 4, aged eighty-two.

Professor James McGrannahan died at Kinsman, Ohio, July 8, aged sixty-seven.

Professor Angelo Heilprin died in New York July 17, aged fifty-four.

Hector Henri Malot died in Paris July 18, aged seventy-seven.

Will S. Hays died in Louisville July 23, aged seventy years.

Francis Miles Finch died at Ithaca, N. Y., July 31, aged eighty years.

Joseph Hatton died in London July 31, aged sixty-six years.

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A TALK ABOUT STORY-WRITING.

An enthusiastic amateur photographer of my acquaintance, who had read numberless hand-books and manuals of his art, failed for weeks in the trifling detail of mounting his prints. Despite his best and most painstaking efforts, they *wouldn't stick*. Five minutes in the "back room" of a professional settled the question of stick-ativeness forever. None of the many who had written at great length about artistic pose, grouping, high lights, and bromide restrainers had thought it worth while to mention anything so commonplace as *paste*.

This reminds one of a good deal of the advice and instruction bestowed upon the aspiring writer by the more fortunate mortal, who, in a large way or a small, has "come, seen, and conquered." For example, one author informs this long-suffering class that they must not expect to get any appreciable income from their pens, unless they belong to the literary four-hundred whom heaven has dowered with real genius. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a considerable number of persons of average ability write for a living, and, by dint of a reasonable degree of industry, manage to avoid the calamity of an empty purse. Another, who evidently lends her pen only to the service of the "divine afflatus," lightly ridicules the idea of coming to one's desk of a morning with the deliberate, cold-blooded, and business-like intention of "*making a story*." And yet, for all that, stories are *made* — actually "made to order," and "cut to fit" the most uninspiring "cuts" — not, indeed, to take rank among the things that "are not born to die," but to be paid for in as good money as genius can command.

Again, we are told by veteran story-tellers that the plot of our story must stand out clearly in the mind's eye before ever we put pen — or even pencil — to paper, and that, this arranged, all runs a good deal more smoothly than the traditional "course of true love." Some writers, however, create their characters, and leave the plot to develop out of the initial situation. This may not be the best method, nor the worst method. I mention it only to show how elusive mere theory is, and how largely every individual mind is a law unto itself. The gist of the whole matter may be summed up in this advice: Don't despair of being a writer because your brain is not bursting with original plots, struggling to get out, nor yet because you cannot, at first, think out a connected plot from start to finish.

As a rule, the plot plays too large a part in the young writer's thought about his work. He is confident that he could tell a

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story creditably, provided he had the right sort of a story to tell, while the chances are that the very opposite is true. To put it very mildly, few plots are original. Most of Shakspere's plots were borrowed from earlier writers or culled from musty chronicles, and yet the plays are intensely original. One who reads standard and current fiction extensively need not be reminded that even commonplace situations are worked over again and again by first-class story-tellers. Besides this, everyday experience and observation adds to our fund of workable material. The real difficulty with the inexperienced writer does not concern a story to tell — that will come in good time — but rather his inability to recognize the value of his material, and to put it into presentable literary form.

A good short story is an admittedly difficult piece of literary workmanship, and yet, almost invariably, it is here that the ambitious young writer makes his bow to the public — or to the editor. That he fails is not to be wondered at. Just *where* he fails is a matter of more vital moment.

Granting that he possesses the ability to express his thoughts upon a familiar subject in correct and idiomatic English, ten to one he has served no apprenticeship in the construction and blending of conversational paragraphs. To make *people* — not wooden dummies — *talk* in the presence of intelligent readers is an art in itself. Stilted conversation destroys the natural flow of the best narrative. The story-writer must be a close student of the speech of those about him, and by a careful study of the best models he must determine what part of this can safely appear upon the printed page. A word-for-word transcript of what is actually said by a group of loungers in a country store would not make a strong or interesting chapter of a novel. It might be true to life, but it would be untrue to art, and the writer must be an idealist as well as a realist. Our characters are talking to develop a plot, the real men are not. The speech of our characters may be quaint and ungrammatical, if the occasion require, but not slovenly, discursive, nor pointless.

The short sketch, with little plot or action, wherein some practical truth is brought out in the conversation of two or more characters, is a pleasant approach to more elaborate story-telling. Such articles are in demand, too, if one finds the right market. Concentrate your attention upon making your characters speak naturally. Avoid the monotonous "he said" — "she said" in alternate paragraphs, and study carefully the devices employed by popular writers to vary the formula, as "he replied, responded, answered, exclaimed, shouted," etc. Yet, it must be remembered that too much variety here gives the piece a stiff, studied effect, and the writer must use the tiller of his good judgment in steering between Scylla and Charybdis. Give an easy movement to your sketch by associating what your characters say with some natural or suggestive action. "'It is not true,' he said, dropping his eyes to the ground," illustrates my meaning. But never follow this as a routine in successive paragraphs. Bear in mind that you are not wire-pulling for a play of puppets, but making *real people talk*, with just enough of movement and action to show that they are not wax figures, mouthing words at your dictation.

Faulty phrasing is likely to be another defect of workmanship with an inexperienced writer. Favorite words and turns of expression are frequently repeated, and, even when the fault is discovered, we find it difficult to make substitutions which exactly express our meaning. That our working vocabulary is pitifully small is one of the many things we learn by putting pen to paper with serious intent. For this reason, the novice can well afford to spend a good deal of time in word-study, with a dictionary of synonyms for ready reference. How words are used connectedly to express thought or to produce a given artistic effect is best learned by observing how skillful writers use them. The word-by-word or phrase-by-phrase dissection of a fine description, the copying out of happy turns of expression which occur in our reading, are two ways of following the general suggestion.

Again, the young writer frequently finds difficulty in making his story move smoothly, especially in transferring his characters from

one scene to another, or in bridging the hiatus of a few hours or a few days with a matter-of-fact sentence, or paragraph, of transition. He is apt either to weave in a net-work of inconsequential details for the sole purpose of keeping his characters "in sight," or else "leap the chasm" with a suddenness which leaves the reader panting behind. If either expedient be adopted, the latter is preferable, but here, as elsewhere, a study of good models will be helpful. The ease with which a master of the craft disposes of time and space in a few well-chosen words will be a revelation to the student, if he has never given the matter special attention.

Another temptation which besets the young writer is that of "taking in too much." He introduces his characters with as much detail as if they were to be life-long friends of the reader, instead of casual acquaintances; he tells more about their sayings and doings than the reader needs to know, and he feels called upon to dispose of them at the end with more regard to the comfort and well-being of the characters themselves than the nature of the case demands. A short story is merely a glimpse into life. It is like a bit of landscape upon the painter's canvas. There may be observers curious to know what is beyond that range of mountains in the background, but the artist is not bound to inform them. In accepting one of the writer's first stories, the editor made this criticism: "The boy does not need to be carried as far as that." It saves the reader's eyesight to leave something to his imagination. "Tell what *really needs* to be told," is a good rule.

SALEM, N. Y. *Charles T. White.*

HELPS TOWARD THE MAKING OF VERSE

I. — THE MASTERY OF TECHNIQUE.

The popular notion concerning a poet's method of making verses seems to be that, in the fine frenzy and the noble fury of his inspiration, words come involuntarily and demand to be written down. There stand the finished verses, wrought in perfect-fitting meter, each line terminating in an unsought rhyme chiming in sweet harmony with its sister-rhyme. The verses have presumably been no trouble to the poet, unless we take count of the discomforting after-effect sure to follow on the elation of intoxication, whether of the vinous or of the poetical sort.

Yet, if the truth were known, the high level of excitement which the poet is supposed to keep during the progress of a poem is only a mood, which would be futilely dissipated, were not steady skill and sound judgment at command to shape into mosaic-patterns the idea pressing for utterance. There is a technique of the art of poetry which may be practised independently of any mood. To be sure, the product of such practice will be artificial poetry. But, on the other hand, neither can poetry of any range be written without a mastery of technique.

In advising the would-be poet to practise the technique of verse it is necessary to add the caution that he should not regard his practice pieces too seriously. They may sound remarkably like real poetry when they are done, and it may chance that out of a score of attempts one actually reflects a poetic gleam from its polished surface; but, on the whole, the artificer should be content to take his polish for his pains, and not be looking for his manufactured verses to turn out poetry in spite of himself. He should keep them merely for his own encouragement, to mark the steps of his progress in the difficult art of versification.

As a preliminary to all exercises in the writing of verse, a good practical treatise

on rhythms and verse-forms should be studied. Iambic, trochaic, anapestic, and dactyllic meters should be practised in longer or shorter lines, and the several varieties of classic stanza should be imitated. The heroic couplet and the Spencerian stanza are not much required in modern usage, and their practice may be abandoned as soon as their structure is understood. The sonnet is a most tempting verse-form. It is hard to stop when once one begins to sonneteer. There is something fascinating in the facility with which a general idea presented in the first eight lines may be pointed with a special application in the last six. Then the rhyming scheme demands just enough to tax one's ingenuity severely without driving one to the extremity of despair. One gets to know, as Dr. Holmes has put it, which are the monogamous and which the polygamous rhyming-sounds, the word which ends a sonnet-line being in the position of those ancient Dutch ladies of New York, who are reputed to have been always capable of earning three husbands by as many successive marriages.

But, though the young poet finds it fascinating occupation to pour out impassioned thought so that it fills without overflowing and without need of dilution the exact measure of fourteen lines, yet the editor is not so apt to look with indulgence on this agile feat. "Why always the sonnet?" asked a prominent editor not long ago. "Why do not young poets give me more variety in the verse they present?"

The French verse-forms in which Dante Rossetti, Austin Dobson, and Andrew Lang have done such excellent work should be practised for the ease and grace of expression which they require. The French ballad-form is a very neat exercise and calls for a subject of delicate sentiment. The rondel, villanelle, triolet, and even the sestina should be imitated in subjects of one's own.

A merely mechanical exercise in meters is not in itself sufficient to develop a flexuous movement of the lines. To gain insight into the potentialities of verse, one should study the works of true poets.

The very best way of acquainting one's self with the moods and methods of great poets is through the medium of translation. The rendering into English of the mighty lines of world-poets who have written in other languages calls for a conservation of beauties which cannot be touched without yielding up fragrance, like an aromatic leaf that has been crushed between the fingers. One would have to be a clumsy versifier indeed who could not reproduce some of the ineffable poetic quality in translating from Goethe or Heine, Victor Hugo or Alfred de Musset. An advantage of such practice is the opportunity it gives for comparison with the work of others who have translated the same poem. Using some accepted translation as a standard, one may judge whether his interpretation falls short in accuracy, in sweetness and beauty, or in power. This exercise of translation is like walking in a great poet's footsteps. One catches the swing of his meter, follows every fluctuation of his thought, and discovers how he moulded language to his uses. Some of our greatest poets in the English tongue devoted themselves assiduously to translation in the early years of their poetic practice. Scott is a conspicuous instance. He spent much of his young, uncertain talent on translations from the German, and won his first notice as a poet through his presentation in English verse of Burger's Leonore. Longfellow, too, won some reputation through his graceful rendering of such German poetry as Uhland's "Castle by the Sea." Thackeray did certain French poets to perfection; and Andrew Lang has exquisitely translated old Trouvère poetry, as well as more modern French chansons.

Akin to translation, is the exercise of imitating the style of good English verse. One may choose the meters of certain songs, like "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," or "Go, Lovely Rose," and write serious songs of one's own to the same music. Or one may write humorous parodies, full of outrageous nonsense, in verse which capers in the very meter of some of our most staid and respectable models. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" has, perhaps, been parodied as much as any English poem. Tennyson's "Break,

break, break" is tempting for such usage. The meter of Omar Khayyam and Kipling's characteristic meter have both been used as vehicles for most ridiculous nonsense.

The most difficult style of verse is blank verse. In the hands of a novice, blank verse is apt to turn out stiff and inflexible, without variety in pauses and with too many lines chipped short off at the ends. It is something exceptional for blank verse with the verve and easy flow of "Thanatopsis" to be produced in early youth. Rhymed verse is easier to practise and is more satisfactory as a medium of expression for those lyric moods which are the breath of a young poet's life. As an exposition of the use of rhyme, Browning's verse stands supreme, and should be studied for suggestions in the use of quaint and unusual rhymes.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Alwin West.*

THE AUTHOR'S LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Calla: A green writer.

Ice Plant: The Atlantic Monthly.

Bleeding Heart: After repeated rejections.

Crimson Rambler: The story written in red ink.

Daisy: The editor who pays on acceptance.

Goldenrod: Honest adverse criticism.

Phlox: The way in which manuscripts return.

Lilac: Not a failing of the writer of fiction.

Coxcomb: The other author in our set.

Poppy: A soporific narrative.

Night Shade: To be used in tales of villainy.

Palm: Reached out for by most authors.

Orange Blossoms: What editors want at the end of a love story.

Compass Plant: The literary bureau which points out suitable markets.

American Beauty: What the public wants in a heroine.

Snap Dragon: The reader who pencils "no good" across the first page of your immaculate manuscript.

Rue: What a writer will do if he mails manuscript to a periodical that he has never seen.

Blue Bell: When the sweet young thing's much-praised story is rejected.

Willow: To be worn sparingly by a writer who would succeed.

Freezia: A manuscript returned without the courtesy of a slip.

Laurel: What every author secretly hopes to win.

Balsam: A woman's resort when she receives a wandering manuscript home.

Peach: The sweet girl graduate who glues the sheets of her manuscript together in order to expose the editor's perfidy.

Bitter Sweet: A manuscript sold but paid for on publication.

Love in a Mist: A love story with a hazy plot.

Sweet Peas: Pearson's, Pilgrim, Puck, and Popular.

Evergreen: The writer who does not take a magazine for authors.

Sensitive Plant: The high school girl after the rejection of her graduation essay.

Jacque Rose: When London got up to refute the charge of plagiarism.

Sweet Balm: Words of encouragement penciled at the bottom of a rejection slip.

Golden Glow: The young author's feeling when he thinks of the D. C. Cook Co.

Butter and Eggs: Not often seen on the table of the unknown author who depends on his writing for a living.

Forgetmenot: The postman with a bulky envelope.

CRETE, ILL. Inez De Jarnett Cooper.

THE WRITER.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A popular newspaper writer is described by the Brockton Enterprise as a "journalist *and poetess*," and the Fourth Estate pertinently asks: "If she is a 'poetess' why is she not a 'journalistess'?" The word "actress" may be a fixture in the language, but as a rule feminines in "ess" should be avoided.

* * *

In Germany action is being taken to secure uniformity in shorthand, and a committee of representatives of the different shorthand schools has been appointed to formulate a project for a uniform system. The leading German system now is the Gabelsberger shorthand, which is also the system chiefly used for the languages of Eastern Europe — Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, and Finnish. Besides there are used in Germany other systems, bearing the names of Stolze, Schrey, Roller, Lehmann, Arends, Velten, Merkes, Brauns, and Faulmann. It is obvious that if a single system can be agreed upon, great advantages will be obtained. Here in the United States similar action would be desirable. There are now in use here a number of shorthand systems, of various degrees of effectiveness, and the writers of one system, as a rule, cannot read the shorthand of writers of other systems. Of the three or four leading systems based on Isaac Pitman's phonography, one is about as good as another, and any one of them could properly be made the standard system, to be learned by all shorthand writers, if the best features of the other systems were judiciously incorporated in it. Then if all students were taught this standard system, the properly-written notes of one writer could be read by all, and the highest usefulness of shorthand would be obtained. Shorthand may be made useful in so many ways other than verbatim reporting — in note-taking, in copying, in making rough drafts of manuscripts, in letter-writing, and even — to realize Isaac Pitman's dream — in making copy for the printer, that immense advantage would be gained by having only one standard shorthand system, as we have now one standard longhand alphabet. Shorthand written carefully and without too great abbreviation is at least as legible as the average person's handwriting, and even when it is written slowly it is much more rapid than ordinary script. The publishers

of the different systems, of course, maintain each that his system is the best, but a committee of expert shorthand writers of different systems could probably agree upon a standard that would meet the needs of every one. Germany has set an example in this respect that the United States should follow.

* * *

An interesting glimpse of the blue pencil in action is afforded by a despatch from Washington printed in the New York Herald, in which these two paragraphs appear : —

> It is guardedly admitted here that the attempts to induce Japan to give more definite and unreserved countenance to the exclusion policy have been fruitless.
>
> It is now admitted, very gradually and in diplomatic language, but still admitted, here in Washington, that efforts to have Japan give more definite and unreserved countenance to the exclusion policy of this country have been wholly fruitless for the time being.

Obviously the first paragraph is a condensation of the second, and it was not intended that the second paragraph should be printed. The condenser did good work.

W. H. H.

DRINK AND TOBACCO IN FICTION.

The vigorous crusade recently carried on by various reforming bodies against the use (in fiction) of tobacco or intoxicating liquors has a serious as well as a humorous side. Trivial reforms are so easy, and important reforms are so difficult that long before the drink evil is abolished we may see the novelist obliged to close his eyes to its existence. It has happened so with worse evils, and fiction is to that extent falsified as a picture of life ; it might easily happen that an active minority might accomplish a similar result in the case of drinking and smoking. Publishing is a ticklish business, and publishers are anxious above all things not to offend any considerable section of society, reasoning (no doubt wisely) that the public is more energetic in its dislikes than in its likes. In the magazines strict rules already obtain, not unlike those which are posted in the dressing-rooms of vaudeville theatres. Even those that admit what to a discriminating taste reeks with vulgarity have their carefully-framed code of morals, a code which does not correspond with that of our masters of literature.

It will be recalled how Rudyard Kipling, when informed once upon a time that the Ladies' Home Journal could not have brandy consumed in its chaste pages, sent to Mr. Bok by cable the instruction, "Make it Mellen's food." George Barton in the July number of THE WRITER relates various other modern instances in print. One author recently had a story rejected by "two conspicuous periodicals" because the hero, a desperado, drank Scotch whiskey. Whether "moonshine," which has more flavor of romance, would have fared better, cannot of course be known ; Scotch does savor rather more of dissipation. Another writer found that the editor who was otherwise willing to accept a story "would not stand for the cigars" ; the hero therefore was set to chewing a wisp of straw as an aid to reflection. As to the marriage question, editors cannot be too careful if they would avoid conflict with a formidable section of their readers. In the same periodical for writers it is told how an author who had found his climax ending in an elopement was told that he must add a postscript with a distinctly-heard sound of wedding bells. That the story was not immoral, and that the addition was a detriment to its literary construction did not matter ; the proof that it was a highly moral tale must be spread on the printed page where Mrs. Grundy could see it without the faintest chance of a misunderstanding.

That the precaution was not excessive is amusingly shown by the case of a certain novel which had a great vogue two or three years ago, but which gave serious offense to a large number of good people because of precisely such an ambiguity. It was a romantic tale of two men so much alike that one took the other's place in the world, and after his double's death from opium took his place in the family as well. The terrible moral issue that agitated many breasts and led to acrid correspondence in the public prints was this : Was it legally possible to arrange for a marriage under the given conditions ? There was no doubt that the "parties" were willing to marry or that they

were entitled by law to marry. But this could be done only by revealing the death of the dissipated statesman — the very thing they had pledged themselves to conceal. Some held that there was a way out of the tangle, and that the story could not therefore be called immoral ; others read the law differently, and censured the author's ethics very severely. That the issue did not make an atom of difference in the moral effect of the tale, which was a purely romantic invention, and not in the least capable of influencing conduct, did not occur to either party. It was a purely technical question based simply on the possibility of performing the marriage ceremony. When moral sensibilities become so acute as that, they are abnormal, and it is the abnormal sensibilities, unfortunately, that the editor has to consider.

As the author of the article in THE WRITER suggests, so strict a censorship would play havoc with the most strictly moral of our classics. Take Dickens, for example — much of his flavor would go if the blue pencil were put through the good things to drink. He began briskly in "Pickwick" with his eulogy to punch : "Hot punch is an extremely pleasant thing, gentlemen — an extremely pleasant thing, under any circumstances — but in that snug parlor, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house cracked, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful." What would Mr. Tulkinghorn be without his cobwebbed bottles of wine ? For a moral one must turn to the hideous case of spontaneous combustion of a drunkard, about the possibility of which Dickens was so morbidly sensitive. It was a popular belief of his time, but science has not borne him out ; even yellow journalism to-day would hardly dare to spring such a sensation on the public !

George Meredith can hardly be cited with good grace in this connection because his recent proposal of limited marriages, a vagary to be forgiven in a sociologist but not in a popular writer, has hopelessly damaged his reputation as a novelist. However, it may be noted that his works would lose much by the blotting out of that famous dithyramb on port in "The Egoist," and the hardly less celebrated chapter on British ale in "Evan Harrington." But Thackeray is accepted along with Dickens as a family novelist — his novels would suffer greatly if wine, ale, and spirits were left out. The scene in the Cave of Harmony, for example — imagine Captain Costigan drinking lemon squash ! George Eliot has been commonly accepted as one of the most moral of writers, but she began in her first venture in fiction, "Scenes from Clerical Life," by displaying Mr. Gilfil sitting by his fire, smoking his pipe and sipping gin and water. Anthony Trollope's fiction is full of good things to eat and to drink, and so in general are the books of all the full-bodied novelists, both realistic and romantic, who deal with life rather than with ideas.

Jane Austen finds in her fiction little place for anything so vulgar ; she deals with ladylike things, and hardly mentions meals. Her enthusiastic admirer, Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has a wider range. He likes to describe quaint foreign restaurants where they serve Chianti in its pretty wicker flasks, and one recalls Bartley Hubbard's experiments with beer in "A Modern Instance," and poor Silas Lapham's betrayal by unaccustomed wine. In Altruria, it should be said, his people are free from vices of all kinds ; when he writes of this world he describes it as he sees it. Mr. James is very much up in the air ; he gives few material details. Take "The Sacred Fount," for example ; the life at such a great English house for a Saturday to Monday party is largely eating, drinking, and smoking, but in the novelist's idealized view these sordid details drop out. Two of the men talk over a point while smoking a cigarette Sunday night, but for the rest, the guests at Newmarch might have been miraculously sustained during their stay. He is not always, of course, so vague ; it is easy to see that in this case he was concerned to leave out every irrelevant detail ; it would be hard to find another novel that is kept so strictly to the point, a novel in which every word of conversation is concerned with the main issue. It is, as he calls it, an "anecdote," hardly a novel in the usual sense, even though it runs to three hundred pages. Elsewhere he gives a fuller picture of life, but he is always chary of material de-

tails ; he prefers to have his characters in the air ; he seldom describes their dress or their occupation ; it is always the problem or the picture that concerns him. But one recalls that in "Roderick Hudson" Rowland offered a cigar to the young Northampton sculptor, who rejected it with scorn and a rudeness which the novelist greatly censures.

Stevenson's pages are naturally full of rum and tobacco ; they go with his taste for piracy. The American authors who lately published a brisk sea tale in his style were more hampered by magazine requirements ; they were driven to keeping their piratical crew on water, and found it hard work. But Stevenson had a similar difficulty in making the language of his pirates in "Treasure Island" proper, and by inventing new piratical oaths for John Silver, such as "By the Lord Harry," he got on very well. In Stevenson, the rum and the pipes, the "30-star" California brandy in "The Wrecker" and the looted cargo of champagne in "Ebb Tide" are part of his romantic equipment. Kipling's "pegs," cheroots, the champagne that discomfited Mulvaney, the Milwaukee bottled beer that was kept in an out-of-the-way post for the wanderer, and the brandy which he was ready to make infant food, are part of an equally robust realism.

There can be no question that some of the later writers have been overdoing gastronomic details. They are like the actors who find it hard to get through with their stage business without a cigarette. A reform is a very wholesome thing, on the artistic side. One gets very tired of epicurean repasts, which serve chiefly to demonstrate the refined and fastidious taste of the hero in ordering a meal, of the knowing air with which delicacies are enumerated and the vintages specified. No doubt that sort of thing impresses the imagination of a certain class of readers, like all descriptions of luxurious living, but it is a poor kind of material ; it generally is most depended upon by writers who are deficient in ideas and in the ability to tell a story and bring out character. Worst of all are those novels in which the writer is unable to get through a dialogue without the help of tobacco. "Carefully lighting his cigar," "flicking off the ash with his finger," "thoughtfully stuffing his pipe," "carelessly striking a match," "meditatively blowing a ring" — this sort of stuff should be left for undergraduate fiction, which is overburdened with it. It is one of the problems of the writer to invent "business" to carry the dialogues, but it should be his task to make it fresh, characteristic, and relevant. To fill in with petty details that are not individual and do not help the picture is the very cheapest and poorest kind of padding. Far better is a simple "said he," "said she," a formula which with a little ingenuity in the phrasing can be made to go a long way. It is not right to ask novelists to portray a world in which such things as tobacco and alcoholic beverages do not exist, but it must be said that these recent protests strike at a very real evil — the mechanical dependence upon such things for filling in the story. The writer who will follow the usage of the great masters is not likely to go far astray, either in art or in morals. — Springfield Republican.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

M. A. W. Collins (Mrs. Charles Terry Collins), author of "The Men Who Wanted to Marry Me," in the Ladies' Home Journal for August, has previously had two serials in the Ladies' Home Journal. One of them, "The Parson's Butterfly," was the outgrowth of her life as a clergyman's wife in New York City and in Cleveland. The other, "A College Courtship," was written in New Haven, where her sons were at college. "Monsieur le Bébé," printed in Harper's Magazine for August, 1904, was founded upon an intimate knowledge of pensions abroad, where Mrs. Collins has spent much time with her children during recent years.

Roselle M. Davis, whose latest story, "For the Honor of the Service," appeared in the Red Book for August, is a government employee in the post-office at Council Bluffs, Ia. He is twenty-seven years old, and has been writing but little more than a year. For his material he draws upon the Philip-

pines, where he served as a non-commissioned officer in the United States army during the earlier years of the Insurrection. "For the Honor of the Service" is but one of several of his stories which have been accepted by the Red Book; some of them have already been published, and others are scheduled to appear in early numbers of that magazine. Mr. Davis has also had stories in other popular magazines, and a bit of verse, his first, will be published in the Bohemian. Stories written by him which have brought some very favorable comment in recent months are "McCabe, Mutineer," "The Gilt Cap Cord," "Goosie," and "The Pearl of Bayamon."

Nelle Richmond Eberhart, whose poem, "Hollyhocks," was printed in Ainslee's Magazine for August, is a new writer in the magazines, her work heretofore having been chiefly song-writing. In this line she works with J. A. Parks, Leo Oehmler, W. J. Kirkpatrick, and Charles Wakefield Cadman, and she has already written the words to about fifty published songs, not to speak of the unpublished ones. From her long residence in the West and her sympathy with Western ways and habits of thought she still considers Nebraska her home, although she was born in Detroit, and for the past seven years has lived in a suburb of Pittsburg.

G. F. Haynes, whose story, "Bareheaded Bill's Reformation," was printed in the Metropolitan for August, is an artist rather than a story-writer. The editor of the Metropolitan, to whom he had applied for assignments as an illustrator, asked him to send samples of his work, and, as he says, he "just allowed the story to accompany the drawings." Mr. Haynes has done illustrative work for Uncle Remus's Magazine. He is now a reporter and artist on an Atlanta newspaper. His ambition is to come North and study art.

Bessie R. Hoover, whose story, "The Bridal 'Tower,'" was printed in the Broadway Magazine for August, lives in Benton Harbor, Mich., and is a comparatively new writer. She has recently sold a series of eight short stories of real life to Everybody's Magazine, the first of which, "Opal and the Parade," was published in the March number; the second, "Opal's Half Holiday," will probably appear in the October number, and the others will follow consecutively. Miss Hoover is now writing a series of outdoor stories of Michigan farm life, of which the first, "Across the Fields," has been sold to Everybody's Magazine.

Marion C. Jacobus, whose story, "An Important Question," in Harper's Bazar for August, is the second of that character which the Bazar has published, is a graduate of Smith College. Since her marriage six years ago she has lived in a large boys' school — St. Paul's, at Garden City, L. I., — and her life there has given her an opportunity to see much of boys and to become very proud of them, notwithstanding that both of her own children are girls.

Grace Sartwell Mason, author of the story, "The Prodigies," in Appleton's Magazine for August, says that the subject of the musical child is rather near her heart, as she narrowly escaped a "career" herself. She was educated to be a professional violinist, but after six years of hard fiddling, she met, after a concert, a musical critic and married him. Thus, she naively confesses, the world was the better off by the loss of one girl fiddler. After giving up the musical profession, Mrs. Mason turned her attention to writing, an occupation toward which she had had a leaning since the day when as a small girl she wrote stories for the edification of her grandmother. Her published stories have all been short stories, and they have been chiefly stories of the small boy. The Saturday Evening Post has published a series concerning one "Licorice-legs." Other stories have been accepted by Everybody's Magazine, Munsey's Magazine, the Red Book, Short Stories, and Smith's Magazine.

Lydia F. Peaster, whose novelette, "The Hermit Thrush," was the leader in the People's Magazine for July, lives at present in New York City, although she was born in the South. She makes a specialty of Florida

stories, and her short stories have appeared in several magazines. Recently she has been at work upon a novel and a novelette, both of which she hopes to place with prominent publications in the fall. Both have Florida for a setting. Mrs. Peaster is the daughter of Mrs. Jennie S. Perkins, whose Florida biographical sketches and poems are well known.

Julia Lawrence Shafter, author of "A Faithful Steward," in Short Stories for July, is a native of Sheboygan, Wis., although her home since early childhood has been in California. At her father's ranch in Marin county she acquired her love of outdoor life, and became an accomplished horse-woman. She has had a two-part story in the Atlantic Monthly, a short story, entitled "A Realist," in the Smart Set for April, 1905, and more recently a three-part novelette in Woman.

Mary S. Watts, whose story, "The Great North Road," was the initial contribution in McClure's for August, lives in Cincinnati. Her first story was published in McClure's for May, and "The Great North Road" is only her second published story. Scarcely had it been published when the New York Times Saturday Review called attention to the fact that a story of the same name by Robert Louis Stevenson was published posthumously in the Illustrated London News and in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, beginning in the number for Christmas, 1905. Mrs. Watts has no desire to borrow the mantle of Stevenson, and used the title without the remotest idea that it had ever before been used by any one. Stevenson's story, according to a footnote by Sydney Colvin in the first installment in the Illustrated London News, is a fragmentary one, found among his papers after death. But two installments were printed, one in December, 1905, and the other in January, 1906. In both stories, the one by Stevenson, the other by Mrs. Watts, "The Great North Road" designates the historic highway between London and Edinburgh. There, however, the resemblance ceases. In atmosphere, plot, and characterization the two stories are diametrically opposite. The New York Times Saturday Review suggests that it is not at all certain that Mrs. Watts would not have been justified in deliberately adopting the title — seeing that the Stevenson production was a mere beginning, a thing hardly to be given a place in literature. "Here, at all events," it adds, "is a nice ethical question, not without interest."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Doyle. — "My literary tendencies slowly developed. During the years of my studentship my life was so full of work that, though I read a great deal, I had little time to cultivate writing. After starting in practice, however, I had much — too much — time on my hands; and then I began to write voluminously.

"Most of it was, I think, pretty poor stuff; but it was apprentice work, and I always hoped that with practice I might learn to use my tools.

"Every writer is imitative at first. I think that is an absolute rule; though sometimes he throws back on some model which is not easily traced. My early work, as I look back on it, was a sort of debased composite photograph in which five or six different styles were contending for the mastery. Stevenson was a strong influence; so was Bret Harte; so was Dickens; so were several others.

"Eventually, however, a man 'finds himself,' or rather perhaps it is that he grows more deft in concealing the influences which blend with one another until they form what means a new and constant style.

"I suppose that during those early years I wrote not less than fifty short stories. The first appeared in 1878 while I was still a student. It was in Chambers's Journal, and was called 'The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley.' I had three guineas for it. After receiving that little check I was like a beast that has once tasted blood, for I knew that whatever rebuffs I might receive — and God knows I had plenty — I had once proved I could earn gold, and the spirit was in me to do it again. It was a delightful opportunity for carrying into actuality the dreams of my youth. I had to earn money by some form of work,

and that was the sort of work I longed to do.

"For ten years I wrote short stories; roughly, from 1877 to 1887. During that time I do not think that I ever earned fifty pounds in any year by my pen, though I worked incessantly. Nearly all the magazines published the stories anonymously — a most iniquitous fashion by which all chance of promotion is barred to young writers. The best of these stories have since been published in the volume called 'The Captain of the Pole Star'! Sometimes I saw my stories praised by critics, but the criticism never came to my address. The Cornhill Magazine, Temple Bar, and London Society were the chief magazines in which my stories appeared.

"Finally in 1887 I wrote 'A Study in Scarlet.' My next book was 'Micah Clarke,' a historical novel. This met with a good reception from the critics and the public; and from that time onward I had no further difficulty in disposing of my manuscripts." — Interview by Sir Bram Stoker, in the New York World.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Writing Books for Boys. — "The American boy of to-day does n't want a hero of the 'goody-goody' sort," says the author of "Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus," and of a hundred other books which Young America has read, swallowed, and digested.

James Otis Kaler, or plain James Otis, as ninety-nine out of a hundred of his readers know him, calls the American boy "the fairest boy who ever lived." And the fairest boys who ever lived are the critics whom he often chooses to pass on his books. Mr. Otis, or Kaler, lives in a snug house in South Portland, Me., and his delight now, as it has been always, is the American boy. He has lived with his boys for twenty-five years, and proposes to have them with him always.

"I try to make my boys boys I have known," he has said. "I like to pick out a boy and stay with him for a few days, a *number of days if* I can. I want to see him *at his work and at his play*; I want to learn his ideas and sound his nature. Then, in writing, I have a model always before me — a living American boy.

"When I have finished a few chapters of a new book I often call in one of my young friends and read them to him. If he is interested, and wishes to hear more, I know that I have been successful and that the book will please other boys as it has pleased him. But if he shifts uneasily, as if he wants to be away, and I see that he is staying merely to oblige me, I tear up what I have been reading to him and try again.

"I believe that the American boy of to-day expects his ideal book-boy to have a great deal of snap and plenty of backbone. He must be able to make a fairly good fight against difficult conditions, like a man, rather than fall back upon the appeal of innocence in distress.

"It seems to me that the time has gone by when the Alger boy took well. The tastes of the American boy have changed greatly during the last twenty years. In the young people's books of those days in which Elijah Kellogg was widely read the good boy was always the poor boy and the boy whose parents were well-to-do was invariably bad.

"Now, the average boy does not recognize the fact that there are scoundrels in his own ranks. His heart is fresh; his nature is open and frank; he has not yet learned the distrust of his kind; it will come, but as a boy he is free from it as yet.

"He has firm faith in all other boys. A boy villain is something that is not in the life that he knows. He does not accept a picture which contains a youthful blackguard. He does not recognize it; it is not true to the life that he lives.

"That the boy in the book should always accomplish his purpose does not please him, for he knows that it is not true. But he wants a boy who will try rather hard to win. If he has fought well, the young reader is satisfied if he does not succeed in all that he tries to do. The boy of to-day demands that his chosen books shall show him the conditions which he knows to exist.

"I avoid the use of over-many girls in my stories. As a rule, the boy of fourteen

or sixteen does n't like girls. He may walk with them now and then, but he is mightily afraid of the all-too-ready reproach of 'sissy' from his companions, and as a rule he avoids them, even at school. They are not at all of his world.

"To mingle boys and girls too closely in the story for young people detracts from the truth to life which the boy of to-day, even more than his elders, demands in the tale which is to bid for his interest. The boy is a harsh critic, and when too many girls are brought in he does not relish it as a picture of his own kind.

"I find that the American boy enjoys reading about the doing of the things that he knows he, too, could do if he were in the same position as the youngster of whom he reads. The 'killing half a dozen men before breakfast' sort of thing palls upon him very quickly. He may read, and even enjoy one or two such books, but before long he comes to the conclusion that such things can't be done.

"If the tastes of the boys of this country ever ran in the direction of the over-strained type of fiction, they have changed.

"The American boy — and I believe him to be the greatest boy in the world — wants examples of success. The average youth, as I know and like him, has very little pocket money. Of course, there are exceptions, but I do not write the exceptions. The fellow with a pocketbook is not his ideal hero.

"The boy of whom I write must earn the greater part of what he has to spend. He has some aid from his parents, but he must get for himself those thousand and one things dear to the youthful heart. The canoe and the rifle, the boat and the bicycle he must win by his own effort. And when he reads of another boy, situated like himself, who conquers all the difficulties that lie in the way and gets what he wants, he is gratified as well as interested, for he knows that he himself could have done the same thing. Sometimes he resolves that he will do it."—Boston Herald.

School for Newspaper Women. — A journalistic school for young women has been started in Fleet street, London. It aims to give a practical education in newspaper work in all branches, and it is conducted in connection with an actual publishing establishment from which three magazines are issued.

A number of literary women who have gained distinction in London by their work are patronesses of the journalistic school, among them "John Strange Winter," Mrs. Henry Reeves, and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. The late Mrs. Craigie was also interested in it.

Miss Cartwright, the principal, is herself an editor and a practical journalist, the daughter of a publisher. One of her magazines is edited on the premises, and in this way she is able to take her pupils through the entire field, from the selection of subjects of articles to the editing of copy and the setting up of the matter in type.

There are classes in story writing, interviewing, fashion drawing and story illustration, art, dramatic and musical criticism, book reviewing, sub-editing, proof correcting, and society reporting. There are classes, also, in typewriting, shorthand, advertising writing, and in French.

Girls are trained in the duties of private secretary. A paper is issued from the school. Just as the dramatic companies apply to theatre schools for pupils, so do papers and magazines of London apply to Miss Cartwright when they want intelligent young women. The new magazine, the Jabberwock, has been recruited from the graduates of the school.

The great advantage of the London school is its location in the same building with an actual publication office. Here the editor and the principal discuss timely subjects and instruct the pupils in the task of preparing articles and stories which must be good for publication possibly a year later than the time they are written.

The mysteries of makeup are explained, and the student familiarizes herself with the various processes which transform the manuscript into the printed page.

The faults of the manuscripts are corrected in open class, and weakness of construction and lack of continuity in the presentation of facts come in for criticism and suggestion.

Special talents for any particular line of work are developed, and ability in any art is

utilized in the pupil's work. It is stated that the best proof of the success of the school is that the girls are already selling their work and placing articles with the London papers and magazines.

Thirty guineas pays for the entire course, from ten to twenty for a journalisic course alone, and ten guineas for instruction in secretarial duties. The classes in advertisement writing and in shorthand and French are extras. There is a correspondence class through which manuscripts are criticised by mail and suggestions made as to their improvement for market purposes. — New York Sun.

After the Novelists. — The Springfield Republican said recently : " It is really time for the President to get after the novelists. . . . It does a great deal of harm to get an impression from books that human life is something different from what it really is." Wex Jones, in the New York American, illustrates how it might be done, as follows : —

Arethusa's heart beat like a startled bird, and she dropped her eyes to the floor. The room swam around her, and Harold's voice came from miles away. — From " Harold's Wooing."

A thoroughly mendacious and misleading piece of writing. It is impossible for the regular or even the hurried pulsations of the human heart to resemble the wing motions of a bird. Girls cannot, without the use of pincers, drop their eyes to the floor. Such a fall would spoil a perfectly good eye. Rooms cannot swim. Man's voice cannot be heard for miles, even if a megaphone be used, and, to say the least, it seems improbable that a young man would take a megaphone along to propose to his sweetheart. — T. R.

—

Her heart was broken. Arthur had drilled a hole through one of her biscuits, stuck in a handle, and was using it as a hammer. With one of her huckleberry pies he had mended the kitchen stove. The concrete sidewalk had been repaired with a plate of her corned beef hash. She burst into a flood of tears. — From " Wedded and Parted."

An unqualified fabrication. Hearts may be *torn, but not broken.* You cannot " break " a bowl of mush. The story is written by one who has not even elementary knowledge of the subject. It is impossible to drill a hole in amateur biscuits, and amateur hash could n't be rolled flat enough for a sidewalk. Further, a woman cannot burst into a flood of tears. She might — and often does — burst into a room, but never into a flood of tears. — T. R.

—

Dequince rode like a demon. Hedges flew beneath him. The air whistled about his ears. The gallant horse under him responded nobly to his urging, and cleared the eighteen-foot fence like an arrow from a bow. Dequince's heart sank into his boots — he was too late. — From " A Dash Across Country."

Unqualified and deliberate faking. No man can ride like a demon ; demons do not ride. Hedges do not fly. If they did they would fly over the rider, not beneath him. The air does not whistle ; we whistle an air. A horse could not clear a fence like an arrow from a bow, as an arrow has no legs. Certainly Dequince's heart could not have sunk into his boots — unless he took his feet out to provide room, and even then it could sink into only one boot. — T. R.

—

Her glance swept the room. — From " The Older Set."

A short and ugly name befits this typical instance of faking. No one has an eye like a carpet sweeper. — T. R.

Is Cooper Still Read? — For the modern reader, Cooper takes too long to tell his tale. His machinery, at which Mark Twain scoffed for its repetitions and " broken twigs " signals, alarms, and discoveries, is too simple. Cooper's dialogue has very little relation to the character of his characters, and in it, to quote Mark Twain again, " a personage who talks like an illustrated, gilt-edged, tree-calf, hand-tooled, seven-dollars Friendship's Offering in the beginning of a paragraph, talks like a negro minstrel at the end of it."

This is sadly true. Much of Cooper is poor stuff. His style is often sloppy. His first novel, " Precaution," is not worth reading. His three New York stories, " Satans-

too." "The Chainbearer," and "The Redskins," which he wrote just sixty years ago, at the end of his career, when the Barnstormers had aroused his ire and he was defending his own property rights, are inferior. So, for "The Bravo" one can say nothing.

But Cooper knew as well as Scott how to make a story. His characters live and are known to those who never read his books, the supreme test of power. When Carlyle declared "Leather-stocking one melodious synopsis of man and nature in the West," he was far more nearly right than Mark Twain with his gibes. Cooper has given our Revolutionary annals its heroic age in fiction. No American knows the springs of our national greatness who has not read Cooper, and the boy who misses him has missed the best set of thrills in American letters. — Philadelphia Press.

The Professional Novelist. — David Christie Murray, the English novelist, just dead at sixty, was the first of the professional novelists.

In a busy life he wrote some thirty novels. For years he turned out yearly a bulky story, writing each day about as much as the Press publishes this morning of its continued story, "Frost and Friendship." He kept this up for twenty years, and poured out short stories besides. He earned, at his best, he testified in legal proceedings, $12,500 a year. This lasted for fifteen or twenty years, dropped, he reluctantly admitted, to $2,000 a year, and his latter days were clouded with need, as always with the writing man, who forgets that his gift is his principal, used up as he goes along, and not his income, to last indefinitely.

His stories were all good, of their kind, all readable, all workmanlike, and all forgotten. Few readers could name a title. None live. But they all played their share of giving amusement for a season.

His success brought many into a field where there are to-day scores like him, professionally turning out novels as steadily as other men try cases, practise medicine, or build bridges. There are some forty such in England, some thirty in this country, and as many more each in France and Germany. There still remain the two or three great in novels, as there always were; but while they once held the field almost alone, as Fielding and Scott did, or the three or four great contemporaries of a generation ago, novelists who will live are to-day part of an indistinguishable throng of novel writers who will pass away, and whose novels are known only to novel readers and reviewers, both a professional class.

Beginning a reporter, always a journalist, Murray to the end dealt with what he saw, wrote it as he saw it and so that the reader saw it, which is the reporter's task. He illustrated, as do so many professional novelists, that there was no place like the newspaper from which to see life and to learn to describe it so as to hold interest and yet never weary, which last Murray avoided in spite of the sombre tone of his novels. — Philadelphia Press.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WHITMAN IN OLD AGE. With portraits. Horace Traubel. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

FENIMORE COOPER. Professor Brander Matthews. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

SHELLEY. Arthur Symonds. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

PERSONALITY IN JOURNALISM. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF LITERATURE. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

A VISIT TO CRANFORD. Illustrated. Josephine Tozier. *Putnam's Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

THE ACQUIRING OF CLEAR SPEECH. — II. John D. Barry. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for September.

MAKING PRESIDENTS BY PHOTOGRAPHY. Illustrated. Robert Lee Dunn. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for September.

SHELLEY. George L. Knapp. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

PESSIMISM IN MODERN FICTION. Sarah D. Upham. Ways of the Hour, *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

A TALK ABOUT LETTER WRITING. Edward Everett Hale. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for September.

EYE STRAIN IN RELATION TO GENERAL HEALTH. Dr. James A. Paulding. *Health-Culture* (13 c.) for August.

GOETHE'S CONFESSION OF FAITH. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for August.

THE GERMAN PRESS. Austin Harrison. *North American Review* (28 c.) for August 2.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — XXI. *North American Review* (28 c.) for August 2.

POE, COOPER, AND THE HALL OF FAME. Edmund C. Stedman. *North American Review* (28 c.) for August 16.

THE YELLOW PRESS OF JAPAN. A. Maurice Low. *North American Review* (28 c.) for August 16.

THE MAGAZINE SERIAL. George L. Shoals. *Argonaut* (13 c.) for August 3.

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM AND THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD. Samuel Hopkins Adams. *Collier's* (13 c.) for August 3.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORK. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 3.

"LET EACH WRITE WHAT HE KNOWS." Florence Wilkinson. *New York Times Saturday Review* for August 3.

A DICKENS PILGRIMAGE. — II. Illustrated. Walter T. Stephenson. *Vogue* (13 c.) for August 8.

JUBILEE OF G. W. DILLINGHAM CO. With portraits. *Publishers' Weekly* (13 c.) for August 10.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE PUBLIC NEED. William T. Ellis. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 10.

CONCERNING SERMONS ON SHAKESPEARE. William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for August 15.

THE FIRST AMERICAN TELLER OF TALES (James Fenimore Cooper). *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 17.

ROBERT HICHENS — AN APPRECIATION. With portrait. C. H. Gaines. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 17.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Flavia Rosser, of Butler, Mo., who won the prize of $1,000 offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best dramatic version of "Black Beauty," had the choice of accepting $1,000 and surrendering all rights to the play, or of retaining the play herself and drawing a royalty from its production. She chose to take the $1,000. President Angell says that three hours after her receipt for the money reached him, he sold the drama to two Boston theatrical men for $1,200.

"Tom Masson" now writes under his full name, Thomas L. Masson.

Joseph M. Rice has been succeeded as *editor of the Forum* by Frederic Taber *Cooper, formerly of the Bookman.*

The Neale Publishing Company will soon publish "Makers of American Literature," by Edwin W. Bowen, Ph. D., of Randolph-Macon College, consisting of studies of the leading authors of America, with extracts from their writings.

A complete collection of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, with the author's latest revisions and marginal corrections, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry, is announced for fall publication by Duffield & Co.

A new monthly, to be called the American Business Man, will be issued in Chicago, beginning this month. The magazine will include fiction, as well as solid matter.

The Strenuous Life Publishing Company has been incorporated at Geneseo, N. Y., to publish a magazine to be called Strenuous Life.

The Automobile, a weekly published in New York, has absorbed the Automobile Magazine, which ceases to exist after nine years of life.

Doubleday, Page, & Co. have combined Farming with the Garden Magazine, beginning with the August number.

Farm, Field, and Fireside, of Chicago, is now published as a monthly under the name of the Farm Press.

The price of Suburban Life will be advanced October 1 to three dollars a year; twenty-five cents a copy.

An old ledger belonging to Household Words, a publication for which Dickens wrote, has recently been found. The entries in this book show that a number of stories and sketches, published anonymously and but little known to the present generation, were written by Dickens. These will be collected and published.

Miss Frances F. Penny, who died recently at Stronghurst, Ill., had won literary distinction, although writing under great difficulties, having been blind since her ninth year. She published one book, which met with more than ordinary success, and had nearly completed another, which she was unable to finish because of failing health.

David Christie Murray died in London August 1, aged sixty-four.

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ORGANIZED LITERARY EFFORT.

Less than four years ago an enthusiastic woman conceived the idea of organizing a club for amateur writers. The Seattle Writers' Club was thus born and named with an eye to the future.

From four charter members, devoid of training with the exception of the promoter, the club has grown to a limited membership of twenty-five, with a number of names on the waiting list.

The club has never changed its purpose. It has always been an independent organization, unaffiliated with other clubs, to promote a facility for the written expression of thought and to develop an appreciation of artistic literature. Its members are busy matrons and professional and business men and women who desire the mental recreation, culture, and training that such a club enables them to acquire.

There is no doubt that an individual writer improves more by the criticism and advice of others than by his own unaided struggles. It is plain, then, that if his critics are trained in literary technique and students of the literary market, their opinions are superior to the biased judgment of admiring friends. Possibly there are in existence similar organizations that would be interested to hear how this particular club works, or individual seekers who might like to adopt the plan herein discussed. For those the writer takes pleasure in detailing the working of this club.

Informality and criticism are the keynotes of the plan. To promote the first, but few officers, with light duties, are selected, and Roberts' Rules of Order are not enforced. To insure unbiased criticism, the utmost secrecy is observed as to the authorship of the novelette, short story, article, book review, or poem to be criticised. The manuscript, typed or legibly written in ink, without the author's name, is sent to the manuscript secretary, with a slip on which appears the name and address of the writer. The secretary then sends it to some other member, who is expected to prepare a written criticism upon the story. At the next meeting the critic reads the story to the club, after which the president asks in turn each one present to criticise it, the critic reserving the written criticism for the last. If anything is left of the story, it is returned to the secretary, who privately delivers it to its perpetrator. It is obvious that such a system is devoid of the personal element, and saves the feelings of sensitive or incompetent writers. Extra meetings for criticisms of

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books and long novelettes are specially arranged for, when the subject is discussed, a few chapters at an evening. The criticisms are frankly, yet kindly, given and gladly received. In the history of the club there has not been a serious case of injured feelings. Criticisms cover style, plot, theme, development, and so forth ; the language ; and from the critic also punctuation, paragraphing, and orthography. Although not given in a fault-finding manner, they are very thorough. Woe to the writer who transgresses rules needlessly. But so impersonal are the comments and so harmonious is the spirit of the club that the result is ideal.

The club meets fortnightly at the home of the vice-president, and averages three manuscripts an evening. Four manuscripts a year are required from each member, but few fail to produce more than that number, while the successful ones frequently cannot find a place in the club for all they write.

While no regular course in literature is taken up, a considerable knowledge of authors and authorities is acquired incidentally by the criticisms, and by the introduction, now and then, of some particularly apt article or theme. The members, too, are eager to improve and individually draw upon every available source of knowledge.

The results have been highly gratifying. The tone of the club has grown distinctly professional. Visitors of note have expressed delight and surprise at the existence of such a body. More than half the members are appearing occasionally in high-class periodicals, while some are demonstrating that writing does pay. Three have published successful books. The club is now preparing to get out a book of short stories to appear in the fall.

Organized effort produces enthusiasm ; enthusiasm leads to inspiration ; and inspiration spells success. Fostered by a spirit of achievement, directed by kindly, wholesome criticism, what may an obscure local organization of this kind not accomplish ?

BELLEVUE, Wash. *Florence Martin Eastland.*

CONCERNING THE CHEERFUL ENDING.

It does not seem strange that writers who have seen something of "the seamy side of life" should find it hard to understand the popular demand for a "cheerful ending." In their experience, a cheerful ending to anything is probably the exception, rather than the rule, and it grates upon their artistic sense to represent what is untrue to life — it is as if they were guilty of deliberate falsehood.

On the other hand, many, if not most, readers are as familiar with the "seamy side" as the writers are ; yet the more they know of sorrow and failure, the more they crave to hear of happiness and triumph. It is the young and inexperienced who revel in the "sad ending." This may doubtless be accounted for by the pleasure derived from *novelty and contrast* ; but such pleasure hardly seems sufficient to account for the widespread desire that "things should turn out right," in spite of so much experience to the contrary.

It appears to me that this desire is rooted deep in human nature, along with the ineradicable desire of happiness and the unacknowledged belief in a purpose underlying the circumstances of life, and that the roots of all are twined round the eternal truth of the final triumph of Good. If this be so, the cheerful ending is *not* artistically false ; on the contrary, it is true to the deeper instincts of humanity, and so has the best of reasons for its existence.

There is not only pleasure, but in a way a "toning up of the moral system" when the imaginary circumstances move around to a satisfactory conclusion — there is also a posi-

tive sense of loss and injustice when the wrong has its way. And this is true — in its measure — no matter how trivial the tale, nor how petty the success or the failure.

Yet, if books are to be at all representative of life, some must end in apparent failure — and without shocking or disheartening the reader. This occurs when it is clearly evident that failure (as in real life) is the consequence of avoidable mistakes or positive wrongdoing. The purpose in life is then vindicated, and the innate sense of justice is not shocked, but strengthened. Then, too, there is the triumph of noble and high qualities, purchased by the sacrifice of lower aims. This is the true success, and no ending could be more ennobling.

A wholly pessimistic literature — that is, a literature which recognizes in circumstances no purpose tending toward good, but sees in them only the product of blind chance, while at the same time it photographs with painful realism whatever falls within its field of vision — would eventually be destructive of all that is highest and noblest in man. Is this claiming too much ? For if the foundations of faith and hope are sapped, the foundations of love must crumble ; and then — what remains but a mean and shallow selfishness ?

SUMMERVILLE, S. C. *A. S. Deas.*

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.

Short-story writing, like matrimonial happiness, is not a matter of formal rules, but in both cases a study of certain principles helps greatly toward success. The latest help to the writers of short stories is Miss Albright's book, " The Short Story : Its Principles and Structure," * the value of which may be best illustrated by an abstract, put as far as possible in Miss Albright's own words.

The short story, she says in her Introduction, is not in its origin an outgrowth or an offshoot from the novel, although it is frequently spoken of as if it were a mere by-product of the novelist's art. The short story has, however, so much in common with the novel that it is worth while to try to mark off a boundary line. The novel aims to represent a large period, or the whole of some particular life or lives ; the short story is a fragment. The novelist, endeavoring to render life in all its fulness, portrays exhaustively details which an artistic story-teller instinctively avoids. Where the realistic novel is complete, the short story is suggestive. In the handling of material, then, the most striking difference between the novel and the short story is that the problem of selection, or of suggestive omission and compression, is for the short-story writer of supreme importance. For the short story can never, like the novel, give us the whole of life. It can only aim to present in a vigorous, compressed, suggestive way a simplification and idealization of a particular part or phase of life. In following out this more limited and specific aim, the short story has necessarily a simpler and more clever plot ; action more continuous, more coherent, more significant for characterization ; time and place and point of view generally the same throughout ; characters fewer and more striking, and presented under more unusual circumstances. In a word, the short story has a unity that can be distinctly felt. The novel may or may not have one fundamental idea as its basis ; a fundamental idea of some sort is for the short story, in the modern sense of the term, an absolute prerequisite. For the short story of to-day aims not only to recount a series of interesting events in chronological or logical order, but to create a vivid picture of a bit of life in such a way as to render a preconceived idea or impres-

* THE SHORT-STORY. By Evelyn May Albright, M. A. 260 pp. Cloth, 90 cents, net. New York : The Macmillan Company. 1907.

sion. It has for its material not merely people and events, but people in their relations to one another and to their environment. In a word, the short-story material is a single *situation*. The modern short story differs in this respect from the novel, and also from the simple narrative or tale from which it sprang. The novel is concerned with life histories ; and the simple narrative or tale, with an interesting sequence of events. The short story, on the other hand, only suggests life histories by retrospect or hint of future, or by presenting determining crises in the lives of characters ; and it uses its series of events in accordance with a dominating motive, to render the impression of a situation.

Limitation of range of material to a single situation in the lives of the main characters furnishes a fundamental unity of design. The typical short story embodies a theme so simple as to demand no sub-divisions. Very rarely will there be major and minor characters in groups, as in the novel ; and almost never will there be anything like an underplot, or secondary line of interest. It is only by such strict limitation of aim and subject matter that the short story can attain that complete and rounded unity which makes it in the hands of a master artist capable of a perfection of form that is almost lyric.

Taking up the subject of gathering material for story-writing, Miss Albright says : "One can give no more than hints as to possible sources of material for stories. The natural story-teller finds his motives everywhere. He is ever alert to the dramatic situations that are constantly appearing to those who have the appreciative eye, and ever busy reflecting on the essential significance of these dramatic situations. The need of careful and accurate observation cannot be too often pointed out. A study of the beautiful descriptions by the great poets and prose writers will do much to convince the doubter that fine literary effects rest back very often upon fine observation as a basis. In the very beginning of his work, then, the story writer must lay his senses open to the world about him. He must observe the speech and actions of his fellow-men, study their expressions, reflect upon their characters, sympathetically interpret motives, leaping over the bridge of personality and making common cause with other people's feelings.

"Fiction of the higher sort, however, aims at something greater than mere transcription : it aims at original creation. The value of facts for fiction lies mainly in what they represent, in the suggestion or meaning they convey. It follows from this that there are plenty of actualities which never could acquire a story value. As actualities, they may even have the interest of the unusual, the unique, and yet be unavailable for literary purposes. Truth is sometimes so very much stranger than fiction that it is dangerous to handle it. No mere actuality can make an improbable incident seem true in fiction. Whether he has or has not facts to fall back upon, the story writer must proceed as if it were his business to 'make the thing that is not as the thing that is.'

"A story cannot take high rank unless it has an inspiring motive of some sort to furnish it a reason for existence. By the term *motive* is meant whatever in material has served as a spur or stimulus to write, the moving force of a story — in short, its reason for existence.

"A single incident may furnish the motive for a plot. That is to say, the main action may be found ready-made, and simply be recounted in such a way as to bring out the significance of the facts. Maupassant's productiveness may be traced back in part to the daily newspaper as a source of plot. The incident must, of course, be interpreted, subjectified, rendered significant by the author. And character must be invented to fit the incident after its interpretation is determined.

"Kipling, Maupassant, Balzac, Hawthorne, Harte, and Garland all make the presentation of a mood one of the essential features of their best short stories. The stories of the weird, the horrible, the fantastic, the romantic, the supernatural depend for their effect upon the suggestion of a mood.

"In a problem-plot incidents as well as characters are chosen after the main facts. The most common form of the problem-plot is that of the triangular relation sometimes called the *three-leaved-clover* plot, concerning two men and one woman, or two women and one man. Such a relationship furnishes

sometimes a fascinating problem, involving the play of passion, jealousy, danger, fear, surprise, remorse, repentance, sacrifice, etc., arising out of the sheer force of the situation.

"The story of a crisis in the life of a character is one of the highest forms of the short story. It is the form most dependent on motive or idea. Rarely this will be a religious motive, occasionally a spiritual one, but most frequently it is simply ethical. The ethical motive may be of importance only for the individual, or it may also affect society."

Taking up the question of plot, Miss Albright says: "Plot is the management of a continuous line of action underlying the whole progress of the story. The problem is how to make the action constantly progress and increase with intensity toward an effective climax. The tale of adventure is almost without plot because its effect is nothing more than that of a narrative of interesting fact. But in every story which has a motive other and higher than that of incident, plot is of importance.

"In its broadest sense, plot is plan. As such it is essential to every story. Plot involves climax, but not necessarily surprise. If a writer is ingenious enough to surprise us at the end of a story, it is well enough. But if all stories depended for their success on ingenuity of plot, story-literature would rapidly decay. The best stories depend very little on the element of surprise. They have emphatic climax; but climax means a steady heightening of interest to its full close, rather than the mental or emotional jerk occasioned by surprise. Novelty and interest in the situation throughout the story, with an increasing interest in the dénouement, are the essential demands of plot.

"Complexity of plot is extremely undesirable for the short story. The simple plot is most natural, and often the most powerful. It is broader, deeper, more life-like than the ingenious or complex plot. It is also best adapted to the scope and purpose of the short story. The short story must be dominated by a single purpose or meaning, and must produce strict unity of impression. To this end, singleness of plot is necessary. The story has no space for episode. Only a hint at outside history is allowable. An adept at hinting can furnish by this means all the variety needed in so short a piece of work. And, by avoiding the complex plot (which necessarily involves digression), he can make all the lines of interest run straight to their single goal. A double plot is rarely successful, because it means a division of interest and consequently a lack of unity. For the short story of the modern type, simplicity, unity, brevity, and suggestive force are the qualities most to be desired; and the complex and interwoven plot is therefore to be shunned.

"In the construction of the plot or plan, the writer must begin at the other end, since the end determines the course of the narrative. Poe says: 'Nothing is more clear than that every plot worth the name must be elaborated to its dénouement before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the dénouement constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence or causation, by making the incident, and especially the tone, at all points tend to the development of the intention.'

"The classical unities may be partially applied to short-story plots. We cannot place any definite time limit. We can say, however, that the briefer the period of time covered in narration, the more powerful the story will be. We cannot say there can be no gaps in the action of the story, but we can say that the gaps must be very few. The unity of place can be more strictly enforced, for a change of scene generally means an undesirable complexity of plot. The unity of action is the one indispensable unity of plot.

"The method of short story differs essentially from that of mere narrative in this: the story is conceived, not as a mere continuous run of events, but in a few striking scenes, more or less closely joined. The lack of such dramatic crystallization into units of action often makes amateur work weak and ineffective. The main incidents do not stand out in relief, but all are buried under a muddy stream of narrative.

"In considering the mass of material, one of the most important problems is the location of the story in point of time. Most people are tempted to begin on a full scale, too far back in the history of the story, in-

stead of stationing themselves at a good central point, where the early beginnings can be seen in dim perspective, as small as they really are, for story purposes. Then comes the problem of arrangement of events. In the simple story of incident, the question of method is correspondingly simple. The only rule that can be laid down is that the action shall progress somewhat rapidly, without digression, toward a climax. Proportion should be the main consideration."

Next are given some suggestions about the mechanism of the short story. "In so brief a piece of work as the short story, the first impression and the last are of supreme importance, and there is little opportunity to redeem a bad beginning. The story must begin where it has some interest. A distinctly modern device for catching the attention quickly is that of beginning with a little conversation. This is a good plan if the writer can then go *forward* with his narrative, giving the necessary preliminaries in this respect through dialogue or simply through dramatic suggestion. But the device becomes a cheap trap for ensnaring the attention when the writer is compelled to proceed from a thrilling speech to a prosaic return.

"A safe rule for the beginner is that the expository beginning, whether it be moralizing or mere generalizing, should be avoided, and that the introduction should comprise only true narrative material. Remembering the modern taste for brevity, the wise writer will dispense as much as possible with pure description, as well as pure explanation, and proceed with the narrative.

"The normal introduction to a story may contain indication of the time, the place, the preliminary events which are essential to the understanding of the situation; or it may comprise names, description, traits, and relationship of characters — any or all of these in combination. These basal facts, which must be given somehow, are true narrative material, though they draw on description and exposition for assistance. The beginning of a short story should be unmistakably clear and simple, charged with a definite, *even obvious, meaning, and* promising an *interesting story. Such a beginning* is felt by the reader as an integral part of the story. This should be the effect of every introduction."

The point of view of the story-writer is the next subject considered. "The first-person narrative," says Miss Albright, "is pre-eminently awkward. The letter-form of story must be exceedingly clever to be successful. The diary is generally more interesting to its keeper than to the public; and the small field of the diary-story has been pretty well worked over. Since the time of Fielding, the third-person narrative has been the predominant form of fiction. The author who tells the story should not, as a rule, enter into the narrative in his own person."

The details of mechanism must not be disregarded. "The continuity and unbroken movement of the story are of great importance. Before pen is put to paper, the whole movement should be mentally arranged.

"Suspense is, of course, desirable in the short story, as in all fiction; but it cannot be accumulated, and it is not necessary for the success of story-plots.

"The ending of a story includes climax and conclusion. The climax is the main point of a story, at which the lines of interest rise to their greatest height of emotional power and converge. 'The conclusion is the solving of all problems, the termination of the narrative itself, and the artistic severing of all relations between narrator and reader.' The normal story-plot has climax and conclusion so close as to be almost if not quite identical. When the main incident has been given, the story should be terminated with all due speed, that the last impression may be interesting and strong.

"It has often been said that editors glance first at the beginning and then at the ending before reading through a story manuscript. If so, they are doubtless saved many weary hours of stories which are crude and pointless. Faults of style are likely to appear at their worst in the introductory paragraph, and lack of point and plot comes out inevitably in the conclusion."

A short chapter on "Unity of Impression" contains some good suggestions. "It has been said that the short story requires absolute unity of plot. But with unity of plot and

a good central idea, a writer may still fall short of the highest unity — the unity of impression, which depends upon the story's *tone*. Unity of conception is a prerequisite to the impressionistic effect, but unity of execution must be added to it. This calls for every resource of style.

"The first essential for unity of impression is singleness of purpose, resulting in simplicity of plot. The end must not only be foreseen [by the author] from the beginning: it must dominate the whole progress of the story. Poe testifies to the necessity of the strict unity of impression: 'A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived with deliberate care a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents, he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentences tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design.'"

Then comes the question of the title. In Miss Albright's judgment, the essential elements of a good title are gathered into a single sentence by Barrett in "Short-Story Writing," when he says: "A good title is apt, specific, attractive, new, and short." She adds: "If the title be not altogether fanciful, it should have connection with the story at some point. In forming the title, not the whole plot but the motive should be taken into consideration. The specific fitness of a title to the particular phase of plot should be recognized after the story has been read. Effort at total revelation sometimes brings it about that an ingenious plot whose whole point lies in the reversal of surprise at the end is given away at the start. The interest of the reader is likely to be forfeited on reading titles which disclose dénouement."

The subject of characterization is next taken up. "In gathering materials for character portrayal in the short story," says Miss Albright, "there is a special need of observation. The trained story-writer is on the alert for every manifestation of that which is not necessarily odd or abnormal in human character, but still fresh, striking, or of such importance as to have acquired perennial interest to the human race. Traits and whims, actions and motives, mental crises, must be observed in so far as they have external manifestations; and where these fail, the author's sympathetic intuition must read in what is lacking. And the office of interpretation must not be underestimated. A good character, like a good story, has a *point*. This point is given by interpretation.

"The introspective turn of mind is helpful in interpretation. If one habitually weighs his own motives, he is likely to be more capable of judging others fairly. An author should thoroughly understand himself; through his own experiences he learns to understand those of others.

"It is necessary that the author have in his own mind a full conception of the appearance of his characters, a vivid mental picture of them. But it is not necessary — indeed, it is often undesirable — that he should put this down on paper.

"The growing appreciation of the power of imaginative appeal by the selection of salient details and the careful search for an effective diction have combined to bring about a new form of art in character-description. Instead of the set and completed description of personages as to external characteristics, we have their appearance presented in changing lights, so that our conception of the look and manner of a character grows on us gradually, instead of being definitely and consciously moulded at the start. Thus it never becomes absolutely fixed, but remains sufficiently variable to permit the illusion of life.

"The exhaustive listing of details of personal appearance argues a lack of imagination in the author, and generally fails to arouse the imagination of the reader to activity.

"If details of personal appearance should be sparing, details of costume should be all the more so.

"The genuine narrative method of portraying character is the dramatic one of making the characters talk and act. Description

and exposition are valuable, but only as accessories. The narrative method is more lifelike, and hence more convincing. The modern short story makes a careful use of dialogue to suggest mental traits, and even moral ones. Although in real life deeds are more important indications of a person's character, in the world of fiction speech is fully as important, because it can be made to serve the author's purpose more subtly in revealing fine shades of thought and feeling."

The proper subordination of characters is essential. "The main character having been chosen, the others should not be permitted to occupy the front of the stage.

"There should be names for all the characters. Most of the names, and certainly those of the chief characters, should be highly individual. The name may be made to give a subtle suggestion of the character, so that after reading the story it is seen to be eminently appropriate."

Next follows an interesting chapter on dialogue. Dialogue has been defined as "composition which produces the effect of human talk — as nearly as possible the effect of conversation which is overheard." "The first requisite for good dialogue," Miss Albright says, "appears in this definition. The talk in a story should seem to be actual human talk which has really taken place. It must not be merely possible; it must be convincing. This suggests the second requirement. In order that the talk shall be convincing, it must be appropriate to the character who is made to utter it. It must be continuously consistent — recognizable throughout the story as the speech of one particular character, suitable to him and to him alone. Effective dialogue seems the spontaneous and characteristic expression of an individual under the stress of a special situation. Dialogue should not merely give an insight into the character's mental workings. If it is to be of story interest, it should at some point in the narrative be charged with feeling. Much of the effect of a 'crisis' story of character hinges on the dramatic intensity of the dialogue through which the speaker reveals the situation.

"*The* ideal dialogue is not only closely *relevant, but even indispensable* to the situation. It not only reveals the thought or feeling of an individual — it really pushes the action of the piece. More than this, if it is suggestive, it can be made to imply whole volumes of back history.

"Dialogue should have an interest of its own, aside from its function of characterization and suggestion of the circumstances. It should be made attractive, if possible, by wit, humor, brightness, or sheer individuality. The best way to accomplish this is by placing the characters at an interesting situation.

"It must be remembered in trying to make the conversation unusually interesting that dull commonplaceness is not more objectionable to the average reader than is the extremity of cleverness. As soon as an author is impressed with the idea that he can teach his people to say brilliant things, he is tempted to make them talk in a series of explosive epigrams, as wearing as the setting off of a bunch of firecrackers, and after all is over, as empty."

Absolute realism in dialogue would be ridiculous. Actual conversations of ordinary people on ordinary occasions would seem to be intended for a burlesque on human nature. Trollope says in his Autobiography: "The ordinary talk of ordinary people is carried on in short, sharp, expressive sentences, which very frequently are never completed, the language of which, even among educated people, is often incorrect. The novel-writer in constructing his dialogue must so steer between absolute accuracy of language — which would give to his conversation an air of pedantry — and the slovenly inaccuracy of ordinary talkers — which if closely followed would offend by an appearance of grimace — as to produce upon the ear of his readers a sense of reality." "The problem," says Miss Albright, "is to choose from all the actual things the one or two little things which will suggest the rest."

"The repetition of mannerisms," she continues, "becomes in the hands of an unskilful person very tiresome. In connection with the subject of mannerisms it may be well to mention that people must never be represented quite as low as they are by talk; for in real life there are nearly always qualifying features that condone the lowness. Pro-

fanity, for instance, must be used sparingly in a story, or it becomes preposterous. Vulgar slang is subject to the same need of editing. In sketching individuals of the lowest type, special care must be taken in editing the dialogue. This does not mean that the life must be taken out of it. The reason for sparing details of low and vulgar speech is not so much a moral as an artistic one. The exaggeration of such details becomes disgusting.

"If description in the mass is objectionable in the short story, occasional touches of description are none the less to be desired. Simple narrative, like that of the Book of Ruth, can succeed in seeming life-like with very little of description. But the more complex stories of our day are dependent largely for their realistic effect upon 'the small, familiar touch, making one see.'"

The setting of the story is next taken up. "The function of the setting is to furnish in the best possible way for any given story the conditions of time, and place, and characters, which shall make that story possible and actual. Descriptive passages which do not influence plot or characters are a mere clog to the short story. Few readers care to construct imaginary scenes which are not of value to the narrative. The beginner in story-writing should learn to regard his initial studies in adjectives as a mere preliminary exercise toward getting started.

"A study of the work of skilled writers will show how it is that the peculiar, the local, the incidental can be made of permanent and general interest. It is because the scenes described, the peculiar traits and customs of the people, are never there for themselves alone, or as a mere device for catching interest, but always for the sake of heightening, either by harmony or by offset, some universal trait or type of character — some great fundamental truth of human nature or human life. The scenes are in no way separable from the story.

"Besides furnishing environment of characters, and the pre-conditions of plot, setting may be used for contrast or for harmony with the essential idea of a story, or with its mood and tone.

"The setting of a story may once have been furnished entirely at the beginning. This is very seldom the case to-day. With the cutting-down of the length of introductory paragraphs has come increasing emphasis on the occasional touches of description. Instead of one fixed landscape, we have many glimpses, just as in real life.

"Thus we see that in a variety of ways the setting may give breadth, depth, significance, and beauty to a story. But we must also see that unless it is presented with taste and common sense, setting is a very doubtful element of literary value. It is to be remembered that setting is successful generally through its subordination to the particular purpose of the story."

Dialect should be avoided, as a rule. "The dialect stories which are written merely for the sake of exhibiting the eccentricities of a local language should be classed in didactic rather than imaginative literature. When dialect is used for its own sake, it is likely to be tiresome in the first reading and uninviting to a second. Difficult dialect should be used very sparingly, if at all. No dialect should be reproduced entire. The best American writers, and most French writers, use only enough of dialect to suggest the tone of speech."

A chapter on the realistic movement is summed up as follows: "The short story takes the best of realism, the best of romance, the best of idealism, and makes them all its own. It endeavors to express in the concrete form of a vivid picture of life the underlying laws of human nature that govern our affections, our passions, our conduct — that determine our character and our relations to one another. And it is this aim at fundamental truths in concrete form, rather than the technique by which it works, that is the all-important."

Miss Albright has made an extensive study both of short stories and of what has been written about short-story writing, and a valuable feature of her book is a reading list of stories worth studying and a bibliography of books upon the subject. She also gives several pages of useful suggestions for assignments of stories in a course in short-story writing and constructive exercises. To all who are interested in the subject the book may be cordially commended.

Boston, Mass. Arthur Fosdick.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

People outside of publication offices do not realize what extraordinary manuscripts editors, particularly editors of newspapers, receive. Here, for example — verbatim et literatim — is a poem received by a Boston newspaper recently, after the death of Archbishop Williams : —

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS'S FUNERAL.

Oh ! mamma mamma ! tell me dear !
Why the bells do ring so sad ?
The sounds acording to my ear
Make me really think of death.

Will you mamma, tell me please,
Why the bells do ring so calm ?
For explanation, you'll get a kiss
From me your child, your little palm.

Yes my child, I'll tell you why
The sounds get tears out from your eyes ;
We lost a jewel, that we can't bye,
Because it shined brilliantly nice.

It shined with that most holy fire,
That made hearts burn with delight ;
His fatherly interest we admire —
He gave the poor, being out of sight.

He made himself much greatly dearer
For his earnest work and wish,
Then the usual banner bearer
Of this † Archidicose † great.

For an Archbishop like him
O, God ! we shall not have to trace
For not anybody seldom
Can fill Williams's great place.

Julius O. Cohen,
The North End Poet.

Correct if it is necessary, because I never went to public schools.
Print this Wednesday morning Sep. 4.

* * *

Perhaps the most striking bit of metaphor of the year is that with which a religious weekly begins an obituary notice, reading (with change of names and date) as follows : —

"The portals of the eternal city opened with some suddenness for Mrs. Dorothea T. Finley, of Trinity church, Worcester, O., on August 13, 1907, when she was translated to her long home. Though she had been an invalid for many years, the quick summons came with a shock o surprise and sorrow to her wide circle of friends."

* * *

Speaking of the queer errors occasionally made in usually well-edited papers and magazines, the San Francisco News-Letter notes that only recently one of the San Francisco dailies told the story of the cruiser Columbia "since she returned from her famous trip around South America with Secretary of War Taft." The San Francisco Chronicle

lately compared the office-holding propensities of John P. Irish with "Emerson's brook flowing on and on," and one of the weeklies commented upon "Shakespeare's Richelieu"! Not so long ago the Independent, of New York, declared that Pius X was not following in the footsteps of Leo XIV, which is not extraordinary, since there have been but thirteen Leos. Most remarkable of all, however, the realistic Mr. Howells, in a recent story in Harper's Magazine, tells how his hero lost a package on a horse car in Boston on Saturday night, sought for it in vain on Sunday, and was unable to get information at the Milk-street office of the car line on Monday, because it was Fast Day! As a former resident of Boston, Mr. Howells surely ought to know that Fast Day (now abolished) never came on Monday.

* * *

A suggestive paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, finding that his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner-bell had rung, resolved to devote the time to writing a book on jurisprudence, and, putting the project in execution, in course of time produced a work in four *quarto* volumes. Apparently it was not a great book, although it may have been a large one, for, even among lawyers, the name of the Chancellor D'Aguesseau is not a household word. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

John Harwood Bacon, whose novel, "The Yellow Stigma," appeared in the Smart Set for September, has been a contributor of short stories to the magazines for a number of years, and he is also the author of "The Pursuit of Phyllis," published by Henry Holt & Co. in 1904. Material for "The Yellow Stigma" was gathered in Hongkong, where for two years Mr. Bacon served as vice-consul-general of the United States. Before going to China, he did newspaper work in Milwaukee, where he filled all positions from police reporter to dramatic editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel. At present he is press representative of Loudon Charlton, the New York impresario, his literary work being pursued as a side feature to his routine duties of manufacturing imaginary exploits for Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Gadski, David Bispham, and a dozen other famous artists.

Virginia Berkley Bowie, whose story, "How They Met Themselves," was published in the Cosmopolitan for September, lives in Baltimore, and is of purely Southern lineage, her people coming from southern Maryland and Virginia. "How They Met Themselves" is written around the water-color of the same name by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and is Miss Bowie's first published work, although she has been besieging the magazines steadily for the past three years. Miss Bowie is still in her early twenties, and has been writing ever since she can remember, her first literary work being a novelette written at the age of seven, evidently under great political excitement, as Mr. Cleveland figured as the hero, and President Harrison as the black-hearted villain. The climax was reached in the expulsion from the White House of the unfortunate hero at the hands of his wicked but successful rival.

Margaret Horner Clyde, whose story, "The Alien," was printed in the Century for September, is a Pennsylvanian, although her mother was a Massachusetts woman, the daughter of the late James H. Coffin, LL.D., who removed in 1846 from Williams College to Lafayette College at Easton, Penn. Outside of his college work, he was well known in scientific circles, through his original investigations, which, together with the work of Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and others, led to the establishment of the United States Weather Bureau. Miss Clyde's father is the Rev. John C. Clyde, D. D., an acknowledged historian of the Scotch-Irish in eastern Pennsylvania, a Presbyterian clergyman, and the author of several books. Miss Clyde's work thus far has been in connection with the religious weeklies, and "The Alien" is the first of her stories to be published in a magazine. The story, whose scene is laid in the Scotch-Irish settlement in Northampton county, Penn., was the outgrowth of loyalty to her own

people, who were among the pioneers of this section.

Allen W. Jackson, whose story, "The Home Makers," appeared in the Metropolitan for September, was born in Newton, Mass., in 1875, and lived for many years in St. Paul, Minn. He studied architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has been for five years a practising architect in Boston, and for three years a lecturer on architecture at Simmons College. Mr. Jackson lives in Cambridge, and "The Home Makers" is his first magazine story.

Jeannette A. Marks, who had three poems in the September magazines — "Respice Finem," in the Atlantic, "Autumn Dark," in the Metropolitan, and "To My Baby," in the Ladies' World — was born in Tennessee, lived in Philadelphia during her girlhood, is a graduate of Wellesley College in the class of 1900, and received her master's degree in 1903. She was made instructor in English literature at Mount Holyoke College in 1901, afterward becoming associate professor in that department. She has published stories and verse, both for children and for older people.

Reina Melcher, whose story, "The Kiss Denied," was published in Uncle Remus's Magazine for September, was born in Louisville, Ky., and has lived much in the extreme South. For the past three years she has lived in Atlanta. She is an only child, and has traveled considerably with her parents, so that her education has been irregular and carried forward largely under private tutors. She has written stories and verse since she was a very small girl, but had never offered any for publication. Joel Chandler Harris had been one of her idols since his "Br'er Rabbit" delighted her childhood, and when she learned that he was to edit a magazine, she felt that the opportunity for her to test her ability was at hand. The first two stories which she submitted to Mr. Harris were immediately and cordially accepted, and she is now under contract to continue the chronicles of Sylvia and Christopher — of "The *Kiss Denied*" — through several further adventures, each story to be complete in itself, but the thread of connection to be strong enough to bind them, when taken together, into a series. The first of this series appeared in the July issue of Uncle Remus, and was entitled "The Shadow Boy." "The Kiss Denied" is the second of the series, and the others are to appear at intervals of a month or two. One of them is booked for the Christmas number. Appleton's Magazine has recently accepted a poem by Miss Melcher, entitled "The Barred Door."

Helen Palmer, author of the story, "Palmyra's Bondage," in the People's Magazine for October, has only recently devoted herself seriously to literary work, although she has always found pleasure in writing, and has occasionally contributed stories and verse to the magazines. One of her stories, "The Fatal Snow-Shoes," was published in the Red Book for January, 1905, and another, "Wandering Souls," appeared in Short Stories for February of the same year. Miss Palmer is particularly fond of the dramatic form; a number of her little comedies have appeared in the magazines, and several of them have been produced. She has given lectures and "Talks" on literary subjects in New York, and in some of the Western cities. She is a member of the National Art Theatre Society.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Trowbridge. — John Townsend Trowbridge, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday [September 9], seated in the drawing-room of his residence at Arlington, commented in the happiest manner on his literary experiences of more than half a century, and told something of his methods.

"I always think things out very carefully beforehand. Often I have planned a story out, word for word, after I am quiet in bed."

"No," said Mr. Trowbridge, in answer to a question as to whether he ever felt impelled to get up in the middle of the night to put his thoughts down on paper. "My habit has always been to sit down to write every morning about nine, and to write steadily for about three hours. By that time the great concentration has tired me, and I

turn to out-of-door life or something else for the rest of the day. Only in times of great pressure have I written in the afternoon or evening."

"But can you always remember what you planned the night before?" was asked.

"Yes, I always remember the content, if not the exact phrasing. I write my poetry in that way nearly always, and once I composed as much as fifty lines in my head one night and then went to sleep, and the next day I was able to recall it all.

"But I think my imagination is most fertile of all when I am walking in the woods. This may be because when I was a boy on the farm in the wilderness of western New York, I got into the habit of planning and partially composing my tales and romances in rhyme while following the plow. At any rate, I can always work best when in the best physical condition." — Boston Herald.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Magazine Serial. — The serial story persists. It is an anomaly in this age of crowding effort and multiplicity of interests, but it more than holds its own in spite of the impatience it arouses, the denunciation it evokes, among those who read and run. Who can argue against it when it is shown that the circulation of now this magazine and again some other has been increased many thousands by a novel to the popular taste served in deftly divided monthly installments? From the days of Dickens's earliest stories the public has taken, assimilated, and clamored for more fiction in separated links.

The greatest force in stimulating the American appetite for serial fiction was Robert Bonner's New York Ledger, a weekly paper that for twenty years gladdened the hearts of a multitude of readers. In its columns appeared the romances and novelettes of adventure of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Emerson Bennett, and Mary Kyle Dallas, the interminable love and mystery stories of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Anna Cora Mowatt, and Mrs. Harriet Lewis. At first there were three stories running concurrently, with skilfully-arranged beginnings and endings, that there should be no lapse of interest. The reader's attention gained with one appeal to his fancy, before the tale that had won him was completed, another no less attractive had been begun, and sustained interest continued from month to month and year to year. In time each weekly issue contained an installment of no less than five novels.

For years the Ledger throve upon the leading idea of its founder — bright, wholesome serial fiction — and without revenue from advertising, for money could not buy a line in its columns, it made a great fortune for him. When his sons took charge of the property they remodeled the publication, and it died of the operation.

The earliest magazines and reviews had records of travel, critical essays, biography, and poems in abundance, but it was only when the story-tellers were enlisted that they became more than detached literary forces. The story has made the magazines, and while the short story has a prominent place, and writers as well as readers profit by its vogue, the serial is, after all, the mainsail of the craft. — George L. Shoals, in the Argonaut.

Maxims for a Book Reviewer. — It is as well to notice the name of the author and the title of the book you are reviewing. Place these at the head of your critique or in a footnote.

Ascertain whether your author has published previous volumes. If he has, say that this one betrays a falling-off.

Don't read the book. It interferes with pre-conceived notions. It is distinctly annoying, when you have formed an elaborate opinion of a work, to find on reading it that it is quite different from what you thought. Don't cut the pages.

If writing for a serious journal, note the subject of the book before you, turn to your cyclopedia, and write an essay on it. The editor will be surprised at your omniscience.

Discretion is sometimes better than such heroism. When it is, wait till other reviews have appeared and cautiously paraphrase them.

Study the speeches of certain politicians to acquire forms of speech that sound well and mean nothing. Do not commit yourself by being intelligible.

A few errors, an obvious misprint or two, will be a godsend. Never mind the beauties.

If the author is angry, tell the editor you are not to be corrupted by bribe or bluster. Your duty is to guide the public in its choice of true literature. — Leslie Stowe, in the Chicago Daily News.

Six Rules for Letter Writing. — Dr. Edward Everett Hale's editorial page in the September number of the Woman's Home Companion is devoted to the subject of "Letter Writing."

He calls the attention of his readers to six simple rules that every one will do well to remember : —

1. Know what you want to say.
2. Say it.
3. Use your own language.
4. Short words are better than long ones.
5. The fewer the words the better.
6. Leave out all fine passages.

As one of the judges in a recent prize letter-writing contest, Dr. Hale had an exceptional opportunity of examining letters from more than 30,000 women. Many of these, he says, were ruled out at once because the handwriting was not good.

The great besetting sin, however, of letter-writers seems to be that they do not know what they want to say when they begin their letter, and flounder about, to the disgust of the reader, until they hit a subject. A few minutes spent in thought upon a letter before you begin to write will enhance its interest to the reader many fold.

Poe's Idea of the Detective Story. — Writing of Poe in the September Scribner's, Professor Brander Matthews says that in the detective story, as the author of "The Gold Bug" conceived it, it is not in the tale itself that the author seeks to interest the reader, but rather in the successive steps whereby his analytic observer is enabled to solve a problem that might well be dismissed as beyond human elucidation. "Attention is centred on the unraveling of the tangled skein rather than on the knot itself. The emotion aroused is not mere surprise. it is recognition of the unsuspected capabilities of the human brain ; it is not a wondering curiosity as to an airless mechanism, but a heightening admiration for the analytic *acumen capable of working* out an acceptable answer to the puzzle propounded. In other words, Poe, while he availed himself of the obvious advantages of keeping a secret from his readers and of leaving them guessing as long as he pleased, shifted the point of attack and succeeded in giving a human interest to his tale of wonder. And by this shift Poe transported the detective story from the group of tales of adventure into the group of portrayals of character. By bestowing upon it a human interest, he raised it in the literary scale. There is no need now to exaggerate the merits of this feat or to suggest that Poe himself was not capable of loftier efforts. Of course, 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' which is of imagination all compact, is more valid evidence of his genius than 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' which is the product rather of his invention, supremely ingenious as it is. Even though the detective story as Poe produced it is elevated far above the barren tale of mystery which preceded it and which has been revived in our own day, it is not one of the loftiest of literary forms, and its possibilities are severely limited. It suffers to-day from the fact that in the half-century and more since Poe set the pattern it has been vulgarized, debased, degraded by a swarm of imitators who lacked his certainty of touch, his instinctive tact, his intellectual individuality. In their hands it has been bereft of its distinction and despoiled of its atmosphere."

The Construction of the Detective Story. — Is there an inexorable law governing the construction of a good detective story ? If there is one, A. C. Fox-Davies, author of "The Mauleverer Murders," which we favorably reviewed the other day, would like to know all about it. One of his commentators has told him, in the Saturday Review, that he hardly plays the game in making it impossible to guess who is the real murderer, for the most skilful type of detective story puts all the pieces on the board at the outset. Of course, Mr. Fox-Davies is moved to reply, and though he promises to play the game in framing the plot of the novel on which he is now working, he cannot forbear asking these questions : "Who made the rules of that game ? Where are they to be found ? What authority have they ? . . . Why on

earth one should be required to 'table' all one's cards at the outset, or why one should be under the necessity of giving the reader the opportunity of guessing correctly, I fail to see." There is something to be said on both sides of the question. The masters of the detective story generally observe the rules of the game, in the sense understood by Mr. Fox-Davies's critic. But, on the other hand, the matter is hardly one to take with a great seriousness. To treat a book like "The Mauleverer Murders" in the light of a kind of classic standard is to break a butterfly upon a wheel. The main point, where these ephemeral novels of mystery are concerned, is that they should be amusing. — New York Tribune.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EXPLETIVES AND NON-EXPLETIVES. Pro'essor T. R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

LITERATURE AND STATESMANSHIP. With portrait. Sir George Otto Trevelyan. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for October.

AT LARGE : IV. — HUMOR. Arthur C. Benson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for October.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO "SAM" WARD. Henry M. Hall. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for October.

THE ACQUIRING OF CLEAR SPEECH. — III. John D. Barry. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for October.

THE NEUROTIC SPINSTER OF LITERATURE. Anne O'Hagan. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for October.

SOME OF MY EDITORIAL EXPERIENCES. The Editor. *Wide World Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

THE DRAMAS OF OSCAR WILDE. Professor Archibald Henderson, Ph.D. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

COLETTA RYAN : AN IDEALISTIC SINGER OF THE COMING DAY. With portrait. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

THE MENACE OF IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM. In the Mirror of the Present, *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

THE POET : HIS MISSION AND MESSAGE. Editor's Quiet Hour, *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

POE AND THE DETECTIVE STORY. Brander Matthews. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

THE POETIC DRAMA. Louise Collier Willcox. *North American Review* (38 c.) for September.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY — XXII. *North American Review* (38 c.) for September.

THE PESSIMIST'S PROGRESS : J. K. HUYSMANS. James Huneker. *North American Review* (38 c.) for September.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. Edwin Carlile Litsey. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for September.

DOES WRITING PAY ? A. Tegmer. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for September.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for September.

AS TO LITERARY PENSIONS. Albert S. Henry. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for September.

VICTOR HUGO : CRITIC, PROPHET, AND PHILOSOPHER. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for September.

POE AS AN EVOLUTIONIST. Frederick Drew Bond. *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

THE EFFECTS OF MENTAL FATIGUE. Dr. Luther H. Gulick. *World's Work* for September.

EYE STRAIN IN RELATION TO GENERAL HEALTH (Concluded). Dr. James A. Spalding. *Health-Culture* (13 c.) for September.

INTERVIEWING BIG MEN. Garnett Campbell Eubank. *American Business Man* (23 c.) for September.

A POET AND HIS POEM. Ambrose Bierce. *Cosmopolitan* for September.

THE FINANCE OF LITERARY SHRINES. William G. Fitzgerald. *Munsey's* for September.

HOW TO SELL A PLAY. Charles Townsend. *Spare Moments* (8 c.) for September.

WHITTIER AS A HYMN WRITER. Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy. *New York Christian Advocate* for August 29.

ELIZABETH WHITTIER AND THE AMESBURY HOME. Annie Russell Marble. *Outlook* (13 c.) for September 7.

RALPH CONNOR AT HOME. With portrait. Rev. Joseph Hayes Chandler. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for September 7.

SHAKESPEARE AND BERMUDA. Oscar Fay Adams. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for September 12.

CANADA'S BELOVED POET — WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND. Clara Morris. *Collier's* (13 c.) for September 21.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Augusta Hale Gifford, sister of Senator Hale, of Maine, has gone abroad, and will gather material for a history of Russia.

David Christie Murray was writing his memoirs at the time of his death. They are to be published under the title of "The Recollections of a Lifetime."

The John Lane Company announces a volume entitled "Poetry and Progress in Russia," by Rosa Newmarch, a profusely-illustrated biography of the living Russian poets, students, and thinkers, containing examples of their work, with reproductions of their photographs.

"François Rabelais," by Arthur Tilley, is the third volume in the French Men of Letters series, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Walter Jerrold is going to prepare an elaborate biography of Thomas Hood.

D. W. Rannie has in press an illustrated volume on "Wordsworth and His Circle." It will include chapters on Southey, De Quincey, Charles Lamb, and Coleridge.

Hall Caine has undertaken to revise and largely re-write his first book, "Recollections of Rossetti," making it essentially a new book. It will be published in the middle of October, exactly one quarter of a century after the date of its first publication.

Moffat, Yard, & Co. have in preparation "Ibsen as He Should Be Read," a popular as well as a scholarly interpretation of the great dramatist, by Edwin Bjorkman.

In connection with the Keats-Shelley memorial corporation, which has now completed the purchase of the house in Rome where Keats died, Buxton Forman, of London, has presented to that body the great mass of that portion of his library which deals with the two poets, and has already deposited some hundreds of books and magazines, etc., to be despatched to Rome. They will form the nucleus of a complete illustrative collection on the plan which Mr. Forman has been carrying out for nearly forty years.

The will of Sully-Prudhomme bequeaths $20,000 to the French Academy for the advancement of letters, and the author's residence to Paris as a public museum.

Among the early fall publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons will be "The Love Affairs of Literary Men," by Myrtle Reed. In this book will be told the love affairs of such men as Swift, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Poe, and Carlyle.

To-Morrow Magazine has removed to 139 East Fifty-sixth street, Chicago, and will be issued hereafter from its own printing plant.

The price of McClure's Magazine will be fifteen cents a copy, beginning October 1. The size of the magazine will be increased by sixteen pages.

Beginning with the current number, the North American Review reverts to the rule of monthly publication. The publishers have made the mistake of changing the cover made familiar by years of use.

At the request of several persons who intend to write for the one thousand dollar prize offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best drama of "The Christ of the Andes," the time of competition has been extended to March 1, 1908. President Angell says: "We want the most sublime drama that has ever been written since Christ was born — one that will be translated into the languages of all Christian nations and which all Christian men and women will want to see. If our first offer of a thousand dollars does not bring the drama we want, we intend to have our American Humane Education Society make a second offer of double the amount, with the condition that the drama shall be the sole property of our American Humane Education Society, which shall copyright it and then give its free use to all persons in all nations who will undertake to have it properly presented."

After a lapse of nine years, the American branch of Cassell & Co. will resume business as an active publishing house in New York. William B. Hadley will be the manager of the American branch.

Ruskin, it is said, received no less than £50,000 in royalties from such of his books as were published by George Allen from the quiet little Kentish village of Orpington, and since the death of the writer his estate is reported to have benefited to the extent of a further £24,000 from the same source. Those two sums, however, can hardly represent all the moneys earned by Ruskin's pen, even although he did not derive any royalties from this country.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish a volume, entitled "One Hundred Great Poems," selected by R. J. Cross.

René François Armand Sully-Prudhomme died at Chatenay, France, September 7, aged sixty-eight.

Henry Bellyse Baildon died at Dundee, Scotland, September 7.

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THE MAGAZINE SHORT STORY.

A conservative estimate of the number of short stories printed each month by all the magazines and periodicals more or less familiar to us is three hundred. Should we include all possible publications—the cheap, the very unimportant, or the flagrantly sensational among the magazines; the Sunday newspaper; the daily newspaper; the weekly periodicals that flourish mildly in each large city and excite our wonder as to what mysterious patronage supports them — our 300 short stories would expand like the genius whom the Arabian fisherman thoughtlessly liberated from the copper cylinder.

Fortunately, although we should have to accept the existence of this monthly avalanche of words, sentences, and paragraphs, we do not individually have to stand in front of it. The avalanche distributes itself over a wide territory. The individual sees only that part of it which comes within his own range of vision — namely, for the upper strata of reading intelligence the small fraction represented by the more or less well-known publications.

To select the three hundred short stories it is estimated that something like 10,000 manuscripts are examined monthly. And as these three hundred short stories — together with the syndicated fiction that appears in Sunday newspapers — are, broadly speaking, all that may tempt a writer with the hope of any marked pecuniary emolument, the practical authorship of a given month simmers down to a small number.

More than that, for many a writer of magazine fiction practical authorship is limited to that one month and no other. Many a name appears once and no more in the pages of the magazines; many another appears with such infrequency that it has always the air of something distantly familiar, yet new and surprising, like the playmate of our childhood who turns up unexpectedly with side whiskers and the request that we loan him a five. Yet the very frequency with which certain names appear, few as they are in comparison with the total number of short stories published in a given interval, is probably responsible for the theory that the new writer has no chance whatever; that his manuscript is returned unread and that of the successful author (who was "new" once, although this is overlooked in the argument) is taken without reading.

The theory is, perhaps, natural enough, for a few sunflowers in a garden will attract more attention from a passing carriage than dozens of violets, but it is nevertheless false and

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misleading. In actual practice the only real handicap upon the new author is that he is debarred from making literary experiments; he must come within the category of what the editor believes the bulk of his readers will accept as a "natural" kind of literature — the kind they are used to; and it is only when he has made his name an asset — in other words, only when he has created for himself an audience interested in what he has done and willing to think a little out of its ordinary channel to follow his new path — that he is allowed to experiment. The old horse may invent new tricks and paces, but the youngster must amble along at the gait that the public is used to. The editor wants originality, but he wants originality of idea rather than of expression. With an original idea set forth, shall we say, in an unoriginal manner, the newest of the new may turn the trick against the most popular of the popular.

This condition is moreover somewhat less marked to-day than it was in the "good old days" when magazines are said to have been edited "differently." In the Atlantic of 1879 a comparative analysis of three contemporary magazines shows that more than half of the men and women represented in their pages were well known to the reading public, whereas to-day a similar comparison would show that more than half the authors of a given month are "new" or unknown writers. The writer whose success is either occasional or limited to a single accepted manuscript is therefore a very important factor in the making of the modern periodical, and that so many ambitious candidates hit the mark of editorial acceptance once and once only has puzzled many an editor quite as much as it has many an unsuccessful aspirant. There seems indeed to be only one visible explanation — that the single successful story is the outcome of an experience with which the writer has been so closely associated, either in thought or action, that the act of writing unconsciously forces him or her into a clear-cut, consecutive, dramatic, and therefore interesting way of telling it. The author has no conscious knowledge of how he produced his effects; and his next effort, based upon a plot entirely outside of himself, goes quite to pieces for lack of workmanship. In the endless stream of manuscripts that is to-day flowing in and out of the editorial offices, there are inevitably a great many of these spontaneous feats of story telling. And when we add to them the other occasional stories — the authors who appear infrequently — the actual number of persons making what could be called a good living by magazine fiction is reduced to a surprisingly small figure. At the far end of the line stands, of course, that little company of the very successful — the $300, $500, or even $1,000-a-story people. But it is a very, very little company; few are the magazines that can afford its services; nor do its members invariably get the special rate of remuneration whose tradition is, after all, likely to date from some very special combination of editorial circumstances.

Yet in these thousands of manuscripts there are, even were an impartial jury of the doubting Thomases to examine them, probably very few of genuinely compelling interest to the average intelligent reader that are not eventually accepted — bearing in mind, however, that the average intelligent reader does not and cannot enjoy a story that transcends his own faculty of perception. Our jury might be equally surprised to find how few comparatively are accepted by the editor who first reads them. Other things being equal, there is always the personal equation — the individual liking that divides readers concerning even Shakspere himself, and from which the editor is no freer than other mortals; more than that, upon practically every accepted manuscript is focused the personal equation of at least three editorial Readers. Some editors there are who deny this personal equation. Others frankly admit it. Its existence has the peculiar result of making humor — a commodity for which nearly all editors editorially clamor — one of the hardest things to market, since the humorous story which seems funny to three persons one after another is perhaps harder than any other one thing to get out of an inkwell. Its acceptance even then does not prove that it will seem equally amusing to all subsequent readers; it indicates only that it is likely to amuse a majority. And the personal equation may, and occasionally

does, approve a story that the editorial judgment refuses to publish — a story whose pathos the editorial point of view considers too poignant or whose humor it considers too subtile or whose outcome it considers too melancholy for a magazine public. Such a story is not necessarily the work of a new or unknown writer ; it may carry a well-known name, itself a valuable asset from the publisher's standpoint, and yet knock vainly on the door of magazine after magazine. One such story, for example, has for some time been going the rounds of the magazine offices ; editors remember it vividly for months after they have read it — which is about the highest test of compelling power to which a manuscript could be subjected ; but none will publish. Yet it should be published, and if it should happen to make a "hit" with the public, it would be safe to predict that the same kind of a story would then find ready market. The fatherly attitude of the editor is especially interesting in that it protects its children only from the things which it believes they don't want.

Now the reason for this reluctance in accepting the occasional remarkable story that does n't get printed is, after all, a very practical one. Experience leads these editors to believe that if they did publish it, they would immediately be deluged with letters from objecting subscribers offended either because they dislike the story or are too dull to follow it. Such letters are the editor's weather bureau. The receipt of them is not only a menace to the popularity and therefore the financial success of his magazine, but, more than that, he holds it to indicate a breach of trust in his own personal relation to his thousands of readers. They, his readers, have subscribed to this, his magazine, on the tacit understanding that there should be no occasion for such correspondence ; they have paid in advance, so to speak, for a meal ticket good for twelve consecutive months, and during that period are compelled to accept such fare as the editor puts before them ; the editor feels that he has no right to experiment with this great miscellaneous palate in the way of stories that may prove even slightly unsatisfactory to it.

Broadly speaking, the ghost story that ten years or so ago would have been marketable for its shiver must to-day have not only a shiver, but some sort of explanation of the ghost — and even so, ghost stories are a poor stock in trade for any young author starting out to make a living. At the same period a short story might begin with a long descriptive introduction, the scenery set and the supernumeraries lined up in chorus, but to-day such a story is sadly handicapped. There was a time when the dialect story was the fashion — so much so that it seemed almost the only wear for popular achievement in short fiction ; but to-day it is no wiser to enter the field in dialect than it would be to go down town in winter wearing a straw hat. To be sure straw hats are worn all the year round by occasional butchers and grocerymen, and dialect is still written by occasional authors, but these are the exceptions. We have at present something of a fashion for the Klondike and the Wild West — but we may be surprised some morning to discover that all these doughty heroes have vanished, that they have given place to other heroes unarmed and pacific. But of one thing we may be quite comfortably certain. So long as it lasts, each fashion in contemporary literature is very acceptable, whatever we may ourselves think of it, to the majority of readers.

In expressing the editorial policy, in saying what the magazine wants in the way of fiction, both editor and writer are involved in perplexity. It is a hard business for the editor, especially for the editor who recognizes the importance of the personal equation and who knows by experience that the very manuscript which he refuses to-day may be accepted to-morrow by another editor in his own field, and may be read with approval by the very public for whom he has personally refused it, to come out flatly and say : "I do not think this story will interest enough of my readers to make it worth publishing." Nor is it easy for the discouraged writer to read this flat statement into the editorial note that at least spells some sort of encouragement, or into the printed slip that may mean almost anything. Two words the editor is likely to use in personal correspondence : "slight" and "lack of action." Catch your

editor in a corner, however, and he finds it somewhat difficult to explain their exact meaning. In fact, they have n't any, except as they show that the story did not hold that particular editor's attention. Because they do not hold the attention of editors thousands of short stories come back every month to those who have written them. Many of these stories do eventually interest other editors, and so reach the public.

In selecting this stock in trade the editor regards the style of an author — understanding by style the way in which our author puts his thoughts on paper — as an important factor. The writer whose style holds the attention of the editor, interests him, and carries him from beginning to end of a manuscript without interruption, has supplied "action" and escaped being "slight" because he has given his editor no chance in passing to stop and ask himself why the story seems to be losing interest. To be sure, a style that will hold one editor may quite fail with another — even as Stevenson could never get interested in George Eliot ; but the fact remains that the interest of any well-told story is dependent much more on the manner of telling, on the personality behind it, than on the number of persons who are shot in the course of the narrative. The editor himself sometimes unfortunately complicates matters by talking of "style" as a kind of literary varnish spread over the surface of a piece of fiction after it is otherwise completed.

And so workmanship, not in its small details, but in its broad outlines — a beginning that attracts, a continuation that keeps up the initial interest, and a conclusion that satisfies the reader's idea of consistency — becomes the essential quality of the accepted short story ; and this workmanship may be either accidental and occasional, as in the case of the authors who very seldom hit the target, or it may be a characteristic acquired by practice, as in the case of those who make a more or less successful business of story-telling. On the word of an editor who daily examines more than a hundred short stories and considers that day a good one when more than three per cent. of them meet his requirements, there are four specific causes *of failure :* inconsistency, lack of plot, lack of originality, and inversion, or lack of construction — and of these lack of construction is perhaps the greatest. On the word of this same editor, a story "should stand out separate and apart from everything, holding within its compass a picture complete with characters, situations, and emotions." It should, however, if intended for any one of the majority of American magazines, depend but little on the imagination of the reader, nor should it deal with the unpleasant or repugnant aspects of life, or obtrude the theories or antagonisms of the writer.

A majority of the stories published in our magazines fulfill these requirements, although it must be confessed that the workmanship exhibited even in some of the highest-class magazines is sometimes so lacking in craft that it seems to give the lie to this very generalization and throw the whole structure of this article back into chaos. A very small minority fulfill them to the extent of adding that subtlety in characterization, that personal charm, knowledge, or power on the part of the author that makes them fairly a part of literature in its highest expression ; and almost every magazine editor, brought face to face with the objection that the modern magazine furnishes no fictional food for the higher intellectual taste, can turn to his files and show the objector an exceptionally worthy piece of fictional writing. But the same editor will admit that the multiplication of magazines, most of them trying to reach a large popular following, and of magazine writers, most of them modeling their style on the work already published, has "standardized" magazine literature ; the effect, broadly speaking, is as if the stories had all been written by the same author. And this effect is increased by the speed with which competition follows the fashion set by any successful writer. The Klondike story, for example, seems, from the editorial point of view, to have set everybody writing short stories who had ever been in that region — to say nothing of a good many who had n't. The number of unpublished child stories that have gone prattling through editorial offices in the past few years would be impossible to estimate ; and the guns of the "unavailable" cowboys, had they been of anything but

paper, would have indignantly "shot up" every editorial office in Gotham.

The result, however, is to produce a curious uniformity in magazines that are nominally all trying to be distinctively different, and to conceal the higher excellence of the occasional story in the thronging crowd of stories whose appeal is directed at the great majority of readers "who prefer easy reading" — in other words, an unthinking, unanalyzing multitude whose combined taste demands, nevertheless, something of those broad, fundamental qualities in a story that are the basis of all good story-telling.

Those who see nothing good in our modern magazines read these stories and compare them with the occasional masterpieces that stood out from the magazine pages when magazines were fewer and the best stories more easily discoverable. They forget the average of these earlier magazines, to which indeed they would find the average of their successors surprisingly superior. They believe that the magazine of to-day is written to order by writers who have developed a remarkable acumen in "writing down" to the public, and they believe, also, that the editor chooses what they call a "poor story" in preference to a "good" one — that he reads the good ones for his own pleasure and returns them immediately. A little truth there is in all these charges — but, after all, surprisingly little. The authors who write to order are few in number compared with the volume of stories actually published, and the process of "writing down" is very largely imaginary. It consists chiefly in knowing the market and in leaving alone certain subjects, certain methods of treatment that editorial experience believes are just now unmarketable. *Ralph Bergengren.*

The Boston Transcript.

HELPS TOWARD THE MAKING OF VERSE.

II. — THE CHOICE OF THEMES.

For verse-practice, subjects should be chosen which admit of concise treatment. The fault common to most young practitioners is vagueness. A subject is chosen which has no limitations, which may be made to mean almost anything — such a subject as "Life," "Love," "Peace," "Music," "Solitude," or "Nature." These are subjects which let one loose in infinitude. It is better to be tied down to something. Themes should be chosen which demand an exact expression of an exact idea. For exercises in verse, it is well, in order to secure a sharply defined meaning, to choose subjects from common life, even though such themes seem to fall below the high elevation of poetic aspiration. Instead of writing a poem on "Infancy," full of weak generalizations, and indefinite enthusiasm, one should call the poetic endeavor "Harriet" or "Herbert," or whatever name distinguishes the infant of particular interest. The engaging attributes of this special infant should be defined, and one's actual tenderness for the child should find its individual note. Of course, if one has no interest in a special infant, there will not be much sense in writing a poem on "Infancy." A general subject like this one does not interpret through conjecture, but through special instances.

If one should choose "Memory" as a subject, there would be the danger of taking too large a sweep, of being too inclusive, and, by the very recognition of memory as a faculty common to everybody, producing a shadowy-rimmed, unoutlined conception of memories which have belonged to no one in particular. If one should cut down the conception to something within one's personal experience, and call the poem "What

I Remember," the performance will take on tone and manner and will be very likely to strike an answering chord in the sympathies of others who remember their own remembrances.

The theme chosen for poetical practice need not, as I have already remarked, strike a very high note. Whatever is nearest at hand should be seized upon and sketched through the medium of verse with as good aim and effect and with as much accuracy in conveying an impression as possible. "A November Day" or "A May Morning" may sound like trite subjects, but an honest treatment of these themes from a markedly personal point of view ought to produce a likely result. Poems about the seasons are like conversation about the weather. They are something we are used to having, and are acceptable for that reason alone. There are many magazines which publish nothing in the way of emotional poetry or the poetry of gem-like thought and which yet will make a point of appearing each month with one or more new screeds of verse appropriate to the season.

Quite ordinary events of everyday life may suggest some thread of sentiment which may be woven into a verse-pattern. If Delia appear in a new hat, with roses on it, some interrelation between the spring season, the sweet youth of Delia, and the color and freshness of the roses may establish itself so clearly in the form of a poetic thought that the proper expression of the thought in right words and musical meter will not be hard to find. Any author whom one reads with enthusiasm will suggest a poem in his honor, à la Keats's sonnet on the reading of Chapman's Homer or Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton.

An exercise which will yield an inexhaustible number of themes is the writing of poems on pictures. A picture familiar from the daily sight of it hanging on the wall will suggest something to say gracefully in verse; or a picture which makes a striking impression seen in an art-gallery; or a famous old master studied in an engraving — or any picture that is a picture. A young student who had set himself to practice the writing of verse deliberately composed a poem for each one of several pictures hanging on the walls of his room. He used a different verse-form and a different mode of treatment for each picture. For one, he put his verse in the form of comment or description, thus furnishing a poetic text for the picture. In other instances he used the picture merely as a suggestion for some thought which could stand independent of the picture. He was surprised to find how readily a picture could be made to yield a suggestion, and how unexpectedly well the suggestion would come out when shaped into verse.

A legend is admittedly a good subject for a poem. One can always find some striking incident which has not yet been used in poetic narrative or commented on in verse. But the more fanciful a legend is, the more readily it lends itself to poetic treatment, and the out and out fairy-story is, perhaps, the most pliable material of all. See what Tennyson made of "The Sleeping Beauty," and Browning of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." The coming poet may be he who will find a new moral or a more beautiful setting for "Cinderella" or "Old Mother Hubbard." It would be an interesting exercise to trace the origin of the casual productions of the poets, to note whether they sprang from something seen, something done, something felt, something said, or from something which, like a nursery-tale, had its hidden germination in childhood.

In writing verse, one will often be astonished at the ease with which the poem takes form and moves to a satisfactory completion. Each word seems to slip into its proper place, the lines adjust themselves to their places, and the stanzas round themselves out. Again, one may find a thought pressing for utterance, with no adequate means of expression at hand. The mould of the verse will not hold the overrunning thought. The words with which we strive to paint the thought are formal and lacking in beauty. When we have done our utmost to image it, we find we have not transcribed the thought at all, but only some dim relation of it. The thing to do is to let the thought simmer and seethe in the mind a while longer, and then try again to pour it

out. Working over the old model will not do; the plan, the starting point, and the treatment must all be fresh.

After a piece of verse is written, put it away. Later on, one may pass sober judgment on one's own work; but not while one is warm and glowing from the effort of production. Before one is able to judge of his work for himself, he should not offer it to critics. By laying his verse aside and taking it up impartially after a forgetting interval, one may be able to make one's own rejections, and thus save the editor the trouble of doing that painful office for him. But whatever he holds to be good, he may let have its fighting chance in the besieging forces of some good magazine.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Alwin West.*

MOTHERS IN FICTION.

An amusing article appeared in an English periodical some time ago, in which the author said he was challenged to find an ideal mother in Dickens's works — outside the lower classes — and was amazed to discover that he could not do this. The quest set him to studying other novelists, with the strange result that, in all fiction, by both men and women, he could find but two or three such mothers. The list given was indeed formidable, and naturally would cause other readers to reflect upon the subject, with similar surprising results. I did recall several characters not mentioned in the small number set down; Miss Mulock has described several fine mothers, and Mrs. Gaskell, and — I think — Mrs. Oliphant. But all told, we have but a scant dozen or so, even though modern writers add every day to the mothers depicted. The author of the magazine article which I have taken as my text was, it seems, an anonymous novelist, for he adds that, to his supreme astonishment, he turned to his own work with precisely the same result; he had never drawn a good mother.

No reason was suggested in his lively paper for this odd state of affairs, but a woman is nothing if not analytic, and as another author, I immediately reviewed my several novels, determined to study the causes of whatever effects I should find there. And here, too, were weak mothers, well-intentioned, silly mothers, scheming mammas — but not one grand, good woman among them all. Now, I resolved to see just what this meant. Why had I so described the relationship which, of all those existing among human beings, I most deeply and tenderly honor — which is the tie dearest to all men? There *must* be a reason, or, naturally, nine-tenths of our novels would laud mothers, whom, privately, nine-tenths of our novelists most truly laud. This, I believe, is it: —

The heroine, generally speaking, must occupy the centre of the stage; she must not only bear certain misfortunes indispensable to the weaving of a plot about her, but she must not have any domestic lifting of that load, or the author's task is needlessly increased. Were her mother a capable, independent, helpful person this assistance would necessarily come from her, not to say that she shall often be the goddess in the car for the direct promulgation of mischief — as, for instance, in pushing her daughter into an ambitious marriage, or other persistence equally promoting the plot and retarding the inevitable climax. It is then, I think, merely to subordinate her to her child that the mother of fiction is so maligned and unkindly treated. However, discussion from other novelists would be most interesting and instructive, and I trust they will tell me what their opinion is of my theory, and what their practice, in planning out a story. Do you, fellow writers, describe good mothers, and if not, why not? Pray answer me. *Ruth Hall.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The Circle will announce the result of its *prize contest in the* December number. The publishers received in all 4,200 manuscripts. The preliminary work of weeding out the stories which were obviously too poor to enter the race diminished the pile, they say, very materially. Since then the reading by the judges has gone on more slowly, until in the middle of October the number of manuscripts from which the prize-winners are to be selected was reduced to 108. One of the judges says that these 108 stories are of more than ordinary merit, and that after the ten prize-winners have been selected, probably as many as fifty of the other manuscripts will be bought by the Circle. Sixty successful manuscripts, out of 4,200 !

* * *

The amount of futile writing in this country is enormous. The experience of the judges in the Circle competition, as regards hopeless manuscripts, is that of every editor. The editor of Harper's Magazine, for instance, received last year 22,000 stories to select from. He does not say how many of them got by the Readers who do the first sifting, but the Readers would probably inform any one who asked that a very large proportion of them had no hope of publication anywhere. The Harpers, in all their publications, probably did not print more than 200 or 300 of the 22,000 in the year. Many of the others, no doubt, were accepted elsewhere, but the fact remains that the great majority of the writers of these stories were disappointed in trying to find a publisher, and the editors were undoubtedly justified in deciding that the stories were not good enough to print.

* * *

The trouble is that the success of some new writers has created a general feeling that anybody nowadays can write, and certainly it seems to every one connected with the publishing world that everybody is making the endeavor. Perhaps it is inevitable, but it is unfortunate that so many people are trying to get into print when they have little or no talent for literary work. Education nowadays is so general that it is true that almost every one can write decent ordinary English and make a manuscript correct in outward

form, but the proportion of literary genius in the population is probably no greater now than it was a hundred years ago, and it is even a question whether the best literary achievement of the present generation is not being lowered to the mass of mediocrity. The editor of Harper's does not hold this opinion, so far as short stories are concerned. He quotes "perhaps the greatest of living American writers" as exclaiming, when looking over the short stories in recent numbers of Harper's: "They are so good that it is almost impossible to select the best. They are so good that they are discouraging to us who have spent our lives in writing." There is no question that the art of short-story writing has been highly developed of recent years, or that America now leads in this field, as France led twenty or thirty years ago. Literature, however, should be made up of books, rather than of short stories, and where are the modern novels that can be set beside those of twenty-five or fifty years ago? The progress of novel-writing might be typically illustrated by a comparison of "The House of Mirth" with "Vanity Fair."

* * *

Probably the flood of futile manuscripts cannot be reduced, however much it may be damned by tired editors. Still the evil is so serious that it is the duty of every one who handles manuscripts in a professional way to discourage mediocrity, and to destroy, if possible, the hopes of the writer whose manuscripts are hopeless. It might be well if editors should change the wording of their printed rejection slips, when, in the desire not to wound the feelings of unsuccessful contributors, they assure all those whose manuscripts are returned that rejection does not imply lack of literary merit. Perhaps an editor cannot be expected to say, in case of need, with brutal frankness: "Your manuscript shows plainly that you have absolutely no talent for writing, and any such endeavor on your part will be wasted," but at least editors in such cases ought not to send a printed slip which encourages the incompetent to further efforts. The energy wasted every year in the United States on hopeless writing might accomplish wonders if it could be directed to some profitable use.

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Austin Adams, whose story, "In Self-Defence," was printed in Ainslee's Magazine for September, began writing two or three years ago, and has had stories in the Saturday Evening Post, Ainslee's Magazine, McClure's, the Smart Set, Lippincott's, Smith's, the Red Book, the Pacific Monthly, and the Overland Monthly. Mr. Adams has no settled home, and at present he is traveling on the Pacific coast.

"Marjorie Bowen," whose story, "The Yellow Ribbon and Giovanna," was published in Short Stories for September, is an Englishwoman, and her real name is Gabrielle New Campbell. She was trained for the career of an artist, both in England and in Paris, and wrote her first work, "The Viper of Milan," when she was between seventeen and eighteen years old. It was published a little more than a year ago by Alston Rivers in London, and by McClure, Phillips, & Co. in America. The instantaneous success of the book decided Miss Bowen to take up literary work, and her second story, "The Glen o' Weeping," was published by the same firms in the spring of this year. All of Miss Bowen's work deals with the so-called "historical" fiction, or costume story. The English rights of "Giovanna and the Yellow Ribbon" belong to Cassell & Co., who have published several of her short stories, and she has also had stories in the Sketch, the Pall Mall, the Story Teller, and the Lady's Realm.

Kenneth Bruce, whose poem, "The Music of the Pines," was published in Ainslee's Magazine for October, was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1876, and is the eldest son of Hon. Wallace Bruce, the poet and lecturer. When he was twelve years old, his father was appointed United States consul at Edinburgh, Scotland, and removed there with his family, remaining for four years. While in Edinburgh, young Bruce attended the famous "Collegiate School," then con-

ducted by Dr. Bryce. In 1892 he returned to the United States, and prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., where he was prominent in the literary life of the institution, taking prizes in extempore debate, as well as in original and rehearsed declamations. On entering Yale College, he was the first speaker in his class chosen to compete for the debating prize, and was later awarded the first medal for elocution. He wrote both poetry and prose for the Yale Literary Magazine during his five years at the college, and in his senior year he was elected a member of the Chi Delta Theta Society — one of the literary honors of the university. He was unanimously elected class poet, and his composition delivered at the Commencement exercises in June, 1900, was quoted in full in the New York Tribune, the New York Herald, and many other papers. Mr. Bruce has contributed steadily to the magazines during the past six years, and has had poems in Munsey's, the Four Track News (now the Travel Magazine), the Advocate of Peace, and other magazines. He has won success as a lecturer, and is superintendent of the Great Florida Chautauqua, located at DeFuniak Springs, where he makes his home. He is now engaged in writing a large work requiring much research along the Hudson River Valley, which he says will take three years before it can be made ready for the publisher.

Olivia Howard Dunbar, who had a story, "The Accomplice," in Harper's Magazine for September, and another story, "An Altar to an Unknown God," in the September Smart Set, is a Massachusetts woman and a graduate of Smith College. She lives in New York, and has done editorial work on both magazines and newspapers, but for several years she has devoted herself wholly to writing. She is a regular contributor of literary criticism to the North American Review, and she writes also short stories, special articles, and criticism for Harper's Magazine, the Century, Putnam's, and many other magazines.

Edward J. Nocton, author of the story, "Rafferty the Recidivist," in the Century for September, was until recently a Philadelphian. He is a young newspaper man, and it is only recently that he has been able to devote much time to fiction. The Century accepted the first manuscript that he submitted to it, and the Red Book and the Sunday Magazine have taken fiction from his pen. He has had special articles in Pearson's Magazine, the Pacific Monthly, Success, and the New York Independent. Other stories by Mr. Nocton will appear shortly in various magazines.

Edith Wyatt, author of "The Cup of Life," in Appleton's Magazine for September, lives in Chicago, and in the past seven years has published about twenty-six short stories, including the tales of contemporary life printed in her book, "Every One His Own Way," published by McClure, Phillips, & Co., several other stories of contemporary life, three fairy stories, and about twelve poems. She has published, also, a novel, "True Love: A Comedy of the Appetins," issued by McClure, Phillips, & Co. Her stories and verses have appeared in Appleton's Magazine, Collier's, McClure's Magazine, the Reader, the Delineator, the Century, Harper's Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, and the Atlantic, and she has poems coming out in Scribner's Magazine, Collier's, and Everybody's Magazine.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Doyle. — Sir Conan Doyle's marriage a few weeks ago to Miss Jean Leckie was characterized by a queer mistake on the part of the press in this country, which announced very generally that the author of "Sherlock Holmes" was a bachelor, and somewhat crusty, besides, as the neglect of women in his books seemed to them to indicate. Some one who is intimately informed upon the incidents in the life of this distinguished writer reminds the public that there was a first Lady Doyle, and that it was she who urged her husband to devote himself to writing. The public, therefore, owes to the first wife some of its obligation for "Sherlock Holmes." Sir Conan Doyle, who was then a plain young doctor, met Miss Louise

Hawkins at Southsea while she was nursing her brother, his patient; fell in love with her, married her, and together they went over to Vienna to continue his study of medicine. Later they came back to London, where the young physician diverted himself by writing a story now and again, with success so unusual that his wife grew convinced that writing was his true vocation, and persuaded him to give over his entire time to it. The first Lady Doyle was sympathetic and discriminating in her admiration of her husband's work, and able to assist in it, in spite of delicate health. She died only a little more than a year ago, while still in her forties, leaving two children, Mary Louise and Arthur Alleyne Kingsley Doyle. — Washington Herald.

Eliot.— New light will, it is hoped, be thrown upon George Eliot's literary methods in a series of articles that C. S. Olcott will contribute to the Outlook. He will strive to answer the question, "How far did she draw her characters and their surroundings from real life?" Says Mr. Olcott: "George Eliot had a marvelous memory, and apparently could not help describing the scenes that were dear to her girlhood and the people whom she had known. She has denied that there were portraits in 'Adam Bede,' and stated that there would be none in her subsequent books. But the consensus of opinion is that she was far more realistic than she was willing to admit, and that she painted these portraits quite unconsciously. However this may be, it is certain that they add to the charm of her work instead of detracting from it."

Gilbert. — "In the recent 'Honor List,'" said Sir William Gilbert, "I found myself politely described by some court flunkey as 'Mr. Gilbert, playwright.' Nine times out of ten when a dramatic author is referred to by a newspaper man he is described as a 'playwright.' The term 'wright' is properly applied to one who follows a mechanical calling, such as a wheelwright, a millwright, a carwright, or a shipwright. We never hear of novel wrights, or poem-wrights, or essay-wrights; why, then, of play wrights? There is a convenient word, 'dramatist,' that seems to describe fitly one who devotes his time to writing dramas, taking the word 'drama' in its broadest sense."

"And your own plays?" I asked. "How many of these have you written?"

"I think the exact number is sixty-three."

"How do you regard the respective work of the dramatist and the novelist, one against the other?"

"Their method of work is, and must be, quite different. The novelist can make his own milieu as he goes along. He can create and alter his own characters; paint his own scenery; suggest his own changes of feeling; describe effects and emotions in general terms. In fact, he appeals directly to his readers. But the dramatist cannot appeal to his audience directly; his work can appeal only through the distorting medium of many prisms. That is where we writers of plays are handicapped. We are not always masters in our houses."

"Not even when you control the stage absolutely?"

"Not even then, though that gives us a chance. I attribute our success in our particular craft to the fact that Arthur Sullivan and I were in a commanding position. We controlled the stage altogether, and were able to do as we wished — to carry out our ideas in our own way, so far as the limitations of actors would allow of it.

"During the years we were running new operas at the Savoy I generally had royalties on my librettos to an average of about £3,000 a year. In all, I have had somewhere about £25,000 or £30,000 on this account."

"Roughly speaking, how many copies would that mean?"

"Well, I will leave you to work that out. I had sixpence halfpenny (thirteen cents) on each copy in London, and fourpence halfpenny (nine cents) in the country. I suppose it averaged up about fivepence or fivepence farthing for each copy. At fivepence each this would show a sale of one million four hundred and forty thousand copies sold. As, however, the total amount is approximate and the royalties vary, we may, I think, call the output a million and a half."

"Do you think the theatre has a function beyond mere amusement?"

"It should have, but it rarely pays to at-

tempt anything beyond mere entertainment. My own experience is that the higher the literary quality of the play, the greater is its chance of failure."

"Can you illustrate that — if not by the failure, then by any of the things that make for failure?"

"When 'The Wicked World' was produced I had to bring a libel action against the Pall Mall Gazette. In his summing up, Mr. Justice Brett, who for the purposes of the trial had read the book of the play, said that there were some passages that would rank with any to be found in poetical drama. As illustration he read the speech from the first act, beginning 'Thou hast seen black and angry thunder clouds.' Now this very passage was the only one cut out after the first performance, because the lines dragged."

"There are," I suggested, "those who say that the public won't allow literary merit to be exercised in play writing." Sir William smiled — a grim sort of smile — as he answered: —

"If plays with a strong pretension to literary merit fail, they do so not on account of that literary merit, but in spite of it. In a play the public want the story, and any departure from its strict course, introduced because the author is of opinion that the literary excellence of the departure justifies its introduction, simply adds to its chances of failure. Some authors make the same mistake with what they call 'comic relief.' Literature belongs to the structure of a play, and not merely to its incidents. I sometimes think it would be a good thing if when a dramatist had completed his play he would read it carefully from beginning to end and cut out all the passages with which, on account of their literary excellence, he is best pleased."

Then with a grim naïveté all his own, he added: "I have not always done it myself!" — Bram Stoker, in the New York World.

Trowbridge. — J. T. Trowbridge earned his first money with his pen in Lockport, N. Y., by writing a New Year's "address" in rhyme, published by the Courier of that place on January 1, 1845. For this he received $1.50.

In May, 1853, his first book, "Father *Brighthopes,*" appeared from the press of one of the best-known Boston publishing houses. The story of its publication is worth repeating, if only to show the simple methods employed by publishers in that day. A friend introduced him to Mr. Phillips, of Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Mr. Phillips agreed to consider the matter. "Not a novel just now — but a domestic story — about this size," he said, holding up a small volume.

The prospect of having his book even "considered" greatly excited the young author, and he hurried to the Common to think it over. Before he went home both plot and title had come to him. In a few days he sent the publisher the first fifty pages of his story, and followed in a few days to learn its fate.

"I have n't had time to read your manuscript," were Mr. Phillips's discouraging first words, "but my wife has read it." Mr. Trowbridge's hopes rose, but without telling him the results of his wife's perusal, the publisher called out to his printer: "Mr. Broaders, how long before you will have some proofs for Mr. Trowbridge?" The printer brought in a sample page, and told him that the rest would be ready in a day or so. When the author remarked that he had expected to revise his manuscript, he was told he could do that in proof. In three weeks the book was ready for the binders. — W. T. A., in the New York Evening Post.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Authorship of "The Bread-Winners." — Baron Tauchnitz, the Leipzig publisher, is to bring out in January, in his Collection of British and American Authors, a "Manual of American Literature" prepared by Theodore Stanton in collaboration with half a dozen professors in the English department of Cornell University.

It is interesting to know that the catalogue of American authors whose writings appear in the Tauchnitz Collection, which Mr. Stanton has prepared as an appendix to this volume, will name John Hay as the author of "The Bread-Winners." The title of this book and the name of the late secretary of state appear together in Mr. Stanton's list,

with the written permission of Mrs. John Hay, who says that her husband always meant that the identity of the writer should be revealed at the proper time. Scarcely, if at all, less interesting will be the appearance of the name of the author of "Democracy" — another brilliant novel, very popular in its day. — "The Lounger," in Putnam's Monthly for November.

Poe's Definition of Poetry. — Poe's own definition of poetry, put forth in his preface to the 1831 edition of his poems, is quoted in a critical introduction to the new edition edited by Stedman and Professor Woodberry. He wrote : —

"A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having for its immediate object pleasure, not truth ; to romance, by having for its object an indefinite instead of a definite pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained ; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an essential, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry ; music, without the idea, is simply music ; the idea without the music is prose, from its very definitiveness." In other words : —

None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel.

The Modern Novel. — It will be generally conceded that the novel cannot be judged simply as a work of artistic invention. Attempts to restrain its purpose to the mere business of story-telling have been made many times by critics and by practitioners of the art, and have always been made in vain. The success of a novelist to-day depends very largely on his power to unite alien and extraneous interests with the story, and with the presentment of characters in action upon each other — the two objects which make up between them a novel's primary reason for existing. — Edinburgh Review.

Typographical Errors. -- Sometimes, however, the proofreader nods, and in this connection the late Lord Goschen told, at a public dinner, a story of a reader who worked for his (Lord Goschen's) grandfather, and who, in answer to a denunciation from his employer, cried : —

"Let some other man work at correctness of typography. I despair. My own thoughts often hinder me, as they seize and hold the author's otherwise than they ought to do. It is quite possible that niggling about words and syllables may often go to the wall when my soul cannot tear itself loose from some thought or picture. Errors have been found in sheets which I thought I had worked backward and forward with the greatest particularity. I read always as it should be."

It is when a reader is in this soulful condition that the general public is permitted to read, as it did once in a morning paper not given to humor, that a celebrated politician, in a speech, described some one as "sitting at the feet of the game bird of Birmingham," instead of "Gamaliel." In the same journal, too, the following startling announcement appeared under the heading of "Births" : —

NICHOLSON. — On the 12th inst., at Belton-road, Sidcup, the son of Alfred Nicholson, of a daughter.

In another newspaper a most pathetic account appeared of a doctor who died owing to having accidentally infected himself while injecting some plague virus into a "gnat." The mystery was solved the next day, when an apology was printed explaining that the word should have been "rat" !

During a recent election a daily referred to the popularity of the "well-known Lancashire foxes." This quaint mistake was due primarily to the telegraph operator, who neglected to supply capital letters for what should have read "Lane-Fox," a member of which well-known family was one of the candidates.

"Come over and try some new 'soup,'" a lady novelist did not write ; "songs" was the word. "It is a sickly 'kopje' of the real article" was perhaps excusable. It appeared in a paper during the Boer war.

These mistakes are curious enough, but they pale into insignificance before some of those that never reach the printed sheet.

"Cold milk, father !" once demanded a compositor in cold type, and he was aggrieved to have to alter it to "Cead mille failthe !" "Brer Fox" was made "Boer Fox" — that was also during the South African war.

On a hot summer's day another tired type-

setter turned "The Ides of March" into "The Idea of Work," and the same man was responsible for this puzzle: "Dewlap tyros are the best in the market." The answer is "Dunlop tyres."

In a sermon a celebrated divine was made to say: "And they erected a 'marine store' at the mouth of the sepulchre." "Massive stone" were the correct words.

Abbreviations are at times the bane of the compositor, but he had no excuse for setting up, in an account of a Mansion House function, that among those present were "Old Isaacs and Old Treloar." He should have known that "Ald." was an abbreviation of "alderman." In the same "take" of copy the "Lord Mayor was received with a 'crash'" (should be "éclat"), and was followed by the sheriffs in their "margarine (mazarine) gowns."

"Let the gulled Judy wink" appeared in another first proof, and the proofreader wearily made it the "galled jade wince." "Die, lusty platter!" has quite a transpontine flavor, but the "copy" said "Die Lustige Blätter" (a German weekly paper).

"Pignut of the enunciation" does not seem convincing; "figment of the imagination" is better. "Petticoats long on Sunday morning is a disgrace" is all right when the first two words are read "Petticoat lane."

In a police court assault case the prosecutor was made to say that the prisoner had given him "twins." What the prisoner really did was to give the prosecutor a "turn" (a fright). "The Government were suffering from 'mental aberration'" must have been set up by a compositor of the Opposition politics. The real charge was "mutual admiration."

"De mortar ivil nice loreum" would trouble a Latin scholar. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is correct. "Jim the Pieman" is easily recognizable as the hero of a play, and "Putty Polly," the racehorse, would throw up her pretty head in disdain to see herself so described.

For "a pair of 'scandals' completed the costume" read "sandals," and for "Here is indeed a 'sundial'" substitute "scandal." *"He lived in the* 'hubbubs'" should be *"suburbs," and "Call her,* Herr, in" is understandable when printed "Caller herrin'."

A well-known descriptive writer was startled to read in a rough first proof that he had described the fields surrounding the Derby course as "covered with 'boots and shoes.'" He was placated when informed that it had been altered to "booths and shows."

Columns could be filled with the amazing and amusing blunders of the compositor, but here space forbids of more than a final "howler," which is a classic in the printing world. "O tempora! O mores!" wrote a leader writer at ten minutes to one in the morning. "O Moses, indeed!" exclaimed the proofreader, a quarter of an hour later, when he "caught and bowled" the compositor, who had improved the phrase into "O Tennyson! O Moses!" — London Express.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE LAUNCHING OF THE ATLANTIC. Charles Eliot Norton. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

AN EARLY CONTRIBUTOR'S RECOLLECTIONS. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ATLANTIC EDITORSHIP. W. D. Howells. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

LITERATURE (1857-1907). Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

ATLANTIC DINNERS AND DINERS. Arthur Gilman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE EDITOR WHO WAS NEVER THE EDITOR (Francis H. Underwood). Bliss Perry. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

UNBOUND OLD ATLANTICS. Lida F. Baldwin. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE WRITER AND THE UNIVERSITY. Walter H. Page. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

GENIUS. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for November.

CAUSES OF EXPLETIVES. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for November.

FOUNDATIONS OF A NATIONAL DRAMA. Henry Arthur Jones. *North American Review* (38 c.) for November.

SWINBURNE AND MUSIC. Charles E. Russell. *North American Review* (38 c.) for November.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO SAMUEL WARD.—II. Edited by Henry M. Hall. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for November.

MRS. WHARTON'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LETTERS. Ellis P. Oberholtzer. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for November.

MRS. WHARTON AS A SHORT-STORY WRITER. Arthur Hobson Quinn. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for November.

THE MODERN AUTHOR AND THE INGENUE HEROINE. L. M. Field. *Book News Monthly* (8 c.) for November.

HOW A PLAY IS WRITTEN. With portraits. Henry Arthur Jones, A. W. Pinero, W. J. Locke, Sydney Grundy, L. N. Parker, R. C. Carton, and Captain Robert Marshall. *Strand* (13 c.) for November.

THE ADVERTISEMENT WRITER. James H. Collins. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for November.

GEORGE ADE. Illustrated with Cartoons. John S. McCutcheon. *Appleton's* (18 c.) for November.

AN APPRECIATION OF ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Illustrated. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for November.

THE BALLAD. Lillian V. Lambert. *Education* (38 c.) for November.

POETICS, BIERCE AND STERLING. Porter Garnett. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for November.

AN INSIDE LIGHT ON RUDYARD KIPLING. Marguerite Stabler. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for November.

JAMES OTIS, WRITER OF OVER ONE HUNDRED BOOKS. With portrait. Stephen Cammett. *American Boy* (13 c.) for November.

MEDICAL PORTRAYAL. Rudyard Kipling. *New York Medical Times* (13 c.) for November.

AFTER IBSEN? James Huneker. *Forum* (53 c.) for October-December.

A SOCIAL VIEW OF LANGUAGE. George Philip Krapp. *Forum* (53 c.) for October-December.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIAN POETRY. Anne Peacock. *New York Times Saturday Review* for September 21.

THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING. Women of the Bible. Illustrated. Senator Albert J. Beveridge. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for September 28.

THE ESPERANTO CONGRESS AT CAMBRIDGE. Illustrated. Henry James Forman. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 28.

ON READING THE PLAYS OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (38 c.) for October.

WILLIAM MORRIS AS HE SEEMED TO ME. Illustrated. Elbert Hubbard. *Circle* (18 c.) for October.

MY SUBURBAN FARM. Illustrated. Charles Felton Pidgin. *Suburban Life* (28 c.) for October.

NOTABLE SUBURBANITES AND THEIR HOMES (Homer Davenport, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas A. Edison). Illustrated. Royall R. Stearns. *Suburban Life* (28 c.) for October.

WALT WHITMAN'S VIEW. With portrait. Horace Traubel. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for October.

LITERARY HORROR-HUNTING. Mrs. Lundy Harris. *Uncle Remus's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

AN EXCURSION AMONG THE MINOR POETS. John Rothwell Slater. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for October.

MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE: A PURPOSEFUL POET OF THE HIGHER LIFE. With portrait. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for October.

ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN. With portrait. *Phrenological Journal* (13 c.) for October.

VEGETABLES IN SPEECH AND STORY. Hattie Horner Louthan. *What to Eat* (13 c.) for October.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNIMPORTANT AND OTHER PHENOMENA. Porter Garnett. *Pacific Monthly* (13 c.) for October.

A STUDY OF VERSE FORMS. E. E. Miller. *Editor* (13 c.) for October.

WHY IS A LYRIC? Wallace Irwin. *Collier's* (13 c.) for October 5.

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM AND THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD. Samuel Hopkins Adams. *Collier's* (13 c.) for October 12.

THE AUTHOR'S VOCATION. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 12.

MARY J. HOLMES. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 19.

DAVID MASSON. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 19.

NOVELS AS A REVIEWER SEES THEM. *New York Times Saturday Review* for October 19.

BOOKS THAT NEVER GET PUBLISHED. *New York Times Saturday Review* for October 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Edmund Clarence Stedman has passed his seventy-fourth birthday and has begun work on his Reminiscences.

Rudyard Kipling has been visiting in Canada.

Edmond Rostand was operated upon for appendicitis early in October. At last accounts he was still too ill to leave the hospital.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has accepted the office of president of the English Society of Women Journalists for 1907-8.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has lost by robbery from her New York house $14,000 worth of silverware in six months.

Charles Felton Pidgin has become literary editor of the Mayhew Publishing Company, of Boston.

"George Sand and Her Lovers," by Francis Gribble, is the first complete biography of George Sand in any language.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Shirley Brooks, of 'Punch'": His Life, Letters, and Diaries, by George Somes Layard. H. H. Spielmann called Brooks "perhaps the most brilliant and useful all-around man who ever wrote for Punch."

Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, had so much success with a "First Novel Competition" some time ago that he now announces another, offering a prize of one hundred guineas. Any author may compete who has never had a novel published in volume form. The typewritten manuscript must be of from 75,000 to 100,000 words. Mr. Unwin is to be the sole judge of the competition, which will close April 30, 1908. The payment of the prize to the successful competitor makes the unrestricted copyright of his novel the property of the publisher. Mr. Unwin retains the right to publish any of the unsuccessful novels on such terms as may be agreed upon.

The International Peace Bureau at Berne offers a prize of 1,500 francs for the best sketch for the use of teachers in schools of all grades in explaining the principles and applications of Pacifism. In the course of the work the author should show how duty to the Fatherland and duty to Humanity can be reconciled and perfected. The prize may be divided. The Peace Bureau will have the right of printing and publishing at its own cost the successful works, either in whole or in part, with any additions that may be considered necessary. The return of manuscripts cannot be demanded. Unpublished works alone are eligible. Manuscripts, written on one side only, and with a margin, in French, German, English, Italian, or Esperanto, should be addressed to the Bureau International de la Paix, Kanonenweg 12, Berne, Switzerland, at the latest by December 30, 1908. They should not exceed 30,000 words. Every competitor should write at the head of his manuscript two mottoes, which must be reproduced on a sealed envelope containing his name and address. The Berne Bureau can place at the disposal of candidates a certain number of documents on the Peace question.

Philadelphia has a new literary journal, the Fortnightly, of which the Palmer-Goodman Company is the publisher, and Philip H. Goepp, editor.

William Doxey, formerly a publisher in San Francisco, is now established in Baltimore.

Vivian Burnett, son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy, has become the publisher of the Children's Magazine (New York), and his mother has assumed the position of editor-in-chief. Miss Katharine Newbold Birdsall, the founder of the magazine, retains an interest in it, and will continue work upon it in an editorial capacity.

The publication of Book Chat has been resumed by Brentano's (New York), under the editorship of Temple Scott. The first issue, dated October, is made up of Talks on Books and Bookmen, Notes on Old Books, a review of The Book of the Month, and other matters of interest to book lovers.

The firm McClure, Phillips, & Co. has become the McClure Company. S. S. McClure continues to be president, and the company's policy will not be changed. The magazine interests will continue to be in the control of the S. S. McClure Company.

The Christian Scientists are to erect a new $200,000 building in Boston, near the Mother church in the Back Bay, for a publishing house for all Christian Science literature.

The petition to the English premier praying for the abolition of the office of the censor of plays bears seventy signatures, including the names of practically all the prominent authors and dramatists. James M. Barrie, W. S. Gilbert, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, Henry James, H. A. Jones, Maarten Maartens, George Meredith, Arthur W. Pinero, Bernard Shaw, Alfred Sutro, and Algernon Charles Swinburne are among the signers.

The Atlantic Monthly for November is the Fiftieth Anniversary Number, and is filled with reminiscent articles about the origin and history of the magazine.

The November number of the North American Review contains the twenty-fourth chapter of Mark Twain's Autobiography.

Professor David Masson died in Edinburgh October 7, aged eighty-four.

Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes died at Brockport, N. Y., October 6, aged seventy-nine.

Mrs. Caroline Dana Howe died in Portland, Me., October 30, aged eighty-seven.

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WRITING FOR CHILDREN.

The writer for children, even more than any other author, is born and not made. Unless one has a knowledge of children of the intimate kind that is the result of keen and intuitive sympathy, there is no use in trying to write for them.

This knowledge does not necessarily come from being brought in contact with children, for sometimes those who are closely connected with them are curiously lacking in insight. The world of grown-up people is, in fact, largely composed of those whom Kenneth Grahame calls "Olympians," a class that moves in a different sphere, and regards the child as a troublesome creature, born with a predisposition for mischief, who must be punished, trained, and tolerated for a number of years, until by some magical process he attains the age of reason, and is qualified to enter that company of sane and disciplined characters, known familiarly as "grown-ups." Then, by the same law of Nature which makes hazing possible, he will too often retaliate on those helpless little people who form a part of his household.

In the other class are those who have not forgotten their own childhood, no matter how far in the past it may be. They are often childless themselves, and sometimes lonely, when judged by ordinary standards, but by an unfailing law they are creatures of the same world as the children ; in very truth "children of a larger growth," able to share in and lead the plays of their little friends, and instead of being considered marplots, their companionship is eagerly sought.

It is essential that the writer for children should be in this class, and besides having a love for them, he must understand the child's point of view, and realize that it does not differ so much from that of the older person as is often supposed. It is because she failed to recognize this that Miss Edgeworth, with all her genius, has outraged the feelings of successive generations of children by her "Rosamond and the Purple Jar." Miss Edgeworth has all the other essentials for the successful writer for the young — vivid character-drawing, imagination, racy humor, and a painstaking and quite modern desire to be true to nature, both in plot and detail. And yet, who has ever read this story of Rosamond without wishing to close the book and read no farther than the first chapter ; for how is it possible to want to know more concerning a mother who breaks the moral law so flagrantly as does Rosamond's ?

Rosamond is one of the most bewitching and lifelike of child heroines. Her chief fault

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is a refusal to be made into a prig by her family. She loved the beautiful more than the practical, and would have grown up an artist or a writer, if it had not been for her unsympathetic mother. In an unlucky moment poor Rosamond sees a purple jar in the window of an apothecary shop, and begs her mother to buy it for her. Her mother, who is bent on teaching lessons, asks her little daughter which she would prefer, the jar or a new pair of shoes, that she very much needs. Rosamond, after a good deal of debating, chooses the jar, and who with a love of the ideal can have the heart to blame her? The jar is sent home, and the inevitable catastrophe occurs, for Rosamond discovers that the beautiful purple is due to coloring matter, and when this is emptied out she has only a plain white vase. Her troubles do not end here, however, for her shoes give out, just as she is starting on a delightful expedition with her father and brother, and she has to stay at home to learn her lesson. What is it? Presumably that things are not what they seem in this world of shadows and disappointments, that the necessities are better than the things of beauty, but what child has not felt a burning sense of the injustice of the transaction? Why should the ethics of the child world be so different from those of the grown-up one? What would be thought of a shop-keeper who let a customer buy the purple jar without first warning him of the perishable character of its beauty? Had Rosamond's mother said to her: "My dear, that purple is merely a dye, and the jar is really white; if you choose the shoes, you can go on delightful expeditions, but if you choose the jar you will have to stay at home," would Rosamond have hesitated in her choice for a moment? And yet, for my own part, I have always loved Rosamond the better for her brief vision of the beautiful. Suppose it did "fade into the light of common day"? She had grasped the joy of it for a happy moment, and what, in comparison with that, is the possession of a new pair of shoes?

Rosamond's mother is so bent on improving her child that she cannot even let an exclamation of enthusiasm pass without taking her to task.

When Rosamond found she was allowed to go on a "party of pleasure," she "made a loud exclamation of joy . . . repeating, as she capered about the room, 'Oh, we shall be so happy, so happy!'"

"Moderate your transports," dear Rosamond," said her mother. "If you expect so much happiness beforehand, I am afraid you will be disappointed."

She does all she can, in a conversation of two pages, to throw cold water on her little girl's happy anticipations, and Rosamond, thus prepared for disappointment, easily finds it.

There follows a humorous and lifelike account of the expedition, so familiar that most of us recognize the description of a pleasure party we have gone on ourselves.

Rosamond says the next day to her mother: "I should have liked going in the boat, and seeing the streamers flying, and hearing the music, and looking at the prospect, and walking in the pretty island, and dining out of doors under the large shady trees, if it had not been for other things that were so disagreeable they spoiled all our pleasure."

"What were those disagreeable things?"

"Little disputes, little quarrels, mother, between Miss Blissett and her brothers, about everything that was to be done. First when we got into the boat the youngest boy wanted us to sit on one side, and Miss Blissett wanted us to sit on the other; now, mother, you know we could not do both, but they went on disputing about this for half an hour. . . . Then we came to the island, and then I thought we should be happy, but one of the boys said: 'Come this way or you will see nothing,' and the other boy roared out: 'No, they must come my way,' and Miss Blissett insisted upon our going her way. And all the time we were walking they were disputing about which of their ways was the best. . . . Mother, instead of its being a party of pleasure, it was a party of pain. Oh, mother, I shall never wish to go on another party of pleasure. I have done with parties of pleasure forever," concluded Rosamond.

Her mother tells her to avoid quarrelsome people as much as she can, and never to imitate them, and she adds: "But do not de-

clare against all parties of pleasure, . . .because one happened not to be as delightful as you had expected it would be."

It will perhaps be said that the present-day writers for children are in no more danger of over-emphasizing the moral they wish to point than they are of having Miss Edgeworth's genius. This is very true ; but if we cannot have genius, we must have, besides the sympathy born of intuitive understanding of the child, *truth* as the basis of our work, if it is of the realistic kind. We must make the world the place we feel it to be. We must give an impression of its beauty and charm, and show the quiet pleasure that can be found in happy days out of doors, when the changes from early spring to late winter afford such exquisite pleasure to the true lover of nature. And we must not paint life in too rose-colored hues, but must look back at our own childhood and remember how black our griefs and disappointments made life seem. We must show, too, how the faults of childhood bring their inevitable penalties ; how the child who is jealous, self-centred, or self-distrustful is sure to suffer from these defects, and how it is only when we have become adjusted to the larger life around us that we can taste the full flavor of the joy that is meant to be ours.

And yet even this is not enough to make the writer of real distinction ; there must be added to it fancy, imagination, and a love of one's work that makes it possible to take infinite pains.

BROOKLINE, Mass. *Eliza Orne White.*

SYSTEM IN SELLING.

Far be it from my intention even to imply that the writing of verses, stories, or sketches is a business. It *should* be a pleasure, — the following of a natural impulse, — and this it most certainly is with the ones who are getting the treasurer's checks instead of the editor's declination-slips ! Commercialism cannot be made a substitute for inspiration ; and it certainly should not be passed to the literary aspirant over the Advice counter as "something just as good." But — and here is drawn the line of distinction — while writing is not a business, the marketing of what you write has been, is, and shall be ; an ever-increasing tendency in the literary world making it imperative that the selling of manuscript be systematized, rather than conducted in a hap-hazard, hit-and-miss style.

That very clever American designation of an almost distinctly American gift, "horse-sense," meaning ever so much more than can be expressed by the words subtlety or astuteness, outlines more clearly than any long-drawn-out or high-flown phrase the one thing needful in perfecting for one's self a marketing system for pen-products. A little bit of horse-sense, well exercised, will make the submitter of a manuscript proof against the folly of sending his, or her, sketch, story, or poem to that magazine or paper for which the manuscript in question is plainly unsuited.

Presuming, then, that the one who wishes to find sale for a manuscript that follows a particular style is wise enough to submit it only to such publications as use that quality of matter, does this author know : —

First : Whether the magazine or paper, selected as the one to which it shall be sent first, has within the past five years printed anything closely resembling in subject, scope, or treatment the article it is proposed to submit ?

Second : Whether any of this particular publication's rivals or contemporaries has within the few months preceding printed something similar to what he, or she, is now offering ; and, if such has been printed, whether the manuscript now offered strikes a new chord in the treatment of the subject, or has been brought down to date so as to include matter new or unobtainable at the time the other was prepared ; whether, in

short, it would be worth reading by anybody who had very recently read the other one?

Third: Whether the poem, sketch, or story contains anything for which the particular editor to whom it is to be first submitted has an aversion, be it verbosity or terseness, imagery or the lack of it, phraseology too stilted or, on the other hand, too commonplace?

Ask at least these three questions, and let a bit of horse-sense frame the answers. If you would systematize your selling, you must know these things, and the knowledge will be gained not alone through paying heed to what contributions of yours this editor or that has rejected, but rather what contributions of others he has published.

All successful business enterprises are now ruled and guided by system! Systematizing one's work is the order of the day, and the aspiring author must not only know this, but must make the practice his own. Lawyers, as a rule, are very systematic in their work. System rules them in the drawing of petitions, the drafting of motions, answers, and demurrers, the making ready of defenses, and the preparing of briefs. In the preparing of a brief, for instance, where a lower court's decision in a law case is to be passed upon by a higher tribunal, the attorney in looking up decisions bearing upon his contentions, the same to be cited in his brief, not only hunts up all the enactments and decisions of law favorable to his side of the case, but those that argue against him as well, so that he knows nearly or quite as well what his opponent is going to do as he knows what he, himself, will do.

Since "forewarned is forearmed," he is thus fortified against a surprise by the enemy. If the young author follows a like course of systematic procedure in the marketing of manuscripts he, or she, will be similarly fortified against, at least, constantly-recurring failure.

Know not only your side of the case, but the other side as well. Keep posted on what other writers are doing, observe the class and style of material each editor accepts and uses, and while you may not be able to ascertain just what it is a particular editor wants, — *for frequently he does not exactly know himself, and could not tell you* were you privileged to interview him, — he has a very clear idea, indeed, of what he does *not* want, and the exercise of horse-sense will lead you in much less time than you would perhaps think to discern, by observation and careful reading, just what that is.

Nearly every man has a hobby, some little peculiarity of like and dislike, and as editors are very human, indeed, it is a safe premise that every one has some "weak spot" that, if you are wise, you will assail; "a blind side," to use a homely expression, that 'tis best to creep up on. It may take a half-dozen years in some instances to find the editor's hobby, his "blind side," while again it may be discerned and located in a few months. It cannot be done at once, but the time it takes depends on the editor's impenetrableness or the contributor's power of discernment.

Fearing that I may not have made myself plain on this point, an example will be cited. A few years ago a very able gentleman, now dead, occupied the position of editor of a certain high-class weekly that a young writer had the desire, and a very natural one, of selling a poem to, now and then. By a careful study of the contributions appearing in this weekly, the young writer observed that the verses used frequently contained words and expressions not in common usage, though most euphonious. From a close observation he deduced the idea that this particular editor's hobby was the use of smooth, gliding words and phrases which were seldom used, though, to be sure, not obsolete. So he tried this editor with a verse in which a sweet song of wooing was referred to as "love's ritornelle," in which the dew on the grass was accused of "laving," and where Cupid's dart "ricocheted" in a most disturbing manner. This poem "caught" the editor, and opened a new market, which the writer found pleasure and profit in supplying for a long, long time, always using in the verses sent to the editor in question words that he knew would appease his particular craving for seldom-used yet euphonious expressions. And it seems that the editor knew the reading public, for the verses proved so "catchy" (or was it the "catch" of these euphonious and long-neglected words themselves?) that paper after paper over the

country clipped and used them, some few of the verses being on their "pilgrimage of song" even yet.

This serves to illustrate the fact that system has a great deal to do with selling, and, consequently, with success. Perhaps each writer will follow a different system, for circumstances, environment, conditions will make this inevitable, as will also the fact that the system best adapted to furthering the sale of certain classes of manuscript would be wholly inadequate for another class. Different writers need different methods, but all need *system* as an adjunct in selling.

I know of one young writer who, not very long ago, having access to a large public library where bound volumes of the leading American magazines are preserved, went carefully through the files covering five years of these leading publications and made a compilation of the subjects treated in the descriptive sketches contributed during that time. When completed he had several pages of data like this:—

"Arizona," D—— Magazine, March, 1900; K—— Magazine, February, 1904; N—— Magazine, April, 1902.

"Bandits" (Western, etc., train-robberies, stage hold-ups), Q—— Magazine, December, 1901; G—— Monthly, May, 1903.

So he went on with page after page containing lists of subjects and citations of reference, neatly and most practically arranged after ideas peculiarly his own. He did not make the compilation with the view of referring to the articles as an aid to his writing sketches on the same subject, but merely as an aid to his selling; realizing that should he prepare an article on any of them, though he had obtained his knowledge of what he wrote about from a personal visit, even having taken photographs on the spot to accompany the manuscript, and admitting that the article prepared by him differed from anything that had been printed, it would be useless to send his manuscript to a magazine that had printed within five years an article, with or without pictures, on the same subject.

This was a part of the young writer's system of selling, and the plan merited commendation if it suited his needs, as it doubtless did. It might not in just that form meet the requirements of another, but would probably suggest a "system" that would be helpful.

If the aspirant for literary honors who has never paid heed to system in the matter of marketing his or her products wishes to begin now, I can think of no better way than by preparing slips or squares of cardboard, on something like the card-index style, devoting one card or slip to each magazine. These slips, after being ruled to suit the fancy or meet the requirements of the writer preparing them, would be filled in with data something like this:—

"Atlas Monthly"—999 West Magazine street, Chicago, Ill., John Jones, editor. Uses two or three serial stories of from 75,000 to 100,000 words each year. Six or eight short stories of 3,500 to 5,000 words each number. Seeems to have a predilection for stories of American life. Love, humor, and healthy mystery. Not much given to dialect. Uses a few verses, short, such as couplets and quatrains. No illustrations. Editor seems to like epigrammatic sentences, terse philosophy, in verse and prose. Does not appear to object to risqué situations, wine-sipping, or cigarette-smoking women characters. Said to pay a high rate. Takes about thirty days for a submitted manuscript to be passed upon.

"Blue Flag Monthly"—7550 Seaport boulevard, Boston, Mass., Wesley Wells, editor. No serials. About six short stories, 4,000 to 6,000 words, each issue, and same number of storiettes, 1,000 to 2,500 words. Likes stories of child life. Uses descriptive articles with photographs. Seems to prefer, in these, American historical subjects. Publishes verses, about twelve to thirty-six lines predominating. Editor seems to have a special liking for sonnets. No humorous or society verse. Not averse to dialect in stories. Conversational style of fiction, rather than that of descriptive word-painting and character-analysis. Pays on acceptance. High rate. Two to four weeks before submitted manuscripts are passed on.

If a card system be prepared in this way, the data on each card being supplemented from time to time by whatever new information the writer ascertains relating to the particular periodical or its editor, and each detail of the plan being perfected as the writer receives new light on his needs, the while such needs grow and develop, I feel quite sure it will prove a source of growing benefit in the marketing of literary wares.

At any rate, it is certain that there must be method in marketing, a system in selling, which if not hinted at nor revealed in this article must be discovered by the literary workers themselves.

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN. Roy Farrell Greene.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A warning to writers generally is expressed in a criticism of "Satan Sanderson," by Hallie Erminie Rives, published in the Baltimore Sun. The Sun critic says : "The book is not without its faults, and there is one especially which Miss Rives should labor hard to keep out of her future novels. This is the unnatural and constant employment of coincidental appearances of various characters at the same place. Whenever anything is occurring in the story which seems to the author to need the presence of some character other than the one or more present at the time, that character immediately bobs up, no matter how unreasonable his arrival, no matter how weakly his coming is explained. This thing if used once in a long while is dangerous, but employed as constantly as Miss Rives uses it, it becomes almost ridiculous."

* * *

Those who read proof, either as professionals or amateurs, find that important changes in the work have been made by the introduction of the linotype. No longer do they have to watch sharply for turned letters, particularly the turned "s" that used to slip by so easily, or wrong-fonts, as a rule — although occasionally a wrong-font matrix will slip in — or "slide-by's" or transposed hyphens and periods at the ends of lines, but in compensation for this boon they have to give sharp attention, to avoid new kinds of errors. The correction of a single wrong letter or character in a linotype line means the re-setting of the entire line. Those who read proofs of revised matter must therefore acquire the habit of reading the whole of each line in which a correction has been made, to make sure that the compositor in correcting one error has not made some other. They must watch carefully, also, to make sure that the compositor in putting in the corrected line has removed the corresponding faulty line, and not some other, making in the latter case a double error. Perhaps the most common fault in printed linotype matter, especially in daily newspapers, where work is always rushed, is the substitution for a correct line of a corrected line the faulty original of which is left in the form by mistake. Thus one line appears duplicated — once correct and once with an error — and another line is wholly missing. Next to this, the most common error is the

printing of a line of "pi" — a line, that is, which a compositor has filled out with letters struck at random, because he has made a mistake at the beginning of the line and it is easier for him to fill out the line and cast it, re-setting it afterward correctly, than it is to stop and correct by hand the mistake that he has made. In such cases the "correct man" sometimes leaves in the line of "pi," with astonishing results. For instance, a passage in a love story might read : —

"Tell me, darling, that you love me ! Promise me that you will be my wife ! " he pleaded, with impassioned accents, and in tones so low that only a lover's ear could catch their accents, she responded shyly : —

"I shpftymgfltrssspvtxzyzyzshmrdluetaoincmfwlhd."

Such catastrophes may be avoided to some extent if a rule is adopted in the composing room that pied lines shall be filled out only with dashes, instead of with letters hit by the compositor at random. Dash lines are more conspicuous in the form, and so are more likely to be removed. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

William Bevier Ashley, author of the story, "Two Right Bowers," in Appleton's Magazine for October, has written many short stories, a number of which have been published in Appleton's and in Outing. He and his wife live an outdoor life, wandering from place to place, accumulating material for two books which they are "building." They spent last winter in the Adirondacks, and have made a booklet out of their experiences there. Mrs. Ashley, who was Agnes Barnes, of Indiana, Penn., has written and illustrated some charming garden articles for children, as well as a number of short stories. Mr. Ashley has lived in Portage, Wis., Waterford, N. Y., and New York city.

Walter Archer Frost, who wrote the story, "The Coxswain," in the Red Book for October, is a practicing lawyer at Green Bay, Wis. He was born in Amenia, N. Y., and received his preparation for college from his father, Professor S. T. Frost, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. He graduated from Harvard College in 1901, taught in a boys' boarding school for one year, and then entered the Law School of the University of Wisconsin, from which he graduated in the spring of 1904. Mr. Frost has lived in the West for four years ; before that time he lived in Massachusetts and Connecticut. He has spent ten consecutive summers under canvas on Long Island Sound, and another six or seven in the woods of Maine, New Hampshire, and Wisconsin. He began writing about two years ago, and has had stories published in the American Magazine, the Red Book, the Bohemian, the Argosy, the Boston Globe, the Railroad Man's Magazine, the Blue Book, and the Ocean, as well as in other magazines.

Honor Cheriton Hilgate, whose story, "Spinners of Fate," was published in the Smart Set for October, is an Englishwoman, the daughter of a clergyman and retired schoolmaster. Miss Hilgate began teaching at the age of eighteen, and while her work has taken her into many places, brought her a splendid store of experiences, and given her many friends and many unusual adventures, it has always kept her from doing the thing she loved best — writing. She has written verse, and stories, and what she used to call "thinks" since she was about four years old, but excepting letters on political and other topics published in several papers, she never tried to publish anything until last year. Then, during an unexpected leisure fortnight at home, she wrote "Spinners of Fate." But the writing was done amid divers difficulties. She counted twenty-three interruptions in one chapter alone, as she was called away again and again by the various home duties of a country parson's busy family — Sunday school, choir practice, housework, baking bread, making butter, papering rooms, paying calls, and acting as village doctor and parish nurse. She had no idea that the story would be published, but she sent it out at the insistence of a friend, and the letters of praise that she has had from strangers in America and in Germany have been a keen pleasure and surprise to her, and have encouraged her to hope that she may do better things. It is her dream and her desire to give up her work of teach-

ing next year and to devote herself wholly to literary work.

Howard Dwight Smiley, whose story, "The Conjurer at Windy Gulch," was published in the Technical World for October, was born in Marshall, Mich., September 1, 1877. During 1893 and 1894 he was a student at Olivet College, and in 1897 and 1898 he was a member of the Art Students' League, of New York city. Mr. Smiley wrote his first poem in 1899, and is the author of a book of poems, "Ol' Stampin' Grounds, and Other Poems," published by the Statesman Publishing Company, of Marshall, Mich. He has now, however, given up verse-writing, and is devoting his entire time to writing short stories. Most of his work is taken by the Munsey publications, but he also contributes more or less regularly to the Technical World, the People's Magazine, Judge, Puck, and others. He makes his home in "The Shack" at Gull Lake, Mich., and is well known to all the summer people there as the "Wizard of the Shack."

Simon T. Stern, whose story, "Tommy's Mother and My Wife," was printed in the Circle for October, is a New York lawyer, and his literary work is confined to his spare evenings. For some years he has been contributing paragraphs, verse, and short stories, chiefly humorous, to the magazines. Mr. Stern spent the last few months in Europe, and on his return found that his story, "The Peripatetic Puppy," had been published in Harper's Magazine for June; "Maria's Burglar," in Harper's Magazine for July; "Guyed Through Europe," in Travel for July; "His Impressions of America," in the Bohemian for August; and "Back to Nature," in the Bohemian for October.

Zelia Margaret Walters, whose story, "The Truth of Things," was printed in the Woman's Home Companion for October, says that what success has come to her is due entirely to hard work and perseverance, as she could not bear to be beaten at anything that she had tried to do. Mrs. Walters has been writing for about eight years. Before her marriage she was an assistant editor on a weekly paper in Cincinnati. She began by writing stories of child life — taken largely from the doings of her little son and daughter — and later wrote nature articles, and articles for mothers' magazines or domestic pages. She is a busy housekeeper, and until the last year and a half has had little time for writing. In this time, however, she has had stories accepted by five of the leading magazines, only two of which have been published, — "The Truth of Things," in the Woman's Home Companion, and "The Wandering Lamb," in the Cosmopolitan. Besides these, the best story she has had published is "When the Storm Cleared," printed in the People's Magazine.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Parker. — Sir Gilbert Parker claims that the secret of his ability to accomplish so much work both as a parliamentarian and a novelist is due to the rigid system and orderliness of his life. Every day at noon he mounts his horse at the same place for the daily ride which is a part of his clocklike system. His political work is done in four days, leaving the week-end free for his books. He says himself that as a boy he hated order, but early in his teens he determined to become systematic and exact. Few men even in routine business life map out their days, their weeks, their months, and even their years so carefully, so exactly, and carry out their schemes as completely as he does. — New York Sun.

Stevenson. — In his book, "An Artist's Reminiscences," Walter Crane publishes an amusingly characteristic letter from Stevenson written at the very outset of his career. Mr. Crane had been engaged to design a frontispiece for Stevenson's first book, and the young author wrote the illustrator as follows, "with all a young author's impatience," observes Mr. Crane, "and — amusing, but a little 'cheeky,' perhaps": —

Burford Bridge Inn, Box Hill,
Dorking, Surrey.

Mr. Crane: —

Dear Sir: I hope that is the orthodox beginning. Mr. Kegan Paul has asked me to call on you; and I

have tried to do so. Owing to time and tide, that could not be, so I take the other liberty of writing.

You have written to him promising a frontispiece for a fortnight hence for a little book of mine — "An Inland Voyage" — shortly to appear. Mr. Paul is in dismay. It appears that there is a tide in the affairs of publishers which has the narrowest moment of flood conceivable ; a week here, a week there, and a book is made or lost ; and now, as I write to you, is the very nick of time, the publisher's high noon.

I should deceive you if I were to pretend I had no more than a generous interest in this appeal. For, should be the public prove gullible to a proper degree, and one thousand copies net, counting thirteen to the dozen, disappear into its capacious circulating libraries, I should begin to perceive a royalty which visibly affects me as I write.

I fear you will think me rude, and I do mean to be importunate. The sooner you can get the frontispiece for us, the better the book will swim, if swim it does.

Believe me, yours very hopefully,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

My mother (a good judge) says this is obscure and affected. What I mean is, could n't you get that frontispiece sooner? R. L. S.

My mother says the last is impolite. Could n't you as a favor get the frontispiece sooner?

R. L. S.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

An English View of the American Author. — The chief thing in the average American novel is the amazing vitality of the author. He writes always at the top of his voice. His strenuousness is unceasing. The reader can almost see the swollen veins on his forehead, the tight-drawn mouth, and flashing eye. It is do it or die. And he never knows where to stop. With his feverish anxiety to make points, he does not seem to realize when he has achieved his purpose, and frequently fizzles out ineffectively. He has ideas. He has vast quantities of material. He has a command of language, a fatal fluency that frequently leads to his downfall. For he lacks a sense of values. He lacks self-restraint. He is full of tricks and artfulness, but he is not an artist. — The Saturday Review.

Amateur Song-writing. — "Inquirer" asks about the methods of music publishers that advertise for songs to be set to music, and whether they can be depended on.

Some of the "music companies," so-called, may conduct their business in an honorable way, but as a rule they are only in it for the money they can make by playing on the vanity and ignorance of amateur writers. When a song is sent to them — if it has any lyric quality at all, and often when it has none whatever — they write to the author that if he will bear the expense of having the music written and printing words and notes in sheet music form, they will put it on the market for him, and take their profit from a royalty on the sale. Their charge is usually twenty-five dollars, which gives them a net profit of fifteen dollars or more at the start, for the cost of having a musical air adapted to the words, and printing a few hundred sheets of the music seldom amounts to ten dollars. This done, the writer is invited to take the bulk of the edition and sell the music in his own town. If he is not able to do this, he will hear no more of his song, for selling the music they get out is no part of the "music company's" work. Every once in a while one of these companies is thrown out of business by a "fraud order" of the post-office department, but still the list of those who urge the young writer to "write a song and make a fortune" keeps up its numbers. Those who are able to write really "singable songs" can always get a hearing from established music firms, and would do well to avoid these others. — The Housekeeper.

Careless Literary Workmanship. — These, I should say, are the main defects of the short stories which eventually arrive, folded, rolled, or tied with a decorative ribbon, at an editor's desk : —

Sterility of plot ; an appalling "chestnut" ; impossible or crude "conversation" ; poor grammar ; poor punctuation ; poor spelling ; paragraphs existing merely by haphazard fancy ; little attention paid to neatness ; turgid ideas, impossible metaphors, strained description ; and above everything else, hasty and careless workmanship.

The editor of an edition of Poe's complete writings states that he has not been tempted to change a single word, punctuation mark, capital letter, or paragraph. It is said that Kipling wrote and re-wrote "Kim" before it was set in type, and that he revised it three times in proof. Furthermore, he is so par-

ticular about his work that he will not allow a word or a punctuation changed. Imagine what the public would think — its aesthetic agonies ! — if the ordinary manuscript should be printed as it is submitted, if the editor did not carefully prepare it, or repair it, if you will, before it goes to the compositor ! — The Housekeeper.

Authors Who Get a Dollar a Word. — Could anything or anybody stop you from writing if you got a dollar a word for everything you turned out ?

There are many noted writers who have obtained this much for their manuscripts.

Grover Cleveland and the late John Hay frequently got $1,000 for 1,000-word articles. Barrie's "Little Minister" has paid him at the rate of a dollar for each of its 120,000 words. Among poets much larger rates have prevailed. Tennyson's "The Throstle" cost its publisher ten dollars a word, and Kipling got $1,000 for a short poem on the Russo-Japanese war.

Among English novelists who have made from fifty to sixty cents for every word in a long novel are Hall Caine and Marie Corelli. Compared with such money earners as these, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot were poorly paid for their labor. For "The Mill on the Floss" George Eliot received $10,000 for 4,000 copies of the three-volume edition ; $750 for 10,000 and $300 for 1,000, a return which scarcely represents eight cents a word. Thackeray never received more than $20,000 for any one of his novels.

Bulwer-Lytton's life revenue from his novels was $800,000, and the most successful of them all did not yield anything like twenty-five cents a word ; Wilkie Collins's highest rate of pay was a little over twelve cents a word ; and Anthony Trollope, though he drew $15,000 or more for each of half a dozen novels, touched his high-water mark at the same relatively modest figure. Scott received $90,000 for his "Life of Bonaparte" ; Lord Beaconsfield, $60,000 for "Endymion" ; Macaulay's "History of England" brought him $100,000 in a single check ; and Froude was $50,000 better off for writing "Oceana."

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" brought *him just* $300 ; his English grammar, $25 ; *and his "Traveler," $105. Johnson* sold his "Lives of the Poets" at the rate of seven words for two cents ; "Paradise Lost" and "Hamlet" fetched $25 apiece ; Dryden wrote 10,000 immortal lines at a little over a half-penny a word, and all Gray's muse ever put into his pocket was $200. — Philadelphia Press.

Magazine Stories. — Some interesting figures are submitted by a writer in the Dial, who for four months read carefully all the short stories in fourteen American magazines giving prominence to fiction. Some of his findings follow : —

Three hundred and nineteen stories were read, ranging in length from 800 to 15,000 words ; 26 stories fall below 2,500 words ; 24 exceed 7,500 words. Of the authors, 157 are men, 76 women. As the men write 213 stories, it obvious that a third of the short fiction published in these magazines is the work of women. It may not be amiss, in speaking of the sex of the writers, to mention that in sixty-three stories women have no part, and that there are only four purely feminine stories in the lot. While it may not be impossible to write a short story with no masculine character, which shall interest the average reader, it is a significant fact that such a one is not among the stories under consideration. — Boston Advertiser.

Masson's Theory of Composition. — Vision is the parent of expression. That is the keynote of Masson's theory of composition. It was Carlyle's, Goethe's, Milton's, Bacon's, Dante's. *Rem tene*, said old Cato the Censor ; *verba sequentur* : Get hold of something worth while ; the words to express it will follow naturally. Great literary expression has nothing to do with mere tricks of diction and unusual forms of speech or with the odd, the fantastic, the bizarre. Famous writers may have begun with such tricks and oddities, but they grow clear and strong as they grasp the meaning of life, until at the last they are simple, sincere, great. Compare the fantasticalities of young Dryden, young Keats (the Keats of the early poems), young Stevenson with the strength of expression in their latest work.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

The well-spring of great expression is sin-

cerity — absolute sincerity. Art, great art, art worthy of the name, is sincere representation of what is seen by the sympathetic, loving heart. Out of the heart are, ever have been, ever will be, the issues of life. — E. Charlton Black, in the Boston Transcript.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

RECENT SHAKESPEARIAN LITERATURE. William A. Neilson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THE YEAR ON PARNASSUS. Ferris Greenslet. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

KATE GREENAWAY, FRIEND OF CHILDREN. Illustrated. Oliver Locker-Lampson. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

THE COMING AND GOING OF EXPLETIVES. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

WHITTIER. William Lyon Phelps. *North American Review* (38 c.) for December.

FICTION — ITS PLACE IN THE NATIONAL LIFE. Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P. *North American Review* (38 c.) for December.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY — XXV. *North American Review* (38 c.) for December.

PROFESSOR NORTON'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY. With portrait. Appreciations by prominent people. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for December.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO SAMUEL WARD — III. With commentary by Henry Marion Hall. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for December.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With portraits. H. W. Boynton. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for December.

MAURICE HEWLETT — An Appreciation. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

MAURICE HEWLETT — Meredithian. Edward Clark Marsh. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

OLD SALEM AND THE "SCARLET LETTER." Lucy Leffingwell Cable. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

JOSEPH PULITZER: FATHER OF MODERN JOURNALISM. With portrait. Hartley Davis. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for December.

TO MEET CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated. Harry Fenn. *Strand* (13 c.) for December.

GLIMPSES OF WHITTIER. Frances C. Sparhawk. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

NEWSPAPER COPYRIGHT — "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL." C. F. Moberly Bell. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for November.

CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY — I. Archibald Dunn. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for November.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MANUSCRIPT. By a Publisher's First Reader. *New York Times Saturday Review* for November 2.

THE GENIUS OF WORDSWORTH. Bliss Perry. *New York Times Saturday Review* for November 2.

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS — LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. William Winter. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 9.

HOW TO READ BOOKS. Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D. *Christian Endeavor World* (13 c.) for November 14.

HAMPTON BEACH AND WHITTIER. Mary A. Morehouse. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for November 14.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER — I. and II. R. W. Wallace. *Journal of Education* (13 c. each) for November 21 and 28.

THE JOURNALIST AS A PUBLIC MAN. Albert J. Beveridge. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 23.

FICTION IN DRAMA AND IN THE NOVEL. Sidney G. P. Coryn. *Argonaut* (13 c.) for November 23.

THE PLEASURES OF FORGETFULNESS. W. J. Weymouth. *Argonaut* (13 c.) for November 23.

REAL LIFE IN GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS — I. Illustrated. Charles S. Olcott. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 23.

MARK TWAIN THE HUMORIST. With portrait. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 23.

A UNIQUE FIRST FOLIO (Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies). H. C. Folger, Jr. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 23.

LITERATURE OR LIFE. Edward Everett Hale, J. T. Trowbridge, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 23.

THOMAS MOORE IN BERMUDA. Oscar Fay Adams. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for November 28.

MONCURE D. CONWAY. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 30.

MUNSEY'S BATTLE WITH FATE. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for November 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"John Strange Winter," author of "Bootles's Baby," and a hundred or so other stories, announces her retirement with "Miss Deering's Price," her recently-published story. Old age and illness, and the demands of a brisk business in toilet lotions, are the reasons for her decision.

A biography of the late Michael Davitt is to be written — by an author yet to be selected — and materials are being gathered by his widow, Mary Davitt, of Athassel, County Dublin, Ireland, who asks for the loan of any letters or documents received from him.

The Nobel prize for literature for 1907 is awarded to Rudyard Kipling. In addition to $38,000, the amount of the Nobel prizes this year, Mr. Kipling will get a diploma and a gold medal.

December 17 will mark the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier.

A suggestive study of George Meredith's work is published by the Scribners under the title, "The Novels of George Meredith: A Study," by Elmer James Bailey.

"The Life of Henrik Ibsen," by Edmund Gosse, is a new volume in the Literary Lives Series, published by the Scribners.

In London has just been published the English version of the autobiography of the Provençal poet, Frederic Mistral. The Baker & Taylor Company will issue it here.

The life of Ian Maclaren is in process of preparation by his son, Frederick Watson, who appeals to the public for the loan of letters or other useful material. Very little autobiographical matter was left.

There is shortly to be published a book of Herbert Spencer's "Life and Letters," by his friend, Dr. Duncan, who will dip into his correspondence with Mill, Tennyson, Gladstone, George Eliot, and others.

The topic for the William H. Baldwin prize for 1908 will be: "The Relation of the Municipality to the Transportation Service." Papers submitted by competitors must not exceed [illegible] words in length, and must be mailed or delivered to an express company not later than March 15, 1908, addressed to the "Chairman of the Committee of Judges, care of Clinton Rogers Woodruff, Secretary of the National Municipal League, North American Building, Philadelphia," and marked "For the William H. Baldwin Prize." Competitors must mark a pseudonym on each paper, and [illegible] in a sealed envelope the [illegible] address, class, and college [illegible] the pseudonym. Full particulars are given in a circular.

The Christian Endeavor World (Boston) [illegible] will pay for [illegible] worked out in the [illegible]

The stock, rights, and good will of the New England Magazine were put up at auction in Boston November 26 by the proprietor, Samuel M. Conant, of Pawtucket, R. I., but as the highest bid offered was only $1,500, the sale was postponed till further notice. Mr. Conant refused an offer of $20,000 for the magazine several months ago.

Macmillan's Magazine (London) ceased publication with the October number.

Beginning with the January number, the price of the People's Magazine will be advanced to fifteen cents a copy.

The School Journal has ceased publication, leaving the Journal of Education the only national educational weekly.

The Pacific Monthly has raised its price to $1.50 a year, or fifteen cents a copy.

Full control of the Judge Publishing Company has passed into the hands of John A. Sleicher, of Albany and New York, by his purchase of a majority interest. Mr. Sleicher has for a decade or more been virtually at the head of the company, which publishes Leslie's Weekly and Judge.

"In Old Bohemia: Memories of San Francisco in the Sixties," by Charles Warren Stoddard, in the Pacific Monthly for December, gives sketches of Colonel Richard Henry Savage, Archibald Clavering Gunter, Clay M. Greene, "George Fleming" (Miss Julia Constance Fletcher), Reginald Bathurst Birch, Robert W. Chambers, Rudyard Kipling, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Many portraits accompany the article.

Gerald Massey died in Surrey October 29, aged seventy nine.

Sir Lewis Morris died at Penbryn House, Carmarthen, England, November 12, aged seventy [illegible]

Francis Thompson died in London November 13, aged forty seven.

Mrs. Harriet Farley Donlevy, editor of the Lowell Offering, one of the earliest woman's magazines in the United States, if not the first, died in New York city November 15, aged ninety five.

Monsieur Daniel Conway died in Paris November 16, aged seventy-five.

"WRITING FOR CHILDREN," . . . . . Eliza Orne White
"SYSTEM IN SELLING," . . . . Roy Farrell Greene
"PROOFREADING OF LINOTYPE MATTER."
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